DWIGHT L. MOODY'S Life, Work and Latest Sermons

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DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY'S

LIFE WORK AND

LATEST SERMONS

AS DELIVERED BY THE GREAT EVANGELIST.

TOGETHER WITH A BIOGRAPHY OF

IRA DAVID SANKEY.

Handsomely Illustrated from Gustave Doré.

Edited by RICHARD S. RHODES.

"Son, remember."—*Luke xvi: 25.*

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PREFACE.

The Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, says in a letter to the "Interior" of Dwight L. Moody's life, work and sermons in part as follows:

"For the republic, the roll call of self-made men is long and brilliant. Orators like Clay come in from the cornfields, statesmen like Webster come from the bleak hillsides of New England, presidents like Lincoln come forth from the university of rail-splitting, the inventors, merchants, and editors come in from rural districts and villages, and all are the architects of their own fortunes. But among all this group of men whose life in low estate began on a simple village green, none is more thrilling in its struggles, more picturesque in its contrasts and more pathetic in its defeats and victories than that of the great evangelist. An orphan at four, one of the props of the family at nine, at nineteen a clerk in a shoe store of Chicago, at twenty-three the founder of a Young Men's Christian Association, where he slept on the benches because he had no bed, and bought a loaf at the bakery because he had no money for board. At twenty-four, the superintendent of a Sunday school in a deserted saloon, where his pupils were drunkards, tramps, ragamuffins, mingled with street waifs and boys from a newsboys' home; at forty, the most widely-talked-about man in Great Britain, where his friends were college presidents and professors, authors, editors, statesmen, scientists, like Drum-

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mond and Lord Kelvin. Returning home, in Philadelphia he found that merchants had erected for his meetings a building seating ten thousand people, an event that was repeated in New York, Boston, Chicago, and many other great cities in our land. At fifty-three he founded a training school for young men and women in Chicago that has sent out fifteen hundred workers; a school for young women at East Northfield, and for young men at Mount Hermon, institutions that now have for their work more than a score of great buildings. Thrilling, indeed, this story. It repeats the experience of young David, who passed from the sheepcote to the king's throne, and the scepter of universal sway.

" 'Where were the hidings of his power?' you ask. From nothing, nothing comes. Blood tells. A great ancestry explains a great man. The time was when men thought God called the prophet. But when God wants a John the Baptist, he calls not the son, but the father and mother, and they ordain the child in the cradle, and before the cradle. When the Hebrews were in bondage in Egypt, one mother there was brave enough to dare the king and hide her babe in an ark, amidst the bulrushes, and the mother's courage repeated itself in the greatest of jurists, Moses. Hannah was a dreamer who loved solitude, and walked the hills alone with God; whose eyes 'were homes of silent prayer,' and her religious genius repeated itself in her son Samuel, one of the greatest of the judges. What was unique in Timothy, Paul tells us, was first of all unique in his mother Lois, and his grandmother Eunice. And the greatest evangelist since Whitfield had his power through the ordainment of a great ancestry. He was of the best New England stock. His father had the fine old Puritan fiber, and his mother, widowed with her little flock about her, exhibits almost unparalleled heroism, courage and hope in the hour of suffering and trouble. For the tides of power in this man

flow down from the anectral hills. Among his birth gifts was the gift of perfect health and a perfect body, with stores of energy that seemed well-nigh inexhaustible.

"His, also, was the gift of common sense, a mind hungry for knowledge, a reason that saw clearly or saw not at all; moral earnestness, sincerity, self-reliance, courage, wit, humor, pathos, an intuitive knowledge of men, the genius for organization. Like Isaiah, he had a quenchless passion for righteousness. Like Daniel, he had the courage of his convictions in the face of fierce opposition. Like Paul, his enthusiasm for men made him the herald of righteousness to foreign nations. Like Bernard, his was the crusader's heart, organizing his hosts against passion, ignorance and sin. Without the eloquence of Spurgeon, without the fine culture of Phillips Brooks, without the supreme genius of Mr. Beecher, Mr. Moody was a herald, a man sent forth from God, who called the unchurched classes to repentance, who flamed forth on them the love of God in Christ. For nearly six years, it is said that Mr. Moody's audiences averaged five thousand each afternoon and evening, a record that has never been surpassed in all the history of evangelism. 'Our bishops,' said the London Telegraph, 'have back of them a state income, great cathedrals, a small army of paid helpers and musicians, but where our bishops have reached tens this man has reached hundreds.'

"If preaching is man making and man mending, then Mr. Moody was a veritable prince among preachers. In view of the great audiences of 15,000 people that thronged into, or about, the hall in Kansas City, where he preached his last sermon, all must confess that no preacher in the land since Mr. Beecher's time was comparable to Mr. Moody in personal popularity, or in power to hold the masses. Any student skilled in the art of reading human nature, who has been upon the platform beside the great evangelist, and

while listening to his words has noted their effects upon the faces of the vast audience before him, must make haste to affirm that Mr. Moody knew the human mind and heart as a skillful musician knows his instrument, and sweeps all the banks of keys before him. In the addresses that were given no element of great speech was lacking. Mr. Moody moved his audience from tears to laughter; for laughter and tears are outer signs of inner thoughts and feelings. Life is determined by the emotions of the heart quite as much as by the arguments of the head. No matter how scholarly or intellectual the preacher may be, he is at best a second-rate preacher whose truth burns with a cold, white light. Truth in the hands of an intellectual philosopher who has found his way into the pulpit cuts with a keen edge, indeed, but truth in Mr. Moody's hands has been heated red hot, and the edge of his sword burns as well as cuts, like the Word of God, dividing between the joints and marrow and separating the sinner from his evil deeds.

"No misconception can be greater than to suppose that Mr. Moody has succeeded in spite of his lack of theological preparation. My old professor of dogmatic theology criticised me harshly during my student days for going to hear Mr. Moody on Sunday morning. Because the great evangelist was a layman, and unordained, this distinguished theologian said that he declined to attend any of Mr. Moody's meetings during his great campaign in a city in which this professor had formerly resided. It is true that Mr. Moody had never crossed the threshold of college or theological seminary. Moreover, in his enthusiasm he often used the vernacular, homely idioms, and in every sermon broke some of the laws of grammar or of rhetoric. But nothing is risked in the statement that it was a great good fortune for him that he never found his way into a theological seminary. Nevertheless, he was a past master in his

chosen art. He reached men, not because he knew so little about preaching, but because he knew so much. Could some scholar take a volume of Mr. Moody's sermons, and condense his thoughts, methods, appeals and illustrations into a volume of homiletics, the book would be so large and comprehensive that the ordinary work on the art of preaching would not make an introduction thereto. Taken all in all, for the work of an evangelist this man represents more culture and more thought about the methods of reaching the common people than any other man in his generation. To him it has been given to meet all the great preachers of the day, and to work with them. His was also the power of selection from each Spurgeon, or Maclaren, or Brooks, or Beecher, and from each he selected his special gift and excellence. Having spent eight months of each year in working with the foremost pastors at home and abroad, he has had four months in summer for study and conference. Those who have seen Mr. Moody's library know that this man has been a student of books as well as men. Superficial, indeed, the judgment of those who think that Mr. Moody was without education, or training, or logic, or knowledge of preaching as a science. With him preaching became a fine art, an art that conceals the art. Did our theological seminaries multiply their three years of study by two, they could not hope to equip their students as long study and experience with men and books have equipped Mr. Moody. The methods the great evangelist adopted gather up the experience of twenty years of working with the greatest preachers of England, Scotland and America. Perhaps of all the arts and occupations in our age, not one is comparable to the art of preaching. It demands the highest talent, the deepest culture, tireless practice and complete consecration. And happy the generation to whom God gave this herald of good tidings, this friend of the

common people, this messenger to the unchurched multitudes, who followed him as their leader along those paths that lead to prosperity and peace, to Christ, man's Savior, to God, man's Father."

"In his life and actions Mr. Moody was as bold and fearless as in his sermons and revival exhortations. There was no place he would not go, no duty he would not undertake, if he felt that he could accomplish good."

With the earnest prayer that God's blessing may accompany the reading of the great evangelist's life, work and sermons, this volume is dedicated to the public.

RICHARD S. RHODES.

Chicago, Ill., January 1, 1902.

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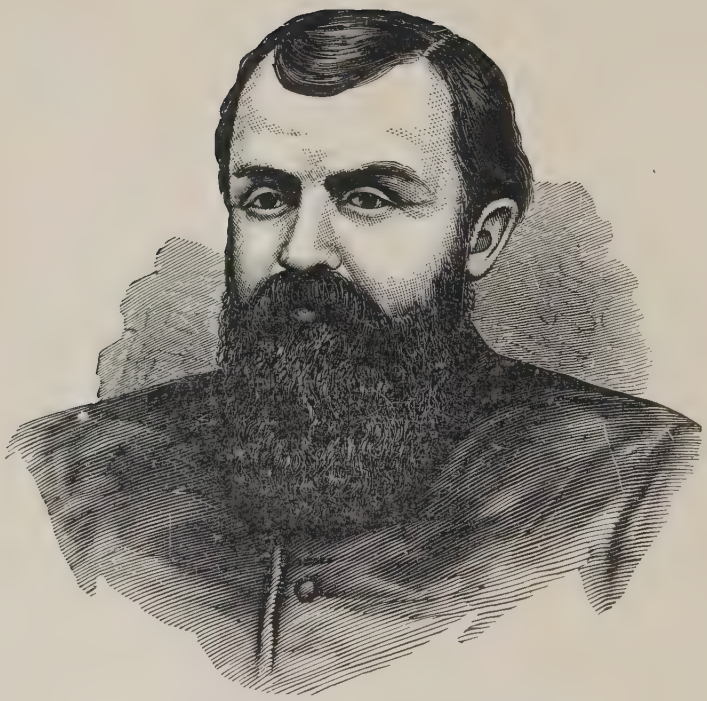


D. L. Moody

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

Dwight Lyman Moody, the lay evangelist, was born in the town of Northfield, Massachusetts, on the fifth of February, 1837. He came of the old Puritan stock; his father's and mother's families being numbered among the earliest settlers of that state. His father, Edwin, owned a comfortable farm-house just without the town, and a few acres of stony land, the whole encumbered by a mortgage. When the building trade was brisk, he worked as a stone-mason, and his leisure hours he spent in cultivating his little farm. But his spirit was crushed by reverses in business, and he died suddenly after an illness of a few hours. Dwight was then only four years old, but the shock of that death made an impression on him which he declares he has never forgotten. This blow was followed by the birth of a twin boy and girl a few weeks later. Thus Mrs. Moody was burdened with the care of seven sons, and two daughters, of whom the eldest boy was only aged fifteen. Yet this widowed mother refused to part with any of her little brood. She bravely set about caring for them all, and contrived to have the little hands earn something for their support, by tilling the garden and doing odd jobs for the neighbors. She taught them every day a little Bible lesson, and always accompanied them to the Unitarian church and Sunday-school.

Another sorrow came on the bereaved family, through the oldest boy becoming a runaway. We give Mr. Moody's description of this incident, as he told it in England, and because of the insight it gives into his home life.

"I can give you a little experience of my own family. Before I was four years old, the first thing I remember was the death of my father. He had been unfortunate in business, and failed. Soon after his death the creditors came in and took everything. My mother was left with a large family of children. One calamity after another swept over the entire household. Twins were added to the family, and my mother was taken sick. The eldest boy was fifteen years of age, and to him my mother looked as a stay in her calamity, but all at once that boy became a wanderer. He had been reading some of the trashy novels, and the belief had seized him that he had only to go away to make a fortune. Away he went. I can remember how eagerly she used to look for tidings of that boy; how she used to send us to the post-office to see if there was a letter from him, and I recollect how we used to come back with the sad news, 'No letter.' I remember how in the evenings, we used to sit beside her in that New England home, and we would talk about our father; but the moment the name of that boy was mentioned she would hush us into silence. Some nights when the wind was very high, and the house, which was upon a hill, would tremble at every gust, the voice of my mother was raised in prayer for that wanderer who had treated her so unkindly. I used to think she loved him more than all of us put together, and I believe she did. On a Thanksgiving day (you know that is a family day

in New England) she used to set a chair for him, thinking he would return home. Her family grew up, and her boys left home. When I got so that I could write, I sent letters all over the country, but could find no trace of him. One day while in Boston, the news reached me that he had returned. While in that city, I remember how I used to look for him in every store; he had a mark on his face, but I never got any trace. One day while my mother was sitting at the door, a stranger was seen coming toward the house, and when he came to the door he stopped. My mother didn't know her boy. He stood there with folded arms and great beard flowing down his breast, his tears trickling down his face. When my mother saw those tears, she cried, 'O, it's my lost son,' and entreated him to come in. But he stood still. 'No, mother,' he said, 'I will not come in until I hear first that you have forgiven me.' Do you believe she was not willing to forgive him? Do you think she was likely to keep him long standing there. She rushed to the threshold, threw her arms around him, and breathed forgiveness."

Young Moody, at the age of seventeen, left Northfield, with his mother's permission, to seek employment in Boston, where his uncle was in business, as a shoe merchant. Mr. Holton engaged his country nephew with some reluctance, and on two conditions. The lad agreed to be governed by his advice, and to attend regularly the Sunday-school and services of the Mount Vernon Congregational church. Its pastor was the eloquent and learned Dr. E. N. Kirk, who, in earlier years had accomplished much good as an evangelist. The lad was not much impressed by the preaching, which he was not

qualified to comprehend; but the personal efforts of his teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball, were blessed to his conversion. Many years after, he told the story of how he was saved. "When I was in Boston, I used to attend a Sunday-school class, and one day, I recollect a Sabbath-school teacher came round behind the counter of the shop I was to work in, and put his hand on my shoulder, and talked to me about Christ and my soul. I had not felt that I had a soul till then. I said, 'This is a very strange thing. Here is a man who never saw me until within a few days, and he is weeping over my sins, and I never shed a tear about them.' But I understand it now, and know what it is to have a passion for men's souls and weep over their sins. I don't remember what he said, but I can feel the power of that young man's hand on my shoulder to-night. Young Christian men, go and lay your hand on your comrade's shoulder, and point him to Jesus to-night. Well, he got me up to the school, and it was not long before I was brought into the kingdom of God." Years afterward, when Mr. Moody was preaching in Boston, he was permitted to lead to the Savior a son of that teacher, who found peace in believing just at his own age of seventeen. Thus the seed sown on the waters bore in due time the sweetest fruitage for the sower.

The young convert was unpromising enough at first in outward appearance. He knew very little of the Scriptures, and he was not grounded in evangelical truth. Besides, his bashful shyness in the presence of cultured, refined Christians, his poor command of words to express his thoughts, and his broken, awkward sentences, made him, in the language of his teacher, very "un-

likely ever to become a Christian of clear and decided views of gospel truth, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness." Therefore, it was that he was not accepted into membership until May, 1856, a year after his first application. He remained but a few months longer in Boston. He longed for a wider field of usefulness, where his energy in business and religious work would be less trammeled. So, in September, 1856, he betook himself to Chicago with testimonials, which secured him a business engagement as salesman in the shoe trade. He also entered the Plymouth Congregational church, and showed his earnest spirit by renting four pews, which he kept filled with young men and boys. He desired to work in the service of prayer; but the brethren were not patient enough to suffer his crude experience, and suggestions were not infrequent that he could best serve the Lord by silence.

Mr. Moody's first start in the work of reaching souls was obtained through a little mission school. He offered himself as teacher, and was told he might attend if he would bring his own scholars. So that week he collected together some eighteen ragged boys, and marched in at their head on the next Sunday. He liked such work so well that he set about further visitations in the by-streets, and soon had the school filled. He also busied himself in distributing tracts, and in looking after the good of the seamen at the wharves. His ardent spirit soon impelled him to set up a mission for himself, in a neglected and degraded section of North Chicago. He paid for the hire of an empty tavern, and gathered together the unclean and rude children of the neighborhood for Sunday-school services, while the intemperate and ignorant

adults were reached in the evening meetings. The poor little ones were won over to attention by gifts of maple sugar, and a liberal lot of hymns and stories. Just at this time, Mr. Reynolds, of Peoria, visited this humble mission. His description of the service is invaluable, as illustrating the progressive growth of the lay evangelist in strength and usefulness. "The first meeting I ever saw him at," he said several years since, "was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloonkeeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold the meetings in at night. I went there a little late, and the first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the prodigal son; and a great many of the words he could not make out, and had to skip. I thought, if the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honor and glory, it will astonish me. After that meeting was over, Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent. I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him. I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly; and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me when I look back and see what Mr. Moody was, and then what he is under God to-day. The last time I heard from him, his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day; pray now that the Lord will keep me humble.'"

Henceforth, missionary efforts were the uppermost concern in his daily life. The growth of his school led to

the occupation of the North Market hall, and John V. Farwell, a liberal merchant, who supplied benches for the scholars, had the grace to become its superintendent. Under Moody's vigorous canvassing, the average attendance was kept up to six hundred and fifty, and sixty teachers were obtained. His engagements as a traveling salesman were not suffered to interfere with these Sunday duties, and he was rarely compelled to be absent. As the hall was used till a late hour on Saturday night for dancing, it was his custom for six years to clean out the dirt, and put the room in decent condition for the services. And he took care to let his light shine wherever he went. He feared neither drunkards nor rumsellers, deists nor infidels, for he felt himself a match for any adversary when armed with the sword of the Spirit, and strengthened by prayer. When the children of Roman Catholic parents stoned his windows, he at once sought redress of their bishop, and so won his confidence by a devout simplicity of spirit that immunity was secured for the future. His courageous avowal of his faith was startling to timid believers. When he was solicitous about the salvation of an acquaintance or a stranger, he hesitated not to kneel, and offer prayer for his conversion then and there, no matter whether they were out in the streets or traveling in a railroad car. His faith and spirit of consecration waxed stronger by the study of God's word and the constant fruitage of his life in good works. In 1860, after a time of soul-searching in prayer, he determined to give all his time to God as an evangelist. When his employer inquired how he expected to support himself, he replied, "God will provide for me if He wishes me to keep on, and I shall keep on till I am

obliged to stop." His impulse in this personal work for souls was derived from the zeal of one of his teachers, who was dying of consumption, and who was permitted, before his death, to lead every one of his large class to the Savior. He reduced his expenses to a minimum by doing without a home, so that he slept on a bench in the room of the Young Men's Christian association, and spent but little for food. After a time, contributions came to him from friends, and he was appointed a city missionary, so that his means for assisting the destitute were much enlarged. He commenced then to fulfill a vow by speaking to one unconverted man every day. Sometimes his tender approaches were rejected with scorn and cursing, but again and again persons who had vilified him were drawn by the power of a conscience under conviction to seek the intercession of his prayers, that they might be led to the Savior.

In the spirit of reliance on the leading of the Lord, the evangelist was married, on the 28th of August, 1862, to Miss Emma C. Revell. This Christian lady was a helpful assistant in his meetings, and her sympathy made their little fireside a refuge of rest to him amid his toils. For years their home was a small and plain cottage. But its hospitality become proverbial, for gospel-workers and reclaimed prodigals were entertained without stint. The gift of a daughter and a son made the father more susceptible to the thoughts and impulses of a child-life. He took care always to remain in close communion with their budding minds, and his sermons often have graphic illustrations of the methods he took to make them familiar with the fundamental truths of the faith. Meanwhile his daily living was wholly committed to the providence of

God. His mind was absorbed in watching over the souls of the throngs about him, and he obeyed the Scriptural injunction to take no anxious thought for the morrow. He lived the placid life befitting a child of God, having the trustful faith that his Father would supply his needs while he was busy as a worker in His vineyard. One morning he said to his wife, "I have no money, and the house is without supplies. It looks as if the Lord had had enough of me in this mission work, and is going to send me back again to sell boots and shoes." But a day or two later brought to him two checks, one of fifty dollars for himself, and the other for his school. He accepted this gift as a token from the Lord that he was held in favor. This instance was but one of many of a similar character. His unselfish labors raised up for him many friends, and these gave him, on New Year's day, 1868, the lease of a pleasant and furnished house.

This whole season was one abounding in labors. Besides his army services, Mr. Moody was keenly alive to the needs of his mission at the North Market hall. His school numbered a thousand scholars. The congregation he had gathered together now contained three hundred adults converted under his preaching. Thus had grown up, wholly without human design, a stanch and inseparable congregation under a lay pastor. This was organized as an independent fold, on the basis of the evangelical faith. In 1863, a church building was erected on Illinois street, at a cost of $20,000. Never had a people a more faithful and energetic pastor to watch over their welfare. Nor was he in the least forgetful of the Young Men's Christian association of Chicago. By his efforts its noon services for prayer were

attended steadily by a thousand people. When its members were intent on obtaining a permanent hall, they elected him president in 1865. Their expectations were fulfilled by the speedy erection of Farwell hall, and its dedication on the 29th of September, 1867. That building was destroyed by fire within a few months, but his exhaustless energy soon reared a second edifice on the same site. On Sunday evenings he used to preach in its hall after spending the morning in his own pulpit, and in the afternoon superintending ten hundred school children.

When Farwell hall was dedicated, as "the first hall ever erected for Christian young men," Mr. Moody confessed his faith that, by the Lord's blessing, a religious influence was to go out from them that "should extend through every county in the state, through every state in the union, and finally, crossing the waters, should help to bring the whole world to God."

Mr. Moody has been for years peculiarly a Bible Christian. Again and again friends have suggested to him certain courses of study, or the reading of particular books. But the pressure of his active duties as an evangelist has always intervened and prevented him from making any effort for the attainment of a theological education. Hence, he has been providentially driven to depend upon his personal study of the Bible itself, as its own best interpreter. The solemn injunction of Holy Writ to "preach the word," and the word only, was impressed upon his mind by Harry Morehouse, "the boy preacher," of Manchester, who told him, "You need only one book for the study of the Bible. Since I have been an evangelist, I have been the man of one book. If a text of Scripture troubles me, I ask another text to ex-

plain it; and if this will not answer, I carry it straight to the Lord." He met this lad, then aged seventeen, in his first visit to England and Ireland in 1867. A few months later, Morehouse visited Chicago, and delighted Mr. Moody by delivering seven Bible readings upon the love of God. He brought a multitude of passages to illustrate the depth of spiritual meaning in the text of John, iii, 16, which Luther has well termed "the little Gospel." This intercourse came to him as a new revelation of the wonders of God's word and love. From that time his two accepted guide-books were Cruden's Concordance and the little Bible text-books. These aids enabled him to trace any word or doctrine through the Holy Scriptures. In Mr. Moody's second visit to England, in the spring of 1872, he learned from the devout Plymouth Brethren to appreciate and appropriate the promises which abound in the Bible of the second coming of Christ. "I have felt like working three times as hard," he has stated, "since I came to understand that my Lord was coming back again. I look on this world as a wrecked vessel. God has given me a life-boat, and said to me, 'Moody, save all you can.'" He was also impressed by the prediction of Henry Varley, the Bible reader, "It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ." Again, at another time, he heard one Christian ask another of himself, "Is this young man all O. O.?" meaning, "Is he *out and out* for Christ?" He has confessed that this question burned down into his soul, and taught him that it meant a good deal to be O. O. for Christ.

The terrible fire of October, 1871, which swept Chicago into a whirlwind of flame, laid in ruins all the build-

ings that were associated with his labors. It also separated from him his yoke-fellow, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, who had joined him as a gospel singer only four months before. But the evangelist was not cast down. Contributions came to his aid from his friends at the east in answer to his appeals. Within three months he had a large frame tabernacle erected, measuring seventy-five by one hundred and nine feet. All his services were resumed, and the building also served as a storehouse of supplies for the impoverished district. His plans were laid out for the completion of a permanent church edifice, and an appeal for aid was made to the Sunday-school children of the land. While this was in progress, the two yoke-fellows, after a patient waiting on the Lord for guidance, accepted an invitation to visit the British isles as evangelists. Mr. Moody, after four months of self-searching inquiry, had made an entire consecration of his life to the Lord, and was fired with a baptism of the Spirit which, as he avowed later, made him eager "to go round the world and tell the perishing millions of a Savior's love."

Mr. Moody Preaching in the Royal Opera House, Haymarket, London.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE mission of the gospel preacher and the gospel-singer to the British Isles was one of implicit faith and of unselfish zeal for the saving of sinners. The secret motive of Mr. Moody was "to win ten thousand souls to Christ." As far as worldly inducements were concerned, the circumstances were such as to forbid, rather than to favor, the venture across three thousand miles of sea. No influential association had extended an invitation to them, not a single individual had offered to help meet their personal expenses. Nor did these two companions, though they were about to take their families with them, expect or desire such a guarantee. They were united in the purpose to commit their ways entirely unto the Lord. To that end, they agreed beforehand to accept no payment for their services from any person or committee, and as well to refrain from any collections or enterprise for money-making. In such a spirit, they set forth, and on the 17th of June, 1873, they landed at Liverpool. There news met them that two of the three gentlemen who had invited them to England had died. The third, who lived at York, advised them to delay a month, but instead they hastened to that town the same night. All things human combined to discourage them. But their utter weakness was the promise

of success, for it gave the Lord the opportunity to glorify Himself by the mouth of His chosen messengers.

Mr. Moody stood forth a plain man of the people. He was in thorough sympathy with the concerns of the great mass of humanity, and able to express religious truth in homely, vivid speech. He possessed a stalwart body, and a grand vitality, which qualified him to undertake tremendous toils without danger to his health. A man of excellent executive capacity, and trained in the details of secular and religious business, he was able to organize enterprises on a vast scale, and to direct a multitude of assistants, so that congregations of many thousands could be handled as quietly as an ordinary assembly. A natural, self-reliant man, warped by neither pride nor vanity, he was wont as a speaker to forget his own individuality in the hunger of his heart for the salvation of his hearers. A student of the Bible alone, and an unquestioning believer of its every statement as coming from the Lord; an evangelist bravely equipped for his responsible calling by years of personal experience with inquirers and doubters; a man of prayer, who was often in secret communion with the Lord of Hosts, refreshing his strength for the perpetual conflict of life; he was also, as the full fruition of these characteristics, a Christian closely conformed to the image of his Master by the indwelling Spirit of God, and because he had withholden no part of his nature from an unreserved consecration to His will.

This ministry for preaching and singing the gospel began in the cathedral town of York. At the first prayer-meeting, held on Sunday morning, in a small room of the Association building, only four persons were pres-

ent; and Mr. Moody has characterized that as the best service he ever attended. The clergy looked coldly on the evangelists as intruders, and most of the churches were closed to them. They labored on bravely against these discouragements for a month, and were comforted by seeing above two hundred converts to Christ. Their work at Sunderland began on Sunday, July 27, at the invitation of a Baptist pastor. The ministers still held aloof, and even the Young Men's Christian association eyed them suspiciously for a week before offering the hand of fellowship. But the meetings steadily waxed larger.

The evangelists were invited to Newcastle-on-the-Tyne, by the chief ministers of that town, and were heartily sustained by the leaders of the congregations. And now Mr. Moody confessed his hope. "We are on the eve of a great revival which may cover Great Britain, and perhaps make itself felt in America. And why may not the fire burn as long as I live? When this revival spirit dies, may I die with it." His prophetic words met an immediate fulfillment. All the meetings were thronged with attentive listeners, and as many as thirty-four services were held in a single week. A noonday prayer-meeting was organized, while special efforts were made to reach the factory hands and business men. An all-day-meeting was held on September 10, wherein seventeen hundred participated. One hour was spent in Bible reading, another on the promises, and the last in an examination of what the Scriptures teach concerning heaven. The town was wonderfully awakened, and every night sinners were drawn to the uplifted Savior.

Edinburgh was prepared for the manifestation of a

signal blessing by a series of union prayer-meetings, held in October and November, which softened and unified the hearts of Christians of various names. Hence it was that the evangelists were welcomed in such a spirit of sympathy that captious criticism was unthought of. The ministry of song was an unheard-of innovation. Yet the rooted aversion of the Scottish people to the singing of aught but psalms gave way quickly to the evident testimony of the Spirit to the spirituality of His messages and the tenderness of His voice. On the first day, Sunday, November 23, the Music hall was thronged with two thousand auditors, and many more were excluded. Five hundred met at noon on Monday for prayer, and that attendance was soon doubled. Meetings for inquirers was held after each service. Three hundred in the first week confessed their sins had been forgiven. Their ages ranged from seventy-five to eleven. Students and soldiers, poor and rich, the backsliding, intemperate, and skeptical, were all represented. The largest halls were found to be too small to accommodate the eager audiences. A striking case of conversion was that of a notorious infidel, the chairman of a club of free-thinkers. He declared his utter disbelief in the value of prayer, and defied Mr. Moody to test its power on him. The evangelist accepted the challenge in faith, and remembered him continually in his petitions till he heard of his finding Christ, months afterwards. An impressive watch-meeting was held on the last night of the year, 1873, and a special blessing was besought for the British people. The week of prayer, from the 4th to the 11th of January, 1874, was observed throughout all Scotland, as a season of united prayer for invoking the

Lord to visit the nation and the entire world in mercy. The most remarkable feature of this revival has been described as "the presence and the power of the Holy Ghost, the solemn awe, the prayerful, believing, expectant spirit, the anxious inquiry of unsaved souls, and the longing of believers to grow more like Christ; their hungering and thirsting after holiness." Similar characteristics have marked the advent of these yoke-fellows in every community. This mission in Edinburgh, which lasted till the 21st of January, 1874, resulted in adding three thousand to the city churches.

At Dundee, meetings were held in the open air, at which from ten to sixteen thousand were present. Four hundred converts attended the meeting for praise and instruction. The city of Glasgow was reached on Sunday, February 8. The first audience consisted of three thousand Sunday-school teachers; the prayer-meeting opened with half that number. The Crystal palace, which held above five thousand, was always crowded, though admission could only be had by ticket. To meet the emergency, special meetings were organized for young men and young women, inquirers, workingmen, and the intemperate. Seventeen thousand signatures to the pledge were secured here. So the work of awakening went on for three months, steadily increasing in power. On the last Sunday afternoon, a great audience of some twenty or thirty thousand gathered in the palace garden, and hung on the words of Mr. Moody, as he spoke from the seat of a carriage. More than three thousand united to the city congregations, the large proportion of whom were under twenty-five. Short visits were then made to Paisley, Greenock and Gourock. In the

summer a tour was taken through the Highlands, for the sowing of the seed of the word. Meetings were held in the open air at Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness and elsewhere, and many souls were won. In Ireland, the common people heard the preacher gladly. The good work began at Belfast, on Sunday, September 6, 1874. To reach as many as possible, separate sessions were had for women and for men, for professing Christians, for the unconverted, and for inquirers, for young men and for boys. Huge gatherings were also addressed in the Botanic gardens, a space of six acres being filled with attentive hearers. On Monday, September 27, a remarkable meeting of eight hours for inquirers was held, wherein above two hundred young men came unto Jesus and took His yoke upon them. And when the young converts were collected into a farewell-meeting, tickets for 2,150 were granted to such applicants.

Dublin, five-sixths of whose inhabitants were not Protestant, awoke into a newness of religious life on the advent of the evangelists. From the 25th of October to the 29th of November, the whole city was stirred in a wonderful way. The great exhibition palace contained audiences in the evenings and on Sundays of from twelve to fifteen thousand. At the prayer-meetings and Bible-readings, the number often exceeded two thousand. Many Roman Catholics were attentive listeners, and parish priests as well. The stillness of these vast assemblies was very marked. Truly the Lord was faithful in answering the prayer Mr. Moody continually offers in private, "O God, keep the people still, hold the meeting in Thy hand." These labors ended with a three days' convention, at which eight hundred ministers

attended, from all parts of Ireland. Above two thousand young converts confessed their new-born faith.

Manchester for eight months had besought a blessing on its people; and these preparatory services were closed with a communion in which two thousand Christians united. The month of December was devoted here to evangelistic work. In spite of the wintry weather, the halls were crowded, and overflow meetings had to be organized. Here, as elsewhere, the large proportion of men in attendance was noticeable. The city was mapped out into districts, and the duty of distributing cards at every dwelling was assigned to a large corps of volunteers. On one side of these was printed the hymn "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;" and on the other, a short address by Mr. Moody, his text being Revelations, iii, 20. The efforts of the Young Men's Christian association to purchase a suitable building met with a cordial indorsement, and a fourth of the entire amount needed was obtained at the first public meeting.

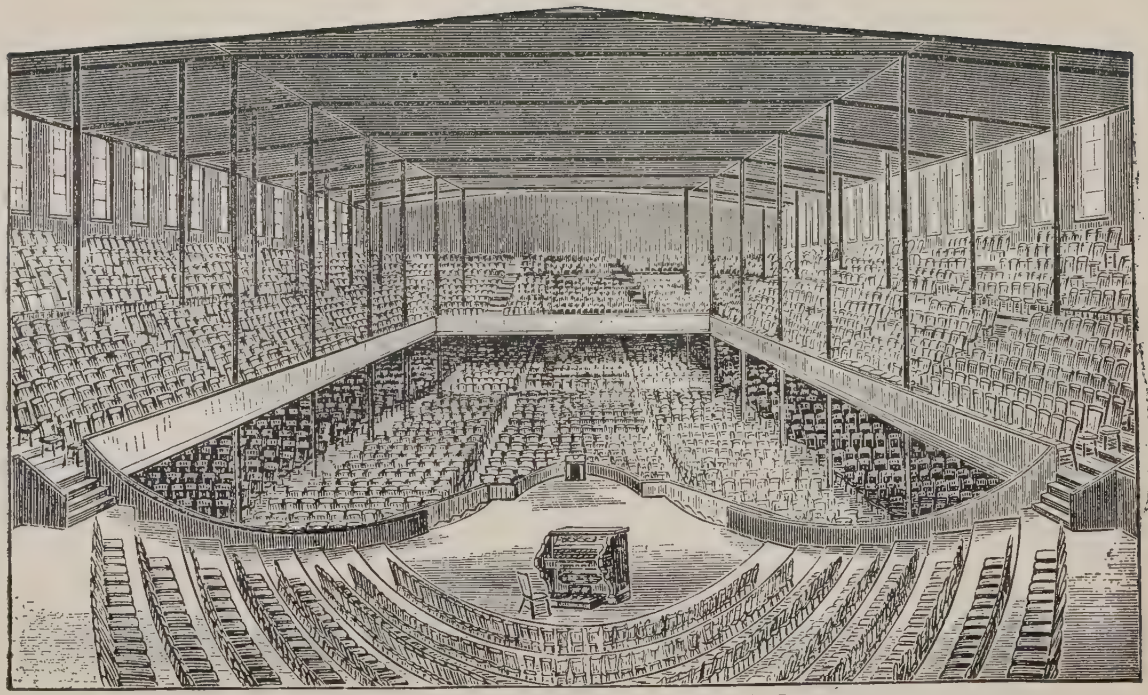
In Sheffield, the scheme of house-to-house visitation had to be abandoned, in order to secure the co-operation of the clergy of the Church of England. The opening meeting was held on New Year's eve, and the address in that watch-night service was upon "Work." The great congregation, in response to Mr. Moody's request, finished the old year and began the new on their knees. For a fortnight, the dwellers in this industrial town collected in such numbers as to pack the halls and the sidewalks about them, so that the evangelist had frequently to speak in the open air. The work at Birmingham, "the toy-shop of the world," was also limited for lack of time. The spacious Town hall was crowded on January 17,

1875; and for the other gatherings, even Bingley hall, which held twelve thousand, proved too small. Another Christian convention was held, at which above a thousand ministers attended. Sixteen hundred converts received tickets to the special meeting for counsel. After pausing a week for a vacation, these lay apostles began their ministry of a month at Liverpool on February 7. Victoria hall, a wooden structure able to shelter eleven thousand, was expressly erected for their reception. It was crowded at all the night services, while an average of six thousand attended the Bible lectures and noon meetings for prayer. These three services were held every day except Saturday, when these devoted laborers took the rest which their over-taxed energies so imperatively demanded. The house-to-house visitation was resumed here, and efforts were made to have a personal talk with the non-churchgoers. The corner-stone for the new hall of the Young Men's Christian association was laid, and a convention held for two days, which was largely attended by ministers and laymen.

Four months were devoted to evangelizing the gigantic metropolis of London. Four centers were selected for preaching; Agricultural hall, at Islington, North London, could seat fourteen thousand and give standing room for six thousand more; Bow Road hall, in the extreme east, had ten thousand sittings; the Royal Opera house, in the west end, was in the aristocratic quarter of Westminster; and Victoria theater, in the south, was used until Camberwell hall was completed in June. This gospel campaign—the mightiest ever undertaken by any evangelist—was preceded by a course of union prayer-meetings for five months, that the Lord might prepare

the way for a glorious manifestation of His power by purging the hearts of His own followers. A private conference was also held in advance with fifteen hundred of the city clergy, in order to explain the usual plan of procedure, and remove any misapprehensions that might exist. The whole city was parceled out for canvassing, and countless bands of yoke-fellows were sent out to leave at every dwelling the tract drawn up by Mr. Moody, and to tender an invitation to the services. Among these laborers was an old woman aged eighty-five years, who fulfilled her duties faithfully, and met everywhere words of kindness. This wonderful mission was opened on Tuesday evening, the 9th of March, at Islington. For a time, the services were met with mockery and ribald speeches without, by disorderly men and women. But the demonstrations soon subsided, as the real piety of the speakers became evident. Fully eighty thousand attended the services of the first three days, and forty-five thousand heard the three addresses on the Sunday following. At the Royal Opera house, the nobility and gentry of England were directly reached by Bible-reading, and members of the royal family were frequently present. The last gospel-meeting was greater than any preceding, and a great number arose to receive the Lord Jesus Christ. The final meeting of thanksgiving was held at Mildmay Park Conference hall, on July 12. Seven hundred ministers were present to say farewell to the evangelist, whom they were so loath to see depart. Dr. A. Bonar testified that the work of increase was still going on in Glasgow, with at least seven thousand members already added to its churches. Other ministers bore witness to the abundant fruit of the revival. Then, after

silent prayer, the two evangelists hastily withdrew, not daring to expose themselves to the ordeal of parting with so many dear associates. They had held 285 meetings in London; these were attended by fully 2,500,000 people; the expenses were $140,000. These companions came together at the final meetings in Liverpool. They sailed homeward on the 6th of August, attended by many loving prayers, and arrived in New York on the 14th.



CHICAGO TABERNACLE, ERECTED FOR MR. MOODY'S SERVICES.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE gospel campaign in the union began at Brooklyn, on Sunday, October 24, 1875, and continued there until November 19. The rink, on Clermont avenue, which had sittings for five thousand, was selected for the preaching services, while Mr. Talmage's tabernacle was devoted to prayer-meetings. A choir of 250 Christian singers was led by Mr. Sankey.

In Philadelphia, a spacious freight depot, at Thirteenth and Market streets, was improvised to serve as a hall. Chairs were provided for about ten thousand listeners, besides a chorus of six hundred singers seated on the platform. The expenses were met by voluntary contributions outside, which amounted to $30,000. A corps of three hundred Christians acted as ushers, and a like number of selected workers served in the three inquiry-rooms. At the opening service, early on Sunday morning, November 21, nine thousand were present, in spite of a drenching storm. In the afternoon, almost twice as many were turned away as found entrance. Henceforth, until the close, on January 16, the attendance and popular interest never slackened. A special service was held on Thanksgiving day, and a watch-meeting on New

Year's eve, from nine to twelve. Efforts were made to reach all classes of the community, and the meetings for young men were specially blessed. A careful computation puts the total attendance at 9,000,000, and the converts at 4,000. Before leaving the city, a collection was made on behalf of the new hall of the Young Men's Christian association, and about $100,000 were obtained. A Christian convention was held on the 19th and 20th of January, and pertinent suggestions about the methods of evangelistic work were given for the benefit of the two thousand ministers and laymen in attendance from outlying towns.

For the mission in New York city, the hippodrome at Madison and Fourth avenues was leased, at a rental of $1,500 weekly, and $10,000 were expended in its preparation. It was partitioned into two halls, one seating 6,500, the other 4,000, the intent being to use the second for overflow meetings, and so bring such large congregations more completely under the speaker's control. A choir of eight hundred singers and corps of lay workers were organized. The deep concern of the people to hear the plain gospel preached and sung was as deep here among all classes as elsewhere, and the attendance was unflagging from February 7 to April 19. Again a Christian conference was convened for two days, at which Christian workers from the north and east took counsel together. At the final meeting for young converts, 3,500 were present by ticket.

Mr. Moody spent two weeks in May with his friend Major Whittle, at Augusta, Georgia, while Mr. Sankey took a rest at Newcastle. He preached with his usual fervor to large congregations. He traveled northward

to Chicago by way of Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis and Kansas City, holding meetings on the way. His new church edifice on Chicago avenue was opened on his arrival. It was a large brick building with stone facings, measuring 120 by 100 feet, and having a bell-tower 120 feet high. Its entire cost was $100,000, all of which was paid before its dedication. August and September were spent in a visit to the old Northfield homestead, and in little tours to Greenfield, Springfield and Brattleboro.

Chicago gave the heartiest welcome to its own Moody and Sankey in October, where they resumed the mission work suspended by them three years before. A tabernacle was erected which could shelter ten thousand, and a choir of three hundred singers was organized. The city pastors gave a most cordial support, and its populace, many of whom had seen their homes twice burnt to the ground, were eager to listen to the earnest messages of free salvation. The great northwest was now moved, as never before, especially when tidings came of the sudden death of Philip P. Bliss and his wife, at Ashtabula, on December 29. Within three months 4,800 converts were recorded in Chicago.

The evangelical Christians of Boston had long been waiting on the Lord for a special blessing on their city. A permanent brick edifice was built on Tremont street, able to seat a congregation of six thousand. Dr. Tourjee gathered a body of two thousand Christian singers, and organized it into five distinct choirs. The thoughtful addresses of Rev. Joseph Cook were of use in preparing that cultured and critical city for the advent of the evangelists. And the result of the religious services was

almost beyond expectation. Instead of a single noon-meeting for prayer, seven or eight sprang up throughout the city, with numbers varying from two hundred to 1,500. Ninety churches co-operated in a house-to-house visitation, and two thousand visitors were enrolled into these bands of yoke-fellows. Throughout all New England, the quickened activities of the churches were unmistakable. And the evangelical faith met a more respectful hearing from its thinking classes than had been witnessed for a hundred years.

MR. MOODY AT NORTHFIELD.

Shortly after his return to America Mr. Moody had decided to make Northfield his home, and for some years was kept busy planning and executing the erection of institutes and schools that have in later years given Northfield a world reputation.

Northfield is today the physical evidence of Moody's greatness as an educator as well as an evangelist. When in 1875 Moody, accompanied by Mr. Sankey, returned to America after an epoch-making tour of revivalism in Great Britain, it was expected that the evangelist would select Chicago for his home, as it had formerly been. But Moody had larger plans, and recognized that for the rest of his life he was to be a world evangelist without an abiding city. He would have to retire occasionally for a brief respite from his public labors and provide a shelter for his family. It was this twin purpose, as described by Mr. Moody himself, that first turned his thoughts to Northfield, his birthplace, as a permanent home. Nowhere could a more restful spot have been found. The trees which line the long, wide avenue in double rows on each side are tall and of vast girth and in the hottest days create ample shade. The old-fashioned white houses stand some distance from the road and from each other, and are mostly surrounded with lawns and flower beds. The old homestead which was Mr. Moody's birthplace was occupied by his mother until her

death a few years ago. It is a plain, old farmhouse, fronting upon a country road which branches from the main street of the village and winds easterly up the hillside toward a mountainous district. It looks out upon orchards and meadows and has a large tree in its front dooryard.

When Mr. Moody decided to make a permanent home in Northfield he bought for about $3,000 a plain but roomy frame house, with grounds, at the north end of the town near his mother's house. The building fronts on the main road. To the building as Mr. Moody found it he made additions from time to time as they were required. His study was on the first floor near the entrance. Here was his working library. A fine clock, much admired by visitors, was sent to him by a lady in England who had been helped in the Christian life by Moody's illustration of a pendulum. Everything about the house was characterized by simplicity and the best conditions of effective work. In the heart of Northfield Rev. Dr. Pentecost of Brooklyn also purchased a commodious residence, and still further south is a modest white cottage which Mr. Sankey also bought and fitted up as a summer home, to be near his fellow evangelist.

Mr. Moody was no sooner domiciled in Northfield than he began to turn his attention to remedying the lack of educational facilities for the young people of the neighborhood. He was still a tremendous worker in the outside evangelistic field, but whenever he returned to Northfield the desire to benefit the young with schooling facilities was uppermost. His own early education had been deficient, and it became a fixed purpose of his life to remove a similar deficiency for the new generation of young people growing up in Northfield and vicinity. He first planned a school for girls. He built a small addition to his own house, with room for eight girls, and when twenty girls had been ad-

mitted to these cramped quarters, with others seeking entrance, he built a small brick dormitory and classroom on the other side of the street. This was also soon overcrowded, and Mr. Moody, with the help of H. N. F. Marshall, a retired Boston merchant, bought a hillside farm adjoining his own and his mother's holdings to the north. Plans for a building were begun and in 1879 the handsome brick building now known as East hall was erected.

Its situation is more commanding than any of the other buildings put up later. It affords a superb view to the west and north. The foreground is the eastern slope of the Connecticut valley and the river can be seen at intervals throughout many miles of its winding course. The western slope of the valley, partly wooded, culminates in a range of forest-clad hills. In the direction of Vermont is a wide landscape, fading into distant mountain peaks. East hall cost about $30,000, was designed as a dormitory and accommodates sixty students. The small brick building near Mr. Moody's house was for some time used in connestion with it as a recitation hall. An additional dormitory was remodeled out of a large dwelling house farther north and named Bonar hall, after Rev. Dr. Bonar of Glasgow. This latter building was destroyed by fire in March, 1886.

From the first Mr. Moody had kept down the charge of board and tuition for his girls to $100 a year. The expense for each student was about $160 a year, the balance being made up by benevolent contributions. Applications increased at such a rate that it was decided in 1881 to build another large dormitory. Moody was himself absent in England during most of the next three years, but during his absence American friends and coworkers put up a large brick dormitory, costing about $60,000. The building was finshed in 1884 and was named Marquand hall. Its site is

to the northwest of East hall. The building is used entirely as a dormitory and accommodates about eighty students. About midway between Marquand hall and East hall a handsome building of brick and granite, called Recitation hall, was completed in 1885. The cost of the latter building, like a similar one afterward put up at Mount Hermon, was borne by the hymn-book fund. Moody used to say when pointing to either structure: "Mr. Sankey sang that building up."

In fitting up Recitation hall it was arranged that partitions could be removed and the whole thrown into one auditorium. This hall has been the scene of many of the most memorable gatherings in Northfield of later years. In the same building are chemical, physical and botanical laboratories. A library building has also been given by generous friends. Improvements have been made on the grounds, which now have a parklike aspect. Winding drives connect the buildings with the main thoroughfare. The seminary grounds include more than 250 acres. There is an artificial lake, whose cost was borne by John Wanamaker of Philadelphia. Many additions and improvements have been made within recent years, but the seminary rules are the same as at the institution's humble beginning. Instead of scores the pupils are now numbered by hundreds. The curriculum is as thorough as in most girls' schools, with the addition of specific Christian training. A graduate of Wellesley college, Miss Evelyn S. Hall, organized the original teaching staff, which is still noted for proficiency.

While the Northfield seminary was still in its infant state Mr. Moody decided to have also a school for boys. His first purchase for this end was a 400-acre farm in the town of Gill, about four miles from Northfield, in a southwesterly direction, across the Connecticut. He bought 200 acres first for $7,000 and a little later the other 200 acres

for $5,500. The Connecticut River railroad traverses the site. The height upon which Mr. Moody decided to build his boys' school is now called Mount Hermon. There is a picturesque drive from Northfield to Mount Hermon. The river is crossed by a wire-rope ferry and there is telephone communication between the buildings of both institutions. The money with which the Mount Hermon property was bought was the gift of Hiram Camp, who wrote his check for $25,000.

At first the old farmhouses found upon the place were used as dormitories. A small wooden building was first put up to serve as a recitation hall. When more dormitory room was needed Mr. Moody concluded to try the family system. Instead of housing a large number of boys in one building they were divided into groups of not more than twenty and housed in small cottages, each under the charge of two matrons. In 1885 a large building of brick and granite, called Recitation hall, was completed and dedicated. It contains class and recitation rooms, library, chapel and museum. There is a splendid view from the cupola of this building. After a few years Mr. Moody changed his plans and raised the age of admission for his boys to 16 years and enlarged the course of study. This broke up the family system to some extent, and new buildings on a large scale were begun in 1885. In June, 1886, a large dormitory, called Crossley hall, was dedicated. Later a large brick dining hall was erected, and within recent years there have been many additions, making the Mount Hermon seminary one of the best equipped boys' schools in the east.

Mr. Moody always had strong views as to the admission and training of his scholars of both sexes. At Mount Hermon the cost of board and tuition was also placed at $100 a year, so that none was barred on the ground of expense.

At Mount Hermon the students have always been required to perform a certain amount of manual labor in addition to class work. Some are employed on the farm, some in the laundry and some in housework. The students are for the most part a picked body of young, vigorous Christians, who have been drawn to Mr. Moody's school from all parts of the earth. There are students from Germany, Scandinavia, Turkey, and even American Indians and Japanese. Of course the main body of students is of American extraction, and a large proportion of them are in training for missionary work. Whenever he was at Northfield Mr. Moody gave regular courses of lectures at both of his schools, and distinguished educators from all other seats of learning have been frequent lecturers.

Besides his schools, Northfield, under Mr. Moody's direction, became the center of gatherings of religious workers, culminating in the famous summer conventions which were begun in 1880. For nine months of every year up to the last year of his life Mr. Moody was engrossed in arduous evangelistic labor in various parts of the country. His idea of a vacation was to throw himself into his Northfield educational work and to plan big conventions which made Northfield a summer city. He called his first convention of Christian workers in 1880. The only large building then constructed was the one now known as East hall, behind which a capacious camp was pitched. Under this canopy from day to day were held meetings whose influence was world-wide.

In 1881 a convention was called for bible study and continued for thirty days. Rev. Dr. Bonar of Glasgow, who had just served as moderator of the general assembly of the Free church of Scotland, was a principal figure at this gathering. Dozens of equally prominent clergymen and evangelists attended and Mr. Sankey conducted the

singing. For the next three years, owing to Mr. Moody's absence in England, there were no conventions, but in 1885 there was another August convention. Every year since they have grown in interest. The attendance has averaged from 300 to 500 from a distance, and with the people of the vicinity the meetings often averaged 1,500. Moody was always the life and soul of these conventions and of late years many of the most prominent regular pastors in England and America have taken part. Special conventions of college students have also been held under Mr. Moody's personal leadership. Whether the great evangelist's death will lessen the fame of Northfield as a convention city is a melancholy problem for a host of his friends and co-workers.

MR. MOODY'S SICKNESS AND DEATH.

The famous evangelist was stricken with heart trouble in Kansas City on Nov. 16, 1899, while holding revival meetings at Convention hall. He was compelled to give up his work, and on the day following started east in the care of a physician.

Mr. Moody addressed great crowds during his stay at Kansas City. The meetings began on Sunday, Nov. 12. The crowds were immense, thousands of people filling the hall afternoon and evening each day. The strain on Mr. Moody was great. He preached his last sermon on Thursday night, Nov. 16, fully 15,000 people listening to an earnest appeal which many stamped as one of the evangelist's greatest efforts. He was stricken the next morning at his hotel, but laughingly declared he was all right, and that he would be able to preach that afternoon.

After he reached Northfield eminent physicians were consulted and everything was done to prolong life.

Conscious up to the moment his eyes closed, well knowing his last sleep was about to begin, he died at 11:50 o'clock, Dec. 22, 1899. The end came quietly, peacefully, at his home in this village, which he loved so well and near to the scenes of many of his triumphs.

Mr. Moody first knew that the end was very near at 8 o'clock the previous night. He was satisfied that he would

not recover, and when the doctor confirmed his own opinion he said:

"The world is receding and heaven opening."

During the night Mr. Moody had a number of sinking spells. Despite his suffering he was kindness itself to those about him. At 2 o'clock in the morning Dr. N. P. Wood, the family physician, who slept in the house, was called at the request of Mr. Moody. The latter was perspiring, and he requested his son-in-law, A. P. Fitt, who spent the night with him, to call the physician that he might note the symptoms.

Dr. Wood administered a hypodermic injection of strychnia. This caused the heart to perform its duties more regularly, and Mr. Moody requested his son-in-law and Dr. Wood to retire. Mr. Moody's oldest son, Will R. Moody, who had been sleeping the first of the night, spent the last half hour with his father.

At 7:30 o'clock in the morning Dr. Wood was again called. When he reached Mr. Moody's room he found his patient in a semi-conscious condition. When Mr. Moody recovered consciousness he said, with all his old vivacity:

"What's the matter; what's going on here?"

"Father, you haven't been quite so well, and so we came in to see you," a member of the family replied. A little later Mr. Moody said to his sons:

"I have always been an ambitious man—not ambitious to lay up wealth, but to find work to do."

Mr. Moody urged his two boys and Mr. Fitt to see that the schools at Northfield, at Mount Hermon and the Chicago Bible Institute should receive their best care. This they assured Mr. Moody they would do.

During the forenoon Mrs. Fitt, his daughter, said to him: "Father, we can't spare you." Mr. Moody's reply was:

"I'm not going to throw my life away. If God has more work for me to do I'll not die."

Dr. Wood says Mr. Moody did not have the slightest fear of death. He was thoroughly conscious until within less than a minute of his death and told his family that as God called he was ready to go. At one time he told the attending physician not to give him any more medicine to revive him, as calling him back simply prolonged the agony for his family. In his closing hours there was no note of sadness, but one of triumph.

Mr. Moody knew he was going, and he was most serene. Wednesday night he sent the members of his family out of his room and sent for his brother, and when the latter came in he said: "You know what this means." He told his brother what he wanted done in many affairs. Friday at 7:45 a. m., when alone with Will Moody, he said: "Earth is receding; heaven is opening; God is calling." Will told his father it was not as bad as that, and that he was dreaming, but Mr. Moody replied: 'No, I am in the gates. I have seen the children,' referring to his two grandchildren, who died last year.

"The family was hastily summoned, and as they gathered about his bed he said: 'No pain! No valley! Is this death? This isn't bad; it is sweet; this is bliss.' Later he said: 'This is my coronation day, and I have been looking forward to it for years.' Mrs. Moody seemed on the point of breaking down, and he said to her: 'Mamma, you were always afraid of sudden surprises. Brace yourself.'

"He told his daughter, Mrs. Fitt, that he was going, and when she said they could not spare him he answered, simply: 'God calls.' He was conscious almost to the last, but when the final summons came he was unconscious. His family knew when the end was close at hand, and all the members were present. His last breath was as one breathing in a peaceful sleep.

Dr. Wood says the cause of his death was heart failure. He adds that the walls surrounding the heart were growing weaker and weaker.

While it is true that Mr. Moody had symptoms of Bright's disease a few days ago, his death was due, the physicians say, to dilation of the heart. There had been dilation in a gradual way for the past nine years. The family had been told some time ago that Mr. Moody might get out and about, but still he was liable to drop away at any time.

There were present in Mr. Moody's chamber when he died his wife, his daughter, Mrs. Fitt, and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Will R. Moody, Paul Moody, the youngest son; Dr. N. P. Wood and Miss Powers, the nurse. Mrs. Moody has carried herself during the sickness of her husband with the greatest bravery and patience, but when death came she was prostrated. Will Moody's wife is a daughter of D. W. Whittle, the evangelist. Paul Moody is a student at Yale.

FUNERAL AT EAST NORTHFIELD.

The funeral, which was held at his late home Dec. 26, 1899, was in keeping with his life. It was without show, yet was characterized by deep earnestness. The services at the house and at the grave were carried out according to his wishes, and the body was laid to rest in Little Round Top, where he had conducted so many meetings during his conference work.

The services began with prayer at the house shortly after 10 o'clock in the morning. The Rev. Dr. C. J. Schofield, pastor of the village church, read Mr. Moody's favorite texts from the scriptures, and the Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, offered prayer. The service was held in the parlor and was attended by many of the men who had been associated with Mr. Moody in the last years of his work. In the chamber directly overhead was the family, with the body of the deceased. Outside were gathered thirty-two members of Mr. Moody's school.

At the close of the service they placed the casket on a bier thirty feet long and ten feet wide and covered with black, and bore it to the Congregational church, a mile distant. A. P. Fitt, who married Mr. Moody's only daughter, scattered white roses over the casket and bier before the procession started for the church. In advance of the students

carrying the bier walked the Rev. Dr. Schofield and the Rev. Dr. Torrey, and in the rear were those who had been among Mr. Moody's closest friends and associates in his life work, among them Ira D. Sankey.

Close to Mr. Sankey were George C. Stebbins and D. B. Tower, who for years had led the singing at Mr. Moody's Northfield conferences. Other well-known men in the procession were R. C. Morse, representing the International Young Men's Christian Association; Dr. W. McWilliams of New Jersey, and W. J. Ordman and George C. Needham of Philadelphia.

It had been arranged that the body should lie in state at the church from 10 o'clock until after the service, but it was nearly noon before the sorrowful procession arrived. The body was placed in front of the little old-fashioned pulpit and the casket opened. On the plate was the inscription:

DWIGHT L. MOODY, 1837-1899.

A floral offering from the bible institute of Chicago was placed at the foot of the casket, but there was no marked display of flowers in the church, it being Mr. Moody's wish that there should not be. The little church was crowded to the doors, all classes and conditions being represented. Mr. Moody's favorite hymn, "Rock of Ages," was sung by the Mount Hermon male quartet.

The eulogy was delivered by the Rev. C. J. Schofield, who said of the dead evangelist:

"We are met, dear friends, not to mourn a defeat, but to celebrate a triumph. 'He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.' There in the west, in the presence of great audiences of 10,000 of his fellowmen, God spoke to him to lay it all down and come home. He would have

planned it so. This is not the place, nor am I the man to present a study of the life and character of Dwight L. Moody. No one will ever question that we are to-day laying in the kindly bosom of the earth the mortal body of a great man.

"Whether we measure greatness by character, by qualities of intellect, or by things alone, Dwight L. Moody must be accounted great. The basis of Mr. Moody's character was sincerity, genuineness. He had an inveterate aversion to all forms of sham, unreality and pretense. Most of all did he detest religious pretense, cant.

"Along with this fundamental quality Mr. Moody cherished a great love of righteousness. His first question concerning any proposed action was 'Is it right?' but these two qualities, necessarily at the bottom of all noble characters, were in him suffused and transfigured by divine grace. Besides all this, Mr. Moody was in a wonderful degree brave, magnanimous and unselfish. Doubtless this unlettered New England country boy became what he was by the grace of God.

"The secret of Dwight L. Moody's power lay: First, in a definite experience of Christ's saving grace. He had passed out of death into life and he knew it. Secondly, Mr. Moody believed in the divine authority of the scriptures. The bible was to him the verse of God, and he made it resound as such in the conscience of men. Thirdly, he was baptized with the Holy Spirit and knew that he was. It was to him as definite an experience as his conversion. Fourthly, he was a man of prayer. He believed in a living and unfettered God. But, fifthly, Mr. Moody believed in work, in ceaseless effort, in wise provision, in the power of organization, of publicity.

"I like to think of Dwight L. Moody in heaven. I like to think of him with his Lord, and with Elijah, Daniel, Paul,

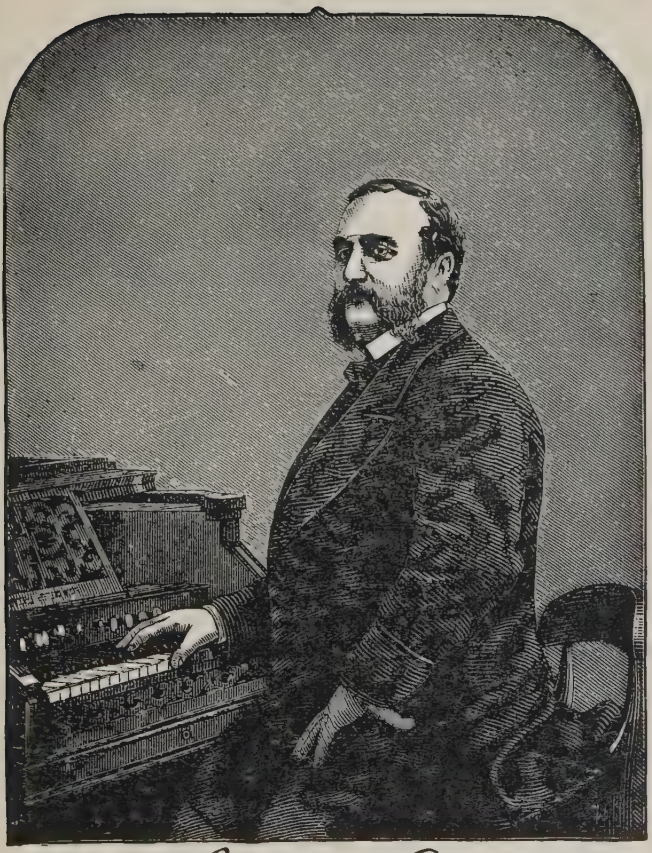
Augustine, Luther, Wesley and Finney. Farewell, for a little time, great heart. May a double portion of the spirit be vouchsafed to us who remain."

The Rev. Mr. Torrey followed Dr. Schofield. His eulogy was based upon Mr. Moody's life exemplifying the grace of God. Following Mr. Torrey, remarks were made by the Rev. H. G. Weston of Crozier Theological seminary, Chester, Pa.; the Rev. A. T. Pierson of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bishop Mallalieu of Boston and the Rev. J. W. Chapman of New York.

The body was then carried to the burial place at Round Top. The chorus sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and after prayer and a benediction the body was lowered to its resting place.

IRA DAVID SANKEY.

In the good providence of God, the gospel preacher was given the gospel singer, that they might go forth together, like the first disciples sent out by the Lord--double for fellowship, single in heart; to labor as yoke-fellows in the harvest-field in the world. The first, as we have seen, had been trained in the rugged school of adversity and self-denial, that he might bebold, self-reliant, patient, fearless, venturesome in deeds of faith, and tireless in labors of love, His companion, on the contrary, was reared under the hallowing influences of a happy, Christian homestead, so that his whole character was mellowed by the sweetening experiences of a childhood and manhood developed harmoniously and joyously. So strangely diverse was their training as individuals, yet so wisely ordered were all the events of these isolated lives by the Master's hand, these two Christian workers, when joined together and tested, were found to be admirably fitted to supplement each other's deficiencies, and thus to constitute a human instrumentality which the Lord could use for glorifying Himself and extending His kingdom upon earth.



Ira D. Sankey

IRA D. SANKEY PRESIDING AT THE ORGAN

Ira David Sankey was born on the 28th of August, 1840. His birthplace was the village of Edinburgh, Lawrence county, in western Pennsylvania. On the paternal side, he came of English stock, and on the maternal of Scotch-Irish. His parents were natives of Mercer county, and were members of the Methodist Episcopal church. Out of their family of nine children, only three sons and one daughter grew up to maturity. David, the father, was well off in worldly circumstances, and in such good repute among his neighbors that they repeatedly elected him a member of the state legislature. He was also a licensed exhorter of his own church. Thus the means and the character of this household were such as to insure ample advantages for culture in general knowledge and spiritual truth.

Ira, from his childhood, was noted for his joyous spirit and trustful disposition. The sunshiny face that is so attractive in his public ministry has been a distinguishing feature from early boyhood, and very early won him the praise of being "the finest little fellow in the neighborhood." His father states, "There was nothing very remarkable in his early or boyhood history. The gift of singing developed in him at a very early age. I say gift, because it was God-given; he never took lessons from any one, but his taste for music was such that when a small boy he could make passable music on almost any kind of instrument." An old Scotch farmer, named Frazer, early interested himself in the little lad, and of his good influence Mr. Sankey thus spoke, at a children's meeting, held in the town of Dundee, Scotland. "The very first recollection I have of anything pertaining to religious life was in connection with him. I remember he took

me by the hand, along with his own boys, to the Sabbath-school, that old place which I shall remember to my dying day. He was a plain man, and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great, warm heart, and the children all loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but my impressions were received when I was very young from that man."

Thus reared in a genial, religious atmosphere, liked and respected by all who knew him and accepted as a leader by his boyish comrades, Ira lived on till past his fifteenth year, before his soul was converted to Christ. His conviction as a sinner occurred while he attended a series of special services, held in a little church, three miles from his home, and of which Rev. H. H. Moore was then pastor. At first, he was as gay as his curious companions. But an earnest Christian met him each evening with a few soul-searching words; and after a week's hard struggle, he came as a sinner to the Savior and found peace in acceptance. Soon after, when his father removed to Newcastle, to assume the presidency of the bank, Ira became a member of the Methodist church and also a pupil at the academy at Newcastle.

This young Christian was richly endowed with a talent for singing spiritual songs. His pure, beautiful voice gave a clear utterance to the emotions of his sympathetic, joyous nature, and was potent in carrying messages from his heart to the hearts of his hearers. It now became his delight to devote this precious gift to the service of his Lord, and it was his continual prayer that the Holy Spirit would bless the words sung to the conversion of those who flocked to the services to hear him. Before

he attained his majority, he was appointed superintendent of the Sunday-school, which contained above three hundred scholars; and it was blessed with a continual revival. His singing of the gospel invitations in solos dates from this time. The sweet hymns were sung in the very spirit of prayer, and the faith of the singer was rewarded with repeated blessings. A class of seventy Christians was committed to his charge, and this weighty responsibility made him a more earnest student of the Holy Bible. He encouraged his class to tell him of their condition in Bible language, as texts abounded for every state of grace, and every description of religious feeling. The choir of the congregation also came under his leadership. Young as he was, he insisted on conduct befitting praise-singers in the house of God, and on a clear enunciation of each word sung.

The congenial religious duties were suspended for a time by the call of the nation to arms upon the fall of Fort Sumpter. Mr. Sankey was among the first to volunteer for three months, and he served out his term of enlistment. Even in camp he gathered about him a band of singers, and was an earnest worker in the prayer-meetings of soldiers. Upon his return home, he became an assistant to his father as collector of internal revenue. He held that position with credit till his voluntary resignation, nearly ten years later. On the ninth of September, 1863, he was married to Miss Edwards, a helpful member of his choir, and teacher in his school. Their happy family now contains three sons, of whom the youngest was born in Scotland, while the eldest, Henry, is already a boy evangelist,

Mr. Sankey is an artless, and not an artistic singer.

It has chanced that he has never studied music under a cultured teacher, and hence he has always relied upon his intuitive genius for song. He sings just like a nightingale, and pours forth his whole heart in a flood of melody. And he does this, not for the sake of winning praise for the skill of his execution, or for the beauty of his rich baritone voice. Such a use would be a profanation of the talent which he has dedicated to the service of his Savior. His sole aspiration is that his song may be blessed to the bearing of gospel truth into the hearts of his audience. Hence he makes each articulation distinct and audible, sings with the whole wealth of his heart, and hallows the hymn for good unto souls by secret prayer.

As he sought only to honor his Lord, the latter has honored him before men. Conventions and other religious gatherings became eager to have him lead their services of praise, and he kept all such engagements without making any charge. He assisted in organizing a Young Men's Christian association at Newcastle, and was elected president. In June, 1871, he was appointed its delegate to the international convention, which met in Indianapolis. It was there that he first met Mr. Moody, and heard a call from him to give his whole time henceforth to working for the Master. At the early prayer-meeting, the singing was dull and doleful, until Mr. Sankey was called forward to act as leader. His sweet voice and fervid spirit at once brought the bold evangelist to his side. "Where do you live?" asked Mr. Moody, bluntly. "In Newcastle, Pennsylvania." "Are you married?" "Yes." "How many children have you?" "One." "I want you." "What for?" "To

help me in my work in Chicago." "I cannot leave my business." "You must; I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business, and come to Chicago with me." "I will think of it; I will pray over it; I will talk it over with my wife."

Prayer and reflection deepened the conviction which this call made on Mr. Moody's heart. With painful reluctance, he severed the associations so dear to him, at his home, and in the spirit of faith joined Mr. Moody in his vast labors as an evangelist in Chicago. His tender sympathy and loving manner qualified him to give just the sweet melody needed to modulate the fiery boldness of the lay preacher. Here they worked together in harmony, and were blessed with many souls as their hire, until the city of Chicago was swept by a storm of fire in the following October. These companions then lost all their possessions and had to separate. Mr. Sankey now rejoined his family in Pennsylvania, and set about singing for conventions again, until a telegram from Mr. Moody, three months later, to "come at once," recalled him to the work of the new tabernacle in Chicago. This disaster strengthened instead of shattering the trustful faith of these evangelists, for it opened the hearts of the people more readily to receive their message of the Savior's love, and made the frame building a sanctuary for relieving the bodily and spiritual wants of multitudes of the homeless.

Just in the midst of this season of trial Mr. Sankey was very much encouraged by the testimony of a little dying girl. This incident, which was destined to have an effect upon his whole after life, was thus narrated by him at Dundee, Scotland. "I want to speak a word

about singing, not only to little folks, but to grown people. During the winter, after the great Chicago fire, when the place was built up with little frame houses for the people to stay in, a mother sent for me, one day, to come and see her little child, who was one of our Sabbath-school scholars. I remembered her very well, having seen her in the meetings very frequently, and was glad to go. She was lying in one of those poor little huts, everything having been burned in the fire. I ascertained that she was past all hope of recovery, and that they were waiting for the little one to pass away. 'How is it with you to-day?' I asked. With a beautiful smile on her face, she said, 'It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak to my father and my mother.' 'But,' said I, 'are you a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'When did you become one?' Do you remember last Thursday in the tabernacle, when we had that little singing meeting, and you sang, "Jesus loves even me?" 'Yes.' 'It was last Thursday. I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with Him to-day.' That testimony from that little child in that neglected quarter of Chicago has done more to stimulate me and bring me to this country than all that the papers or any persons might say. I remember the joy I had in looking upon that beautiful face. She went up to heaven, and no doubt said she learned upon earth that Jesus loved her from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedsides of these bedridden and dying ones, and sing to them of Jesus, for they cannot enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your own souls."

The joy of having this first convert through his own ministry of song led the gospel singer to a more thor-

ough reliance on the leading of his Master, and a still deeper study of God's word. When Mr. Moody paid a visit to England in the spring of 1872, his yoke-fellow was naturally left to act as leader in the services at the tabernacle. His leisure hours, at this time, were spent in gathering a number of spirited hymns that appeared to be adapted for evangelistic services, and in fitting a few of them with appropriate music. These were arranged into a "Musical Scrap Book," and that was the only book, besides his Bible, that he took with him on the voyage of faith across the Atlantic. Among these sacred songs were P. P. Bliss' "Hold the Fort," "Jesus Loves Even Me," and "Free from the Law;" Mrs. Dr. Griswold's "We're Going Home To-morrow;" Mrs. E. Codner's "Lord I hear Showers of Blessing;" Mrs. W. S. Ackerman's "Nothing but Leaves;" Rev. S. Lowry's "Shall we Gather at the River?" Miss Anna Warner's "One More Day's Work for Jesus;" Kate Harsley's "I Love to Tell the Story;" Mrs. A. S. Hawks' "I Need Thee Every Hour;" Mrs. Lydia Baxter's "Take the Name of Jesus with You;" Mrs. Emily S. Oakey's "Sowing the Seed by the Daylight Fair;" Fanny J. Crosby's "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior;" Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore's "He Leadeth Me;" and Rev. W. W. Walford's "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

Two other chief favorites of his selection were "Ninety and Nine" and "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." The first of these was written by Miss Eliza C. Clephane, of Melrose, Scotland, in 1868, and was printed a little while before her death, in the *Daily Treasury*, edited by Dr. Arnott. Six years elapsed before it came, providen-

tially, to Mr. Sankey's notice, while he was in Scotland. It chanced that he bought among other religious weeklies a copy of *The Christian Age*, of London, of the date of May 13, 1874, and found the "Ninety and Nine" reprinted as a poetical waif. He was at once so impressed with its value for his mission of gospel song that he composed an air for it, and sang it three days later in the Free Assembly hall, Edinburgh. A letter of thanks from the sister of the poet gave him the facts of its authorship, and led to receipt of one other precious hymn, "Beneath the Cross of Jesus." Miss Campbell was the author of "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Her heart was deeply moved by a revival at Newark, N. J., in 1864, and her imagination was fired by an address by R. G. Pardee, on the reply to blind Bartimeus: "They told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The second stanza is given herewith, as it is omitted in the common version:

> "E'en children feel the potent spell,
> And haste their new-found joy to tell;
> In crowds they to the place repair
> Where Christians daily bow in prayer,
> Hosanna's mingle with the cry;
> 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'"

In the spring of 1873, two paths of usefulness were opened to the choice of Mr. Sankey. His brother evangelist desired his aid for a gospel visitation to Great Britain, while Philip Phillips offered him brilliant prospects for a singing term of six months on the Pacific coast. His decision was destined to be of great moment to the welfare of his generation. He looked to prayer for guidance, and then was led to adopt this advice of a friend: "Two workers in the same line, especially two singers, are sure not to agree. Go with Moody; then you can do your work, and he can do his, and there will be no occasion of conflict between you." So attended

by his little family, he trustfully set forth on a journey of four thousand miles, on a mission of gospel evangelization which was to attain far grander results for good than one could dare to hope.

The joyous, prayerful singing of the gospel in hymns by Mr. Sankey came like a revelation of unexpected truth and grace to the Scottish and English peoples. In Scotland, especially, to the surprise of all who are acquainted with the cautious, distrustful and clannish character of the followers of John Knox, the masses were moved with an indiscribable impulse. The unimpassioned worshipers, who had been accustomed for generations to reject as uninspired all other services of praise than their own rude, unpoetic version of the psalms, now listened with a hungry delight to the testimonies of the most gifted Christian singer of the age, His intense earnestness made the old, old story enter as a divine message into the consciences and hearts of those who came to hear him out of curiosity, or as doubters. Thus the singing of hymns and the use of a melodeon as an accompaniment were welcomed at sight with a heartiness that dissipated the prejudicies of centuries.

One of his hearers, Mrs. Barbour, thus described the abiding impressions made on his audiences at Edinburgh: "Mr. Sankey sings with the conviction that souls are receiving Jesus between one note and the next. The stillness is overawing; some of the lines are more spoken than sung. The hymns are equally used for awakening, none more than 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' When you hear the 'Ninety and Nine' sung, you know of a truth that down in this corner, up in that gallery, behind that pillar which hides the singer's face from the listener, the

hand of Jesus has been finding this and that and yonder lost one, to place them in His fold. A certain class of hearers come to the services solely to hear Mr. Sankey, and the song throws the Lord's net around them. We asked Mr. Sankey one day what he was to sing. He said, 'I'll not know till I hear how Mr. Moody is closing.' Again, we were driving to the Canongate Parish church one winter night, and Mr. Sankey said to the young minister who had come for him, 'I'm thinking of singing, 'I am so glad to night.' 'O,' said the young man, please do rather sing, 'Jesus of Nazareth.' An old man told me to-day that he had been awakened by it the last night you were down. He said, 'It just went through me like an electric shock.' A gentleman in Edinburgh was in distress of soul, and happened to linger in a pew after the noon meeting. The choir had remained to practice, and began 'Free from the Law, O happy condition.' Quickly the Spirit of God carried that truth home to the awakened conscience, and he was at rest in the finished work of Jesus."

"The wave of sacred song," she added, "has spread over Ireland, and it is now sweeping through England. But, indeed, it is not being confined to the United Kingdom alone. Far away off on the shores of India, and in many other lands, these sweet songs of a Savior's love are being sung. Mr. Sankey's collection of sacred songs has been translated into five or six languages, and are winging their way into tens of thousands of hearts and homes, and the blessing of the Lord seems to accompany them wherever sung."

At a noonday prayer-meeting, when the hymn

"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,"

was announced for singing, Mr. Sankey spoke as follows: "Before we sing this hymn, I will tell you one reason why we should sing these hymns. It is because God is blessing them to many a poor wanderer who comes to this building night after night. Last week a man who had once occupied a high position in life came into this hall, and sat down. While I was singing this hymn he took out his pass-book and wrote out these words—

"'Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddening brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
O, what shall the harvest be?'"

"Last night, that man in the inquiry-room went on his knees, and asked God to break the chain that had dragged him down from such a high position to the lowest of the low. He said he had resolved when he went out of that praise-meeting that he would cease to indulge in the intoxicating cup; but before he went home he went into a saloon, and broke his resolution. We prayed for him last night. He is now praying that God may break his chain. I want to pray that this brand may be plucked from the burning, and that God may use these gospel hymns to turn the hearts of sinful men."

A touching account has been given in an English journal of the last hours of a young girl only ten years old, who had listened in delight to Mr. Sankey's singing. "O, how I love those dear hymns," said she. "When I am gone, mother, will you ask the girls of the school to sing the hymn:

" 'Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary wandering child.' "

The night before her death she said: "Dear father and mother, I hope I shall meet you in heaven! I am so happy mother! You cannot think how bright and happy I feel." Again, "Perhaps Jesus may send me to fetch some of my brothers and sisters. I hope He will send me to fetch you, mother."

Half an hour before her departure, she exclaimed, "O, mother, hark at the bells of heaven! they are ringing so beautifully."

Then, closing her eyes awhile, presently she cried again, "Hearken to the harps! they are most splendid. O, how I wish you could hear them!"

Then, shortly after, she spoke again, "O mother, I see the Lord Jesus and the angels! O, if you could see them too! He is sending one to fetch me!"

She had been counting the hours and minutes since she had heard the mill-bell at half-past one P. M., longing so earnestly to depart, yet expressed a hope she might see her dear father (then absent at work) before she went. At last, just five minutes or so before her expiring breath, she said, "O mother, lift me up from the pillow—*high*, high up! O, I wish you could lift me *right up* into heaven!" Then, almost immediately after, as doubtless conscious that the parting moment was at hand, "Put me down again—down quick!" Then calmly, brightly, joyously, gazing upward as at some vision of surprising beauty, she peacefully, sweetly, triumphantly breathed forth her precious spirit into the arms of the ministering angels whom Jesus had sent to fetch her; and so was forever with the Lord she loved.

DANIEL CONFOUNDING THE PRIESTS OF BEL.

MOODY'S NEW GOSPEL SERMONS.

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I SUPPOSE there is not a real Christian here, this afternoon, but that has a desire to be used of God. If you have no desire, no longing for usefulness, I should say there is something wrong in your life. It seems to me that the first impulse, the first aim of a new-born soul is service. "What shall I do? I want to do something." This desire is not of gratitude to Him who has saved you. I cannot conceive of a subject more important than the one before us. When Christ had finished his work, the last thing He did was to teach His disciples of the coming of the Holy Spirit, and what He would do when He came. When He handed over His work to them, then it was He told them that the Spirit was coming to help and to work with them. It was this that helped those early Christians, and it will help us. There is not a man or woman to-day who may not be helped if he will. But first, there must be a willing mind and heart; we must know the mind of the Holy Spirit, give ourselves up wholly, to be led and guided and filled with the Spirit.

Now, in the first place, it is well for us to remember that the Holy Spirit is a person. I think I was a Christian for a number of years before I knew that. If I had ever heard it, it had slipped from me and left no impression. I remember, the first time I was awakened upon this subject while listening to an old minister talking about honoring the Holy Ghost. I had always up to that time looked upon Him in the light of one of the attributes, like justice, mercy, love. But when this old divine talked about His personality, I really thought the old man had gone a little out of his head. It seemed so strange that I had never heard of it before! I went home and read my Bible in order to find out everything that the book said about the Holy Spirit. I found that it always spoke of the spirit as "He," never as an influence. There is one verse in the fourteenth chapter of John, where the word "He" occurs four times. I haven't time to dwell upon the personality of the Holy Ghost, and will not say anything more about it. I only want you to understand that He is distinct from the Father and the Son. When Jesus came down to the earth, the work that He did was distinct from the work of the Father.

But now let us come to what His work is. In the first place His work is to convict of sin. You often hear people say, "Why is it so few people are converted under our minister? He is cultured, refined, intellectual, eloquent, but yet there seem to be very few conversions." Well, now, my dear friends, if you are going to look to your ministers to convict and convert people, you are going to be disappointed. It is the work of the Holy Ghost to convict of sin. I have often said that I had rather do almost any manual work than that which I am doing, if

I have got to convict the people of sin. It is God's work to carry home conviction to the heart, not man's work. When He shall come, He shall convict and convince men of sin. I have seen people who, when the spirit of God has been working mightily, would get up and go out, and slam the door after them in a bad passion. Not a bad sign. I would a good deal rather have them do that than make no sign at all.

When I was preaching in Philadelphia, some time ago, a man and his wife attended my lecture one night. They went home, and the man went to bed without speaking to his wife. The next morning he got up, and ate his breakfast, and went off without saying a word to her. All that day she moaned, that she had made a mistake in taking her husband to the meetings. He came home at noon and did not speak to her, and at night again. And he kept that up for a whole week. At the end of the week he said, "Wife, why did you tell Mr. Moody all about me?" His wife replied that she had not spoken a word to Mr. Moody about him. "Then you must have written him about me." "No, I haven't written him anything about you." "Well, then, he must have heard it from some one else. That impudent wretch held me up before thousands of people and told them all about me."

Well, then, after a man has been convinced of his sins and is willing to give them up, the next thing the Spirit does is to shed abroad the love of God in our hearts. A great many people are always trying to make themselves love God. You cannot do it. Love must be spontaneous. You cannot love by trying to make yourself love. You have got to have power, and that power comes from the

Spirit. When we have that love, then we have the spirit of Jesus Christ. Once I asked a lady who was mourning, because she didn't love God, if she loved her mother. She said, "Yes, I cannot help it." "Well," I said, "that is it exactly." When that heart has been filled with the spirit of God, you cannot help loving Him. But you cannot make yourself love. More love is just what we want to-day. If you should ask me what the church needs, I should say "love."

Then another thing that the spirit does is to impart hope. You never saw the spirit of God working in a church that wasn't hopeful. Another thing the spirit of God does, is to give liberty. Where the spirit is, there is liberty. In a good deal of our church work there is almost everything but liberty. A good deal of our work is forced work. Sometimes it takes a good deal of strength to get out a word. Why? Because the atmosphere isn't right. The Holy Spirit has got to have the right atmosphere to work in. You take the atmosphere out of this room, and my voice wouldn't be heard three feet away from me. You have got to have air to convey sound, and you have got to have the spirit prepare the ground in order to carry home the truth. If you get into a certain atmosphere where the spirit isn't working, you will not have liberty.

If a minister hasn't got liberty, it isn't always his fault. I want to emphasize that. The fault may be down there in the audience. I venture to say that an archangel couldn't have had liberty under such circumstances. Why? Because of the fault-finding, back-biting and criticism. Supposing Andrew and Philip had a row and were not on speaking terms, do you think there would have been

any liberty? There is not the right atmosphere, and, I do not care who you put in the pulpit, there will be no liberty. You want some new church members down there. You get them straight, and the minister will be all right. Supposing James had turned to John and said, "John, I really don't think Peter is preaching as well to-day as usual"; and John had replied, "Why, he has the most influential congregation I ever saw. The greatest men of the city are here." I will venture to say that you have had ten thousand better sermons preached than Peter ever preached. Suppose those people had gone on picking Peter to pieces. Do you think there would have been any power? But the one hundred and twenty held Peter right up to God, and, if you will allow me to use the expression, he swung loose that day. It takes neither brains nor heart to find fault. Anybody can do that. If you doubt what I say, just go into a crowd and hear a stranger talk. You will hear it said, "Well, what do you think of him?" "I must confess that I was greatly disappointed. He isn't as good as our own minister." Another comes along and says, "He wasn't logical. I have a logical turn of mind, and when I go to church I want to hear logic!" Another says, "He wasn't philosophical. Don't know what it means, but philosophy is what he wants." Another says, "It was all brain. Now, I am using my brain all day long, and when I go to church, I want some one to appeal to my heart."

I wish we could get this spirit of criticism out of the church, and then there would be something done. But perhaps the fault is not with the man in the pulpit. When you go home and look in the looking-glass, perhaps you will see the guilty person. What he wants is to get out

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of the business of fault-finding. It is a poor business, my friend. Just get to praying. You need the spirit of God just as much as the minister. You business men need it; the Sunday-school teachers need it; there are men and women who confess God, who need it. You will have liberty to walk and talk with, and work for Christ, if you have His spirit.

His work is also to testify of Christ. What we want to-day is love of Christ. That's all. Let these ministers go into the pulpits and lift up Christ, and let speculation go. The world can get on without speculation and theories, but this old world cannot go on without Jesus Christ. Therefore we want to preach Him and hold Him up. There is no class of men that Jesus Christ won't draw, if He is lifted up.

Then, another thing the spirit of God does is to teach you. "He shall teach you all things." He is a wonderful teacher. There is not a thing that I want to know about future life that God cannot teach me. Any spirit that does not want that book, you may know is a lying spirit. "He shall teach you all things." Now, if we have got a teacher sent down here from heaven, to teach us all things, are we not dishonoring Him if we run after other teachers? People often come to me and ask me to go to other teachers, call up some departed spirits, and have the chairs and tables turning around. I tell them, "No." When the Lord converted me, He took me out of darkness. In secret, my Master taught nothing. I don't want anything of these teachers that are going to teach us in the dark. I don't know what they are. They may come from hell.

And then He shall guide you into all truth. Wonderful guide, isn't He? That is what He is down here for, to guide us through the wilderness. He is here to look after us.

Now, I want to call your attention to a fact. You never in your life saw a man full of God who wasn't full of Scripture.

You see a minister in the pulpit that is filled with the spirit of God, and he will talk Scripture right along. Mary was filled with the Holy Ghost, and that Magnificat flowed from her lips. And any man full of the Holy Ghost will talk Scripture.

I believe Christ never spoke of His death but what He said, "On the third day I will rise again." And yet, when the time came His disciples had forgotten all about those words. It has always been a mystery to me where the family of Bethany was. You would have thought they would have remembered and been at His grave. His enemies had better memories than His own disciples. They were at the door of the sepulcher; but they never did a better thing for Christianity than to roll that stone up against the door.

But when the Holy Ghost came, then we are told that they remembered the words of the Lord Jesus. Their memory was long enough then. I tell you, when you are filled with the spirit of God, Scripture will come rushing into your mind. One text upon another, comes rushing into your mind saying, "Use me, use me."

And then, "He shall comfort you." There is not a broken heart to-day that He cannot make whole. There is not a sorry one that He will not comfort. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come."

I want to say to the singers, that there is great honor put upon music. When the Levites were praising God, then it was that the Shekinah came and filled the temple with glory. If the members of the choir had been at enmity with each other, and had not been on speaking terms, do you think there would have been any harmony? You want your singing in harmony with the preaching, and the singer wants to keep his heart as well tuned as the minister, if he is going to sing well. I don't know what angel it was that got down to the plains to tell the shepherds that Christ had come, but I have an idea that it was Gabriel. But they sung, "Glory to God in the Highest; Peace on earth, Good will toward men." And let me say to the singers that I believe they are doing as much as I am. You sing the gospel, and I will preach it. I believe John Wesley did as much good as Charles. One preached and the other sung the gospel, halfway around the world in a very short time. I believe I should be at my wits' ends if you asked me to quote anything that Charles Wesley ever said, but I think I could repeat several of John Wesley's hymns. Let us praise God as well as pray. Let us be thankful for what we have got.

Sometimes, when we get to praying, the Holy Ghost comes. I like to go into a meeting when you cannot sing or say anything, and when you feel as if you don't want any one to say a word. The Holy Ghost can do more in one day than you and I can in five years. I hope He will come and work in each of our hearts to-day.

And this is His dwelling-place, in these bodies that you and I inhabit. When we have been near the Son of God, then it is that these bodies become temples for the

Holy Ghost to dwell in. Jesus says, "He shall be in you. He shall abide with you." And Paul says, "Know ye not that ye are the temples of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" We have been bought, not by silver, but by the precious Son of God; and these bodies are the temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. Therefore, let us keep the temple pure and sweet. I want a baptism for my own soul. I don't want to begin this year without a fresh anointing for the service. I should like to have all of you have the same desire.

GOD'S SERVICE AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THIS evening I want to continue the subject we had this afternoon. There may be some here who were not present this afternoon. Therefore, I will briefly outline the points discussed then. We were talking about the office work of the Holy Spirit, and I tried to show that His office work was to convict of sin, to impart the love of God, fill us with hope and courage, to give us liberty to testify of Christ, to teach us all things, to guide us into all truth and convert us.

Now, I want to go right on and show that it is His work to fill us, and qualify us for God's service. There was one denomination in this country a few years ago that reported that there had not been a single conversion. Now, I believe that every church can be fruit-bearing if it will, and I believe that this very subject we have before us to-night will show us how we can bring forth fruit. I don't believe that any church need return at the end of the year and say, "We have toiled all the year and gained nothing." I believe that it is clearly taught in the Scriptures that it is the privilege of every true child of God to bring forth fruit. "Herein is my father glorified that ye bring forth much fruit." Now, there are a good many sons and daughters of God that are without power. I think there is not one here that will deny that.

PAUL AT EPHESUS. Acts, xix, 17-20.

I do not think that I slander the church when I say nine-tenths of the church members to-day are without power. I think if you take one-tenth of them you will have about all that have got real Holy Ghost power. Now, I don't believe that ought to be the state of the church. I think it would be a good idea when a man or woman wants to join the church to ask him if he wants to be a member with or without power. If he says, "Without power," it would be well to say, "We have plenty of that kind of church members. What we want is a few with power." I believe you can all have it if you will. The power is here. This old book teaches us how we can get it. Now, I do not know that I am right, but I think you will find three classes of Christians represented in the Bible, and I think you will find them in all our churches. The first is represented in the third chapter of John, where Nicodemus came to Christ by night and got life. But he only barely got it. He didn't get it in all its abundance. Nicodemus worked while Peter, James and John were enjoying. They heard all the parables, saw all the miracles, ate with Him, slept with Him, and they were just lifted up into the third heaven, as you might say, while poor Nicodemus was living on sawdust. He didn't get any food for his soul. And yet I suppose he reasoned in this way: "I am a high member. I am a member of Sanhedrim, and if I should identify myself with that despised Nazarene I should lose my power and influence." He might have become one of the twelve had he taken the stand. We have got to stoop if we are going to conquer, and when a man is not willing to take a low place to get power with God, he is not going to get it. There is a good deal of difference between social power, political power,

and a kind of religious power. But these are not the kinds of power that I am talking about. I am talking about Holy Ghost power. Strength is one thing, and power is another. The giant of Gath had strength, but David had power.

In the fourth chapter of John you will find a higher type of Christian. That woman that came to the well to get water. She got the whole well. She got so much of the living water that you couldn't have kept her in the Sanhedrim. She went back into town and told what Christ had done for her. She drank deeper than Nicodemus did. Isn't a well better than just a little water? If I have a drop of water in a tumbler I can truly say I have water, but there would not be any bubbling up.

In the seventh chapter of John, you will find the highest type, and that is the class I want to belong to. If we could only just get this whole audience into the seventh chapter of John, this city would be turned upside down. On that last day He said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink, and out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." A man once said he had a good well but for two things; it would dry up in summer and freeze up in winter. Every child of God ought to be like rivers. I used to quote it "river" until one day an old man asked me where I got the word "river." I said I found it in my Bible. He said he didn't find it that way in his Bible, that he read "rivers." And now I always say "rivers." Why? Rivers shall flow through men and women that are filled with the Holy Ghost. We have an idea that the apostles belonged to another race of beings. Not a bit of it. They got so filled with the Spirit of God that rivers actually flowed

from them. And you needn't go back to those old apostles, not even one hundred years, to Wesley and Whitfield. Go right back to London. Look at Spurgeon. For nearly forty years he preached to the largest congregation any man has preached to since Christ left this earth, and his sermons have been translated into nearly every language under the heavens. On every Thursday thirty thousand of his sermons were scattered through the world. I know that out in the Rocky mountains where there are no ministers, men have gathered together and read Spurgeon's sermons. I venture to say that there are very few ministers in Christendom that haven't some of Spurgeon's sermons in their libraries. He had a society sent out to evangelize. He had a pastor's college where he had men trained who are now preaching in every nation in the world. I cannot begin to tell of the streams that flowed out from that one man. I don't believe that any four walls are going to hold any man's influence. It is the privilege of every one of us to be filled with the Holy Spirit's power. Now, mark you, it is a command to be filled. You know that for years and years we got all our water out of the old wells. I remember that in my day I had to pump, pump, pump, until that arm was ready to drop out of its socket. And I didn't get much water out. Why? Because there wasn't much in. Now, you have got to get water before you can get it out. Have you ever seen an artesian well? I don't see so many of them in the east as I have in the west and south, but in a great many places I have found them. They don't stop when they come to water, but go on drilling, and by-and-by the water comes to the top of the ground. But even then they don't stop, but

go on and on, until they strike a deeper strata, and the water comes bubbling up and up. And so I believe it is the true position of every child of God to be so filled that you haven't got to pump all the time. All you have to do is to open the gates and let the stream flow on, and on, and on. And it will never give out. All God wants us to do is to get filled.

Now, I want to put this question to the audience. Isn't it the time of need, great need? I think one of the most lamentable things of this day is that Satan can walk right into some of our best Christian homes and families, and haul the children down into the deepest and darkest depths, and we haven't got the power to reach them and bring them back. I don't believe that it is the will of the Almighty that the devil should walk into my home and drag my children down. If we were filled with the Holy Spirit, we could call power down from heaven and save the tempted ones. We haven't got the Holy Ghost power. May God open your eyes now! Perhaps the question comes up, is there any promise that we can lay hold on? Listen, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Do you know what heaven's measure is? Good measure pressed down and running over. I remember when we used to sell a man a bushel of oats; we used to take a stick and scrape over the top so that he shouldn't get a grain over measure. The Lord just shakes it down and lets it run over; and when a man is full of the love of God, he has power to resist temptation. When the heart is filled with the Holy Spirit, and Satan comes to put in an evil thought, he throws off the temptation. People come to me and say, "Mr. Moody, don't you think you

ought to preach against this and that?" "No," I say, "get the people baptized and it takes them clean out of the world." A young man came to me once and said, "Don't you think I ought to get out of the world now that I have become a Christian?" And I said, "No. You won't have to leave the world if you just give a good ringing testimony for the Son of God." And when a man gets filled with the spirit, he won't always be talking about doing this thing and that thing. God wants to fill you. But the moment you begin to talk about being filled, people say, "If you are full of conceit and your own righteousness, full of envy, evil and hate, and all those things, how is the Lord going to fill you?" Take this tumbler; it is filled with air, and you are wondering how you are going to get the air out. [Here Mr. Moody poured water into the tumbler until it ran over.] There! Any air there now? "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." Is it dry here in this city? Let us ask God to open the gates and let the flood come in upon us to-night. Come, friend, let the heart be opened to-night. Just pull back that bolt and let the door be thrown wide open. Say to God, "Here am I." And if it is real, honest desire that He should come, He will do so and fill you.

When I was out in Colorado I saw strawberries and peas, and here and there a farm where every blade of grass was green, and everything was fresh and blooming; but just over the fence there would be another farm where everything would be dried up. And I said to a man on the train, "What does this mean?" He looked at me and said, "You are a stranger here. One man brings water down from the mountains and waters his

farm, the other man does not." That explained it. One had plenty, and the other didn't have anything. You go into some churches and you will find some men that are very dry, and a man right next to him with a sunny face, and there all is fresh and bright. Why? Because one has got the anointing, has got the blessing, and the other sits there where the rain is pouring down and doesn't get under it at all. Let's get under the pierced clouds, and then just keep the heart full. It is no sign you are full because you were so two years ago. That is the trouble. A good many are trying to work with the anointing they got three years ago. They are a lot of Samsons around who have lost their hair. How many sermons have you heard of which you cannot remember a single word? What is the trouble? Why, you were not in the right spirit; or, perhaps, the man in the pulpit was not in the right spirit, and the sermon didn't lay hold on you. When the Spirit of God is in a man the fire just burns. But, thank God, although Samson lost his strength it came back to him. And some of you Samsons that have lost your power can get it back again if you will. God used Peter far more after He restored him than He did before his fall. I trust there are some here who may become a flame of fire. Why not? Don't you want that power? You can have it if you will. It is for you. The Lord wants to give it to every one. Let's have it. You will remember that after Christ rose He met His disciples in a little room, and He raised His pierced hands and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." And right after that He said, "I am now going to leave you, and I want to come back here and pray until you have become imbued with the power from on high." And one of His disciples an-

swered, "Lord, I have the power." And then he said, "Ye shall receive the power after the Holy Ghost has come upon you." You want to wait for the power. I believe that is where the church has gone astray; there are hundreds of church members who never think of asking God for power. They are children by birth, sons and daughters of God, but they are without power. Let us seek this power. When the Holy Ghost had come, there were more people converted than had been during the three years of Christ's ministry. O, I hope the Christians here to-night will get power and baptism, and then this whole community will feel the power.

But, again, the power came in the second chapter of Acts. I have heard a good many people say, "Why, I don't think it right to ask the spirit to come." Didn't He come eighteen hundred years ago, and isn't He with the church to-day? I honestly believe that the place might be shaken as it was in the second chapter of Acts. These men were filled with the Holy Spirit. Now, people say that you may preach all you like, so long as you do not preach in His name. But those preachers could not get on without His name; it was their capital in trade, all they had. They had just commenced their ministry, and they couldn't preach on science and higher criticism. They knew nothing about astronomy, geology and botany, and I don't know what else that is preached about these days. All they knew was that Jesus Christ had lived there, they had seen Him die and ascend, and the Holy Ghost came upon them, and they went about preaching in His name. I tell you a man might preach with all the eloquence of Demosthenes, and yet not touch the hearts of the people. But let the Holy Ghost come,

and there would be a mighty stir. Some one says, "A lie will get all around the world before the truth gets its boots on to contradict it." Now, mark ye. John and Peter were filled in the second chapter, and again in the fourth. Now, they had either lost some of their power or had greater capacity. If Peter and John needed to be filled again so soon after Pentecost, don't you think you and I need to be filled again? The house in Jerusalem was shaken twice. Those men were filled again and they preached with greater power, and I want to say that I haven't any sympathy with the idea that this miracle could not be repeated again. May God grant that it may be repeated. Why shouldn't there be fires here? Can you give a reason why? But go on. Ten years after there was a meeting down at Cesarea, and I believe that was the only meeting that was all planned in heaven. Peter was brought from Joppa, thirty miles away, and the people sat there and heard what the Lord had to say. And Peter stood up and preached. In the eleventh chapter of Acts he gives an account of that preaching ten years afterward.

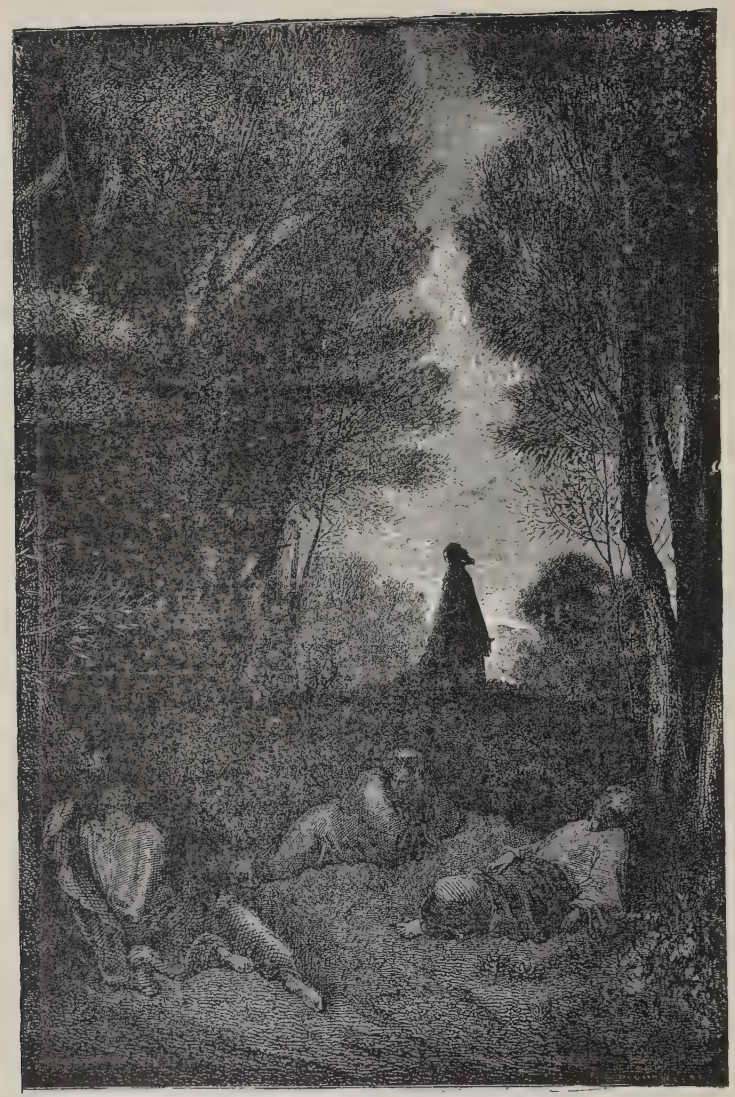
Now, if the Holy Ghost fell twice in Jerusalem, and ten years after in Cesarea, why shouldn't it fall to-night? Why shouldn't the Holy Ghost come now? I believe, if we could only get this cursed unbelief out of here, that God would lift the tide-gate, and let the flood come in. That is what we want. People say, "What shall I do to get this blessing?" Give yourself up fully, wholly and unreservedly just now, this minute; make a complete surrender and say, "Here am I, Lord, take me and use me for Thyself," and I tell you, if the motive is pure and for the glory of God, the blessing will come. But if you are

selfish about it and want it just for your own sake, you are going to be disappointed. A great many mothers are mourning because their children are not saved. Do they ever mourn because other children are unsaved? Are we not selfish?

If any of you to-night really want this blessing and feel down deep in your hearts that you must have it, and you are going to lay yourself out for it, I would like to pray with you for it. I see some aged men here. Would not you like to leave a ray of light behind you? Wouldn't you like to see all your children and grandchildren gathered into the kingdom before you go? Before you go, wouldn't you like to see the kingdom extended right here in your midst? There is not a man so old but that God can use you. Come! There are none so young that God cannot use you.

You remember that when Elijah was to be taken up, he was down at Gilgal with Elisha. And Elijah said unto Elisha, "Tarry here, for I go to Bethel;" but Elisha said, "As the Lord liveth, I will not leave thee." So the two prophets went down to Bethel. When they had reached there a young man came up to Elisha and said, "Do you know that your master is to be taken away to-day?" And Elisha said, "Hold your peace, I know all about it." Presently Elijah turned to Elisha, and said, "Tarry here, for the Lord hath sent me to Jericho." But Elisha replied, "As the Lord liveth, I will not leave thee." I have often wished that that whole story had been put on record. And when they came to Jordan there were fifty men there. Elijah took off his mantle and smote the waters, and the river divided, and Elijah and Elisha passed over on dry ground. And when they

had gone over Elijah said to Elisha, "Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee." And Elisha asked for a double portion of his spirit. Elijah answered, "Thou hast asked a hard thing, but if you see me when I am taken up it shall be so." Do you suppose Elisha lost sight of Elijah? O, no! Where Elijah went, there Elisha was to be found, but as they were journeying along, a whirlwind came up, and they were separated. I see Elisha digging the sand out of his eyes, and he happened to see something in the air, and he looked up, and there was Elijah. And he shouted, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" And he rent his own clothes. Men, rend your mantle. You are nothing, get down in the dust. And he took up the mantle of Elijah and smote the waters and passed over. Now, I am afraid that if Elisha had been some of us he would have said, "I am the same old Elisha. I expected to feel a sensation. I thought I should have a stroke." Man, take God at His word. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Claim that promise. God can raise up witnesses right out of stone if he wants to. Elisha got all he went for, because he dared to ask. Let us go in for a double portion. Don't you want it? What is the use of living at this dying rate that we sing and talk about? The Lord has plenty. He delights to give. Let us take up the duty of receiving just now. Let us pray the Lord God of heaven to fill us. Let us pray to have the fruit come.



PRAYER OF JESUS IN THE GARDEN OF OLIVES. Luke, xxii.

ELEMENTS OF TRUE PRAYER.

This afternoon, I want to call your attention to the subject of prayer. As this is the week of prayer, we want, if possible, to get into the spirit of prayer, and into sympathy with those who are praying. If there is to be a great, deep, thorough, lasting work, it is going to be in answer to prayer.

I have no sympathy with this idea, that if we ask God to do a certain work, He is going to give us chaff. If we have faith to claim, I believe He will answer our prayers. I don't believe He mocks His children. I believe He will give out of His abundance, and give us the very best He has. Now, I have no doubt but that a great many of you have said at different times, "What is the use of prayer anyway?" Sometimes, when I have prayed, it has seemed as if the heavens were closed over me. It seems as if God does not hear. My words all seem to come back to me. Haven't you often felt that way? I see some of you giving your assent to that. Now, in answer to that, let me say, in the first place, Jesus Christ is an example for us. We profess to be His disciples. Well, remember that as a man He prayed. As God, He answers prayers. The key to Christ's character and

life is this, He was a God-man. At times, He spoke as God; at times, as a man. At times, He acted as a man; at times, as God. But there is one thing you will find. His life, all through His ministry, was filled with prayer, and there was no great event in His life that was not preceded by prayer. All through His public ministry you will find Him often in prayer, and every great event of His life, as I said before, was preceded by prayer. I was a Christian a good many years before I noticed that He was praying at His baptism, but the Bible tells us that He came out of the water praying. The spirit came in answer to prayer, and the voice that came from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," was a response to prayer. The night preceding the most marvelous sermon He preached while on earth, you will notice He spent in prayer. There were about fifteen thousand sermons in that one. When He went up into the mountain and was transfigured, we find that He was praying when His visage was changed. He had on that heavenly glory, because His Father was to visit Him. Then we read in the twelfth chapter of John, that He was praying again that God might glorify His name, and in Gethsemane, He was praying and sweating as it were, great drops of blood when the angel came. The angel came not when He was uttering some parable or preaching some sermon, but when He was praying. And if you and I are going to hear from heaven, it will be when we are praying. I have often said that I had rather be able to pray like Daniel than preach like Gabriel. What we want is men and women that know how to pray, who know how to call fire down from heaven. Men, have you that power with God in prayer? Now, when I say men,

I mean men and women. Some of you think that you cannot do much in this work, and you have said, "I wish I were stronger. I wish I was not so confined to my household duties." But I want to say that you may accomplish just as much if you cannot come out to any of the meetings. It may be that some bedridden saint in this city may do more toward bringing down fire than all the pastors put together. I went to London in 1872, just to spend three or four months, and one night I spoke in a prayer-meeting. I went into a Congregational church, and I preached with no unusual power. There didn't seem to be anything out of the regular line in the service. In fact, I was a little disappointed. I didn't seem to have much liberty there. That evening, at 6:30, I preached to men. There seemed to be great power. It seemed as if the building was filled with the glory of God, and I asked for an expression when I got through. They rose by the hundreds. I said, "They don't know what this means," so I thought I would put another test. I just asked them to step back into the chapel, all those that wanted to become Christians, but no one else. They flocked into the chapel by the hundreds. I was in great perplexity; I couldn't understand what it meant. I went down to Dublin the next day, and on Tuesday morning, I got a dispatch saying, "Come to London at once and help us." I didn't know what to make of it, but I hastened back to London and labored there ten days, and there were four hundred names recorded at that time. For months, I could not understand what it meant, but by-and-by I found out. There was in that church a poor bedridden woman, and she used to take different ones upon her heart, and she

began to pray God to revive the whole church. She began to pray God to send me to that church. On Sunday morning her sister came home, and said, "Who do you think preached for us this morning?" She guessed a number of ministers that had been in the habit of exchanging with the pastor, and finally gave it up. The sister said, "It was Mr. Moody, from America." The poor woman turned pale, and said, "I know what that means; that is in answer to prayer. There is going to be a great work here." The servants brought up her dinner, but she said, "No; no dinner for me to-day; I spend this day in prayer." And that night while I was preaching she was praying, and in answer to her prayers the power of God just fell upon the audience.

My dear friends, I believe that when God's books are opened there will be some hidden one that will be much nearer the throne than you and I are.

And now at the beginning of this week, let us pray God to give us the spirit of prayer. Let us expect great things, and we will not be disappointed if our expectations are from God. Let our expectations be from Him, not from man. If you look to man you are going to be disappointed, but God will never disappoint you. Bring your burden here and pray it out before God, and ask Him to do great and mighty things.

Now, I want to call your attention to the elements of all true prayer. You know Christ never taught His disciples how to preach. When Christ got His theological students around Him, He taught them how to pray. And I think we often ought to make that prayer, "Lord teach us how to pray." I won't have time to go through all of them, but I will take them up again.

First, there is contrition. I am sometimes ashamed of myself to think how fluent I am, when I go into the presence of God. As if God was on an equal footing with me, or rather as if I was on an equal footing with God, as if there was no difference between us. Let us bear in mind that God is holy. The nearer we get to Him the more we will think of His holiness and abhor ourselves. We will grow smaller, and He larger. One of the truest signs that a man is growing great is that God increases, and he decreases. Why, some people will talk about themselves by the yard. "I, I, I, I." There will be forty-nine I's in a speech five minutes long. That is a sign that you are not growing in grace, but are growing in conceit. But when we get near to God, how small we look, and how great God seems! And you remember when Isaiah saw God, he cried, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts." And then what did he cry? That he was unclean and dwelt with unclean people, and he wanted the coal to be taken from off the altar and put upon his lips, that his iniquity might be purged away. Now, it is one thing to hear God, but when we see Him it will be another thing, and let us keep it in mind that contrition is the first thing. You remember that when Christ taught His disciples to pray, He said, "Our Father."

Then the next thing that follows is the confession of our sins. There is no true prayer without confession. As long as we have unconfessed sin in our soul we are not going to have power with God in prayer. He says if we regard iniquity in our hearts He will not hear us, much less answer. As long as we are living in any known sin, we have no power in prayer. God is not going to hear

it. It is a prayerless prayer and an abomination to God and man. What Gods wants is reality. Now, if there is some sin we have hidden in our hearts that we are not willing to confess, then, of course, we cannot pray. Put the question to yourself, can you pray? I don't mean to go through a form, but have you power with God in prayer? How many times do you hear people get up in prayer-meeting to pray, but there is no power in it? If a man doesn't treat his wife right, he needn't pray. It is all a farce, you know. He says the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to God. If sacrifice is an abomination to God, do you tell me that the prayers of a man or woman who is not living right is not an abomination to God? Now, you must bear in mind that there must be true confession before we are going to have an answer to prayer. Not to confess, and then go and do the same thing over again, but just turn from the sin.

My dear friend, if there is anything in your life that is wrong, make up your mind that you are not going to let the sun go down before you confess it. Let me read you a few verses from the thirty-second Psalm. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven." There is no confession up to this time. He didn't prosper because he would not confess. (First to the fifth verse.) But, now notice, "I acknowledge my sin unto Thee, and my iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." See! Just the moment he confessed, the Lord forgave, and then it was that he had power with God in prayer.

Now, the next true element to prayer is restitution. It is folly for us to ask God to do something for us that we

can do for ourselves. I don't believe that we preach restitution enough. If I have five dollars in my pocket that belongs to some one else, and I try to cheat him out of it, can I pray? You will find men who are cheating their neighbors, and they cannot pray; it won't work at all. What we want to-day is a revival of righteousness, a revival of uprightness. I sometimes hear a man say, "Hallelujah," and it is like a file right across my nerves. I look into his face, and know that it is not real. Now, "Hallelujah" comes in all right if it proceeds from the heart. I don't object to a thing of that kind once in a while, just a little of it; but to have a man that is not living right, to have him come and make a great noise about religion; it is an abomination to God and man. Up in the north of England, a lady came into one of the after meetings. She was greatly troubled, and I talked with her a number of days, and found out what her trouble was. "I cannot pray. I get down onto my knees to pray, but five bottles of wine come up before me, and I cannot see the face of the Lord." She told that when she was housekeeper for a wealthy gentleman in his sickness, she stole five bottles of wine, and every time since then when she got down on her knees to pray, up would come the five bottles of wine. "Did you ever make restitution?" "No." "Well, you must confess, and make restitution to that man before you will be able to pray." "Why," she said, "have I got to confess that?" "Not only confess, but you must make restitution." O, but she couldn't do that, though next day she came back, and said, "Now, if I give that money to the church, won't that do just as well?" "Why, no; the Lord does not want any stolen money. It is not yours to

give. There is only one way when you have done wrong to make it right, and that is to confess your sins, and, if it is in your power, make restitution." Finally she felt as if she could not carry the burden any longer, and she took the train to the home of this man's son, and told him the story of her sin, and handed him the money to pay for the wine. He said, "I don't want the money." And she said, "Well, I don't want it." Finally, he said, "I will take it and put it into the treasury of the church." Before she went away she said she didn't know whether she was in the flesh or out of it. She had gotten rid of the five bottles of wine. Man, if there is something wrong in your life, make restitution. Trade off the old lame horse for a good one. Go and make restitution. Those kind of things speak louder than any sermons; that's the kind of Christianity that we want. Supposing it does cost you something. I never saw a man or woman that was willing to do these things for God that didn't receive a blessing. I know this to be true. If some one has wronged you, you want them to make it right, don't you? There was a man in the south of Ireland who got right up and went out of the meeting, went clear up to the north of Ireland, and paid man after man hundreds of pounds that he had cheated them out of. I believe there are a good many men and women who have no power at all, because there is something in their lives that doesn't please God.

Now, the next element is forgiveness. I tell you there are more people that stumble right there, and lose their power than anywhere else. Now, if I do not forgive just as I want God to forgive me, then I cannot pray. That is the reason why a good many people cannot pray. A man

said to me some time ago, "We have a magnificent organ, a wealthy and cultured preacher, but we have not had a man converted in our church. Can you tell me why?" "Yes, there are half a dozen families in your church who are not on speaking terms, and the Holy Ghost cannot work. God cannot stultify Himself; He says He cannot work. If there is any one you are not willing to forgive, don't you see that you have broken down the bridge, and how are you going to get over yourself? Now, if there is any one here who has had trouble with some one, and has not forgiven him, he may be excused. Get right up and go now, and have it settled before the sun goes down. O, that flood-gates may be lifted up so that the flood may come in! Perhaps you have had a row with your stepmother or father, or your own natural mother, perhaps; perhaps you have some falling out with your minister; he may be here on the platform; have an interview with him before you go out of this hall. Get these things settled. Some of you look pretty cross now; perhaps I have hit you. That is what I am here for. You want to know why your prayers are not answered, and I am just trying to tell you. God delights to answer prayer. But you cannot deceive yourself. If you are living a dishonorable life, God hides His face, and will not hear you. Are there any bottles of wine in the way? Come, that is the question, and may God help you to answer it honestly.

THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE.

You that were here yesterday afternoon remember that I was speaking about the true elements of prayer. I was trying to show that there were ten elements to all true prayer. The first was contrition, the second confession, the third restitution, and the fourth forgiveness; the fifth is unity. You do not know unless you have been in the old country, in England, what a wall is built up between the church and what they call "dissenters." You men who have traveled there know what I am talking about. They do not call men ministers unless they belong to the Episcopal church. Spurgeon was not looked upon as a clergyman because he did not belong to the church of England. There was one of those wealthy clergymen, who told me himself, that if he saw a dissenting minister coming down on the same sidewalk, if it was convenient, he would happen on the other side. He had been taught that they were enemies of the church of God. Well, he went up to a meeting in the north of England where the brethren met to pray, and he got such a blessing that he came down to his own parish, and the first thing he did was to go through the whole parish, and pray with all the leading dissenters. I got an invitation to go down to this place to preach. I found a tent that would hold as many people as there are here, and I found that this

THE CRUCIFIXION. Matthew, xxvii, 45-49.

clergyman and all the dissenting ministers were working harmoniously together, and since this had begun there had been more conversions than there had been for years. This clergyman told me that the man that was nearest to him, and whom he loved most in that whole parish, was an independent preacher. He found out that that dissenting man could be just as godly and good as any preachers in his own denomination. I do wish that we could get these miserable sectarian walls down. I tell you, you get the Christians all united, and Christianity is like a great flood. It says that on the day of Pentecost there was unity. We are making progress. I thank God for that. These walls are tumbling down. Twenty-five years ago you could not have had a meeting like this here. You could not have had all these ministers up on this platform. There would have been condescension enough to ruin the whole thing. You might have got them on the same platform, but a Baptist would have got up and said, "I am a Baptist, and I want you to understand that I have condescended to come up here and speak." And then up would get an Episcopalian, and say that he "had condescended to speak with the other brethren." But that has gone by. Since I have been here we have been getting all mixed up here, and I believe that it is the way it will be in heaven. You won't know a Methodist when you get there. All "out-and-out Christians," you know. The nearer we get to the Lord, the less we will talk about these differences. We have got to climb the ladder. Every true child of God ought to pray for unity, brotherly love. It is a beautiful sight to see all these ministers here representing the different churches.

Another element to true prayer is thanksgiving. "With thanksgiving let your requests be made known." I think we would get a hundred times more from the Lord than we do if we would only be thankful. There is more said in the Bible about praise than prayer. There was a man who got up in one of our meetings and said he had lived on Grumble street for a long while, but finally he moved on to Thanksgiving street. I do dread these men who are always grumbling.

Spurgeon said he hoped the grass would grow over their graves, but if it did it would be the first thing that had ever grown near them. We want to be thankful. There was a man in our church in Chicago whom I never saw when he did not have a smile on his face. He was always ready with "Bless the Lord," and it was not a hollow sham. It came from the bottom of his soul. One day he cut his thumb off, and that very night we had a weekly prayer-meeting. He was there with his lame hand, and he got up and said, "Bless the Lord. I cut my thumb to-day, but I didn't cut it clear off." If it had been most of us, it would have been a mournful story. Be thankful for what you have. Let us look out that we are not one of the class who come to the Lord constantly for favors, and never thank Him.

Then another element is perseverance. Now, I don't like to be teased; I suppose you don't. I don't know why, but somehow or other the Lord seems to like it. He likes to have us press our cause, and what we want is to pray on and never faint. There is no gauge to God's promises. You may pray for weeks, or months, or years; you may go down to your grave, and your prayers may not all be answered, but perhaps around your coffin that

wayward boy may be converted. We are instructed to pray and never cease. Pray right on. And if we get discouraged, we are disobeying God, and are not doing what the Lord would like to have us do. I heard in England about a wife who said she would give up one hour of the day, and go to her room, and pray for her husband, who was a skeptic. She prayed for twelve months, but no answer came. She said, "Can I give him up? No, I will pray six months longer." So she went on praying for that time, and at the end of the six months not a ray of hope, not a change that she could see. And she said again, "Shall I give him up?' She came to this conclusion, that she would pray for him as long as he lived. That very day when he came home, he went upstairs, and when the time came for the dinner to be put on the table he did not come down. Finally, she went up to the room where she had been praying for eighteen months that he might be saved, and she found him on his knees praying to God to save him. When I was over in England the last time, I found he had built a church on his own land. I venture to say that there are a good many of you who can remember how you prayed for a long time without any answer. I remember, during the war, at Nashville, a soldier came to me, trembling from head to foot; I thought, perhaps, he had been drinking. He took a soiled piece of paper out of his pocket, and said, "I wish you would read that." It went on to tell that his sister had been praying for him ever since he had been in the army. "Sometimes it seemed as if my heart would break to think that my brother was in the army, and might be shot down any time without hope." He said, "I believe I am the worst

man in the army. I have had the shot and shell whiz past me without turning pale, but I got that letter last night, and I have not slept a wink since I got it." It was all soiled with tears. I talked to him, and had the joy of leading him into the light. That sister held right on, and the Lord answered her prayer. That is perseverance. It was a hard case, but the Lord answered her prayer. So let us keep it in mind, that if we are going to have power with God, we have got to persevere.

Then, another true element to prayer is faith. We must believe that our prayers are going to be answered. If we have complied with the conditions, then let us look for fulfillment. But, mark ye, here is a mistake that people make, and a great mistake, too; they have an idea that God does not answer prayer if he doesn't say, "Yes." I have three children, and I want them on such terms with me that they will ask me for anything they want. But I tell you they don't get everything they want. Not by a good deal. We want to keep it in mind that when we get an answer it may be in the negative. Did you ever know the three men that take up the most room in Scripture, prayed often? Take Moses; he prayed earnestly; he prayed that the Lord would let him go into the promised land. For forty years that servant had been leading the people through the wilderness, yet the Lord would not let him go into the promised land. Didn't the Lord love him? He finally said, "Now, Moses; don't you speak to Me any more about that matter; let it rest." He never mentioned it after that; but, I tell you, I don't believe there was a man on the earth at that time that God loved as He did Moses. Fifteen years after, He answered Moses' prayer. He did

not get his prayers answered just when he wanted them answered, but in God's own good time. He wouldn't let any archangel, or even Gabriel bury him when he died. And do you tell me God didn't love Moses? Take Elijah; he knew how to pray. When he got under that juniper tree, and prayed that he might die, like a coward, God didn't let him die. The only man that didn't pray he might die was the very man who did die. Good took him to heaven. Now, you take Paul. Thrice Paul prayed that the Lord might take the thorn out of his flesh. We do not know what the thorn was, and perhaps it is a good thing we don't. Lots of people get a good deal of comfort out of that. The Lord did not see fit to remove the thorn. Anything that would bring Paul up nearer God was just the thing he wanted. And so he got his prayers answered, but not in the way he wanted.

Then another true element to prayer is petition. You know a good many people pray, and don't make any petition. I have heard men pray in this way; telling God how great and good, and wonderful He was, and not a petition in the prayer from beginning to end. There was a man in England who got up in meeting, and made one of those wonderful prayers, but there was no petition in it. And there was a poor, godly saint who could not stand it any longer, and she cried out, "Ask Him for something." Now, that is just it. "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." That is a promise; now let's lay hold of it. You know there are people who will tell you it doesn't do any good to pray further than to teach us submission. You can ask, and you won't get anything, but it is a healthy exercise. That is a nice way to mock a poor heart-broken mother,

isn't it? It teaches you submission. I am sorry to say, I am almost ashamed to say it, but that is the argument of a great many skeptics. And a good many ministers preach and teach it. "You cannot expect that the laws which have been fixed will ever be changed." I tell you, I like to go right straight to the fountain-head, and see what He says. "Seek, and you shall find." I believe He means it. I have asked, haven't you? I have been answered, haven't you? What can these skeptics and infidels tell you about prayer? They don't know anything about it themselves. Supposing there came a snowstorm, and a man comes to my house at midnight, and knocks at the door. I throw open the window, put my head out and say, "What do you want?" "There has been a blockade up here, and the people have no place to go to." "Well, I am sorry to tell you that my laws are fixed. I have made a law that when I lock my doors at night, I never open them." Don't you call that downright mockery? Now, there are some of God's blessings that you get just by asking, and there are others you have to seek for. Perhaps there is something wrong in your life. God wants to bring that out right. God's best gifts are kept under lock and key. I tell you if you are going to get them, you have got to knock. The promise is, "If you knock, it shall be opened unto you." Keep on knocking. Importunity has three names—asking, seeking and knocking.

The last element is submission. Now if we have spread our requests before the Lord, then just say, "Thy will be done." Now, that is the last element to every true prayer. Keep that in mind. We very often set our wills against God's. That will be our ruin, per-

haps. Let the will of God be done. I cannot look a day into the future, and I would not dare to take the responsibility. It is far better for us to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." That is the last element to true prayer. Submission! Submission! One of the sweetest lessons that I have learned since I have been in Christ's school is just to be submissive, and let Him choose for me. I tell Him what I want, but when I get through, I like to say, "Now, Lord, you know best, Thy will be done." I learned a lesson once from my little girl. She was always teasing me for a great big doll. She had a lot of dolls around the house without heads, some without arms, some without legs, but she wanted a great big doll. You know if a man has an only daughter he is rather soft (and they find it out, you know); so she was determined to get that big doll. One day I had a good streak come over me, and I took her to a toyshop to get her a doll, but as we went in the door we saw a basket of little china dolls. "O papa, isn't that the cutest little doll you ever saw?" "Yes, yes." "Well, won't you buy it?" "Well, now, Emma, let me choose this time." "O, no, papa; I just want this little doll." I paid a nickel for the doll and took her home. After the newness had worn off, the doll was left with all the others. I said, "Emma, do you know what I was going to do that day when I took you into the toyshop, and you selected that little china doll?" "No, papa." "Well, I was going to buy you one of those great big ones." "You were? Why didn't you do it?" "Because you wouldn't let me. You remember you wanted that little doll, and you would have it." The little thing saw the point, and she bit her lips and did not say anything

more. From that day to this I cannot get her to say what she wants. When I was going to Europe the last time, I asked her what she wanted me to bring her, and she said, Anything you like."

It is far better to let God choose for us than to choose for ourselves. "Thy will, not mine, be done."

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS. Genesis, **xlv.**

TRUST IN GOD BRINGS PERFECT PEACE.

I WANT to call your attention to one of the promises that Jesus Christ left us. I cannot say that it is the best, but I think that I can honestly say it is one of the best.

Some years ago a gentleman came to me and asked me which I thought was the most precious promise of all those that Christ left. I took some time to look over the promises that Christ left us, but I gave up the job. I found that I could not answer the question. It is like a man with a large family of children, he cannot tell which he likes best; he loves them all. But this is one of the sweetest promises of all. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." There are a good many people who think the promises are not going to be fulfilled. There are some that you do see fulfilled, and you cannot help but believe they are true. Now, remember that all the promises are not given without conditions; some promises are given with and others without conditions attached to them. For instance, it says, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." Now, I need not pray as long as I am cherishing some known sin. The Lord says in the eighty-fourth Psalm, "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Then there are prom-

ises without conditions. He promised Adam and Eve that the world should have a Savior, and there was no power on earth or perdition that could keep Christ from coming at the appointed time. When Christ left the world, he said he would send us the Holy Ghost. He had only been gone ten days when the Holy Ghost came. And so you can run right through the Scriptures, and you will find that some of the promises are with and some without conditions; and if we don't comply with the conditions we cannot expect them to be fulfilled.

I believe it will be the experience of every man and woman on the face of the earth. I believe that every one will be obliged to testify in the evening of life that if we have complied with the condition the Lord has fulfilled his work to the letter. I believe you could cleave the ocean easier than break one of God's promises. So when we come to a promise like the one we have before us to-day I want you to bear in mind that there is no discount upon it. You will find it in the closing of the eleventh chapter of Matthew. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

If you probe the human heart you will find in that heart a want, and that want is rest. The cry of the world to-day is, "Where can rest be found?" Why are your theaters and places of amusement crowded at night? Because people expect to get rest there. That is what people are after—rest. Some think they are going to get it in pleasure, others think they are going to get it in wealth, and others in literature. They are seeking and finding no rest. Now, I don't believe there is but one place in this dark world where you can find

rest. If I wanted to find a man who had rest, I would not go among the very wealthy. The man that we read of in the twelfth chapter of Luke thought he was going to get rest by multiplying his goods, but he was disappointed. I will venture to say that there is not a person in this wide world that has tried to find rest in that way and found it. The man or woman that is looking after the last fashion doesn't get rest to his soul. If I wanted to find a person who had rest, I would not go among the pleasure-seekers. They have a few hours of enjoyment, but the next day there will be enough to upset it all. You may have a cup of pleasure to-day, and a cup of sorrow to-morrow. That's the way it is with the world. Now, I will tell you this. If I wanted to find a man or woman that had rest, I would go to some one that has heard the voice of Jesus saying, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." I will venture to say that if I should put it to vote here to-day there are not less than a thousand people who would spring to their feet and say that they found rest at the foot of the cross.

Do you know that for four thousand years no prophet nor priest nor patriarch ever stood up and uttered a text like the one we have before us to-day? I think it would be blasphemy for Moses to have uttered a text like this. Suppose that great lawgiver had stood up and uttered such a text. Do you think he had rest when he was teasing the Lord to let him go into the promised land? Do you think Elijah could have uttered such a text as this? And this is one of the strongest proofs that Jesus Christ was not only man, but He was God. He was God-man, and this is heaven's proclamation, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." He brought it down from

heaven with Him. I thank God for the word "give" in that passage. He doesn't sell it. Some of us are so poor that we could not buy it if it was for sale. I venture to say that there are thousands of men to-day who would give their millions if they could buy rest. Thank God, we can get it for nothing.

Now, if this text was not true, don't you think it would have been found out by this time? I believe it as much as I believe in my existence. Why? Because I not only find it in the book, but in my own experience. I like to have a text like this, because it takes us all in. "Come unto Me, all." That doesn't mean a select few—you refined ladies and cultured men. It doesn't mean you good people only. This text applies to saint and sinner. If you cannot come a saint, come a sinner. Only come! A lady told me once that she was so hard-hearted she couldn't come. "Well," I said, "my good woman, it doesn't say all ye soft-hearted people, come. Black hearts, vile hearts, hard hearts, soft hearts, all hearts, come." Who can soften it but Himself? The harder the heart the more need you have to come. If you can prove that you are a sinner you are entitled to the promise. Get all the benefit you can out of it. Now, you know that there are a good many people who think this text applies to sinners. It is just the thing for them, too. You know, I think that this text applies to saints as much as it does to sinners, because what do we see to-day? Why, the church, Christian people, all loaded down with cares and troubles. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor," all! I believe that means that Christian whose heart is burdened with some great sorrow. The Lord wants you to come.

It says in another place, "Casting all your care upon

Him, for He careth for you." I tell you what, we would have a victorious church if we could get Christian people to realize that. Some people go back into the past and rake up all the troubles they ever had, and then they look into the future and anticipate that they will have still more trouble, and they go reeling and staggering all through life. They give you the cold chills every time they meet you; they will put on a whining voice and tell you what "a hard time they have had." The Lord says, "Cast all your care on Me; I want to carry your burdens and your troubles." There are some of these people here to-day. I can tell by their looks. What we want is a joyful church, and we are not going to reach the world until we have it. We want to get this long-faced Christianity off the face of the earth. You take these people that have some great burden and let them come into a meeting like this, and if you can get their attention upon the singing or preaching, they will say, "O, wasn't it grand? I forgot all my cares." And they just drop their bundle. But the moment the benediction is pronounced, they grab the bundle again. You laugh, but you will do it here to-day. "Cast your care on Him."

Then sometimes you go into your closet and close your door and you get so carried away and lifted up that you forget your troubles; but you just take it up again the moment you get off your knees. Leave your sorrow here to-day, cast all your care upon Him. If you cannot come to Christ as a saint, come as a sinner. But if you are a saint with some trouble or care, bring it to Him. Saint and sinner come! He wants you all. He doesn't want a woman to go out of here to-day carrying a sorrow or burden. Don't let Satan believe you cannot come if

you will. Christ says, "Ye will not come unto Me." With the command comes the power. A man in one of our meetings in Europe said he would like to come, but he was chained and couldn't come. A Scotchman said to him, "Ay, man, why don't you come chain and all?" He said, "I never thought of that."

Are you cross and peevish and do you make things unpleasant at home? My friend, come to Christ and ask Him to help you. Whatever the sin is, bring it to Him. Don't let any one say you can't, for you can. The only thing you must do is to bring Him your sin, your burden and your cross. That is the only thing that will be acceptable.

There is another passage that I would like to lay alongside of this. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out." Come unto Him now. I have no sympathy with this idea that a sinner must wait to come. Does God say, "I didn't mean you; you are too black and vile"? I remember trying to lead a man to Christ in Chicago, a good many years ago, and I took him to a good many promises, but finally I took him to this one. "Do you believe Christ said that?" "I suppose He did." "Suppose he did? Do you believe it?" "I hope so." "Hope so? Do you believe it?" You do your work, and the Lord will do His. Just come as you are, and throw yourself upon His bosom, and He will not cast you out. This man thought it was too simple and easy. Take Him at His word. Finally he said, "I will," and he went with me and consecrated himself to the Lord. When I shook hands with him I said, "Now, you will have a conflict to-morrow; Satan will not let you off. When you get up in the morning he will tempt you, but

don't listen to him; say, 'If it was true last night, it will always be true.'" He said he would not be tempted. But the tempter came in an unexpected manner, before I thought he would; he came that night. It is a good thing to take a promise like this and walk right out upon it. Satan comes and says, "Do you feel it?" I don't always feel the same when I am away, but there is one thing I can believe. I can take one of these promises and lay hold of it and believe it; every one of you can do it. Perhaps some of you say, "Mr. Moody, I wish you would tell us what it is to come." The best definition I know is to come. The more you try to explain it, the more you are mystified. About the first thing a mother does is to teach her child to look. At noontime she takes the child to the window and says, "Look, baby; see papa coming." You are taught to come before you remember. You don't want any minister to tell you what it is to come. We have got something worth more than a thousand dollars; and you can have it if you wish. Christ is not mocking you; He wants you to come, not with any feeling or emotion, only come, that's all. Now, will you come? I tell you what I think it means to take up the cross. If you are going to get rest you will get it at the cross. Do you ask me what that is? I don't know. I don't know what your cross may be; it may be to go home and tell a godless husband that you have made up your mind to serve God.

I was preaching in Chicago to a hall full of women one Sunday afternoon, and after the meeting was over a lady came to me and said she wanted to talk to me. She said she would accept Christ, and after some conversation she went home. I looked for her a whole week, but

didn't see her until the Sunday afternoon. She came and sat down right in front of me, and her face had such a sad expression. After the meeting was over, I went to her and asked her what the trouble was. She said, "O, Mr. Moody, this has been the most miserable week of my life." I asked her if there was any one whom she had had trouble with and whom she could not forgive. She said, "No, not that I know of." "Well, did you tell your friends about having found the Saviour?" "Indeed I didn't; I have been all the week trying to keep it from them." "Well," I said, "that is the reason why you have no peace." She wanted to take the crown, but didn't want the cross. My friends, you have got to go by the way of Calvary. If you ever get rest, you must get it at the foot of the cross. "Why," she said, "If I should go home and tell my infidel husband that I had found Christ, I don't know what he would do; I think he would turn me out." "Well," I said, "go out." She went away promising that she would tell him, but she didn't want another wretched week. She was bound to have peace. The next night I gave a lecture to men only, and in the hall there were eight thousand men and one solitary woman. When I got through and went into the inquiry-meeting I found this lady with her husband. She introduced him to me, and said, "He wants to become a Christian." I took my Bible and told him all about Christ, and he accepted Him. I said to her after it was all over, "It turned out quite different from what you expected, didn't it?" She said, "Yes, I was never so scared in my life. I expected he would do something dreadful, but it has turned out so well." She took God's way and got rest. You may have rest. Don't you

believe it, ministers? You have seen it over and over again.

I want to say to you young ladies, perhaps you have a godless father or mother, a skeptical brother, who is going down through drink, and perhaps there is no one who can reach them but you. How many times a godly, pure young lady has taken the light into some darkened home! I remember the last time Mr. Sankey and myself were in Edinburgh there was a father, two sisters and a brother, who used every morning to take the morning paper and pick my sermon all to pieces. They were indignant to think that the Edinburgh people should be carried away with such preaching. But one day one of the sisters was going by the hall and she thought she would drop in and see what class of people went there. She happened to take a seat by a godly lady, who said to her, "I hope you are interested in this work." She tossed her head and said, "Indeed I am not. I am disgusted with everything I have seen and heard." "Well," said the lady, "perhaps you came prejudiced." "Yes, and the meeting has not removed any of it, but has rather increased it." "I have received a great deal of good from them." "There is nothing here for me. I don't see how any intellectual person can be interested." To make a long story short, she got the lady to promise to come back. When the meeting broke up, just a little of the prejudice had worn away. She promised to come back the next day. She went so far as to tell that skeptical father, brother and sister, but they just laughed. You have got to take the cross if you get rest. But one day the two sisters were together, and the other said, "Now, what have you got at those

meetings that you didn't have in the first place?" "I have a peace that I never knew of before, I am at peace with God, myself and all the world." Did you ever have a little war of your own with your neighbors, in your own family? And she said, "I have self-control. You know, sister, if you had said half the mean things before I was converted that you have since I would have been angry, and answered back, but if you remember correctly, I haven't answered once since I have been converted; you can get this same rest and peace." Like Martha and Mary, they had a brother Lazarus, but he was a member of the University of Edinburgh. He to be converted? He go to these meetings? It might do for women, but not for him. One night they came home and told him that a chum of his own, a member of the university, had got up and confessed Christ, and when he sat down his brother got up and confessed; and so with the third one. When the young man heard it, he said, "Do you mean to tell me that he has been converted?" "Yes." "Well," he said, "there must be something in it." He put on his hat and coat and went to see his friend Black. Black got him down to the meeting, and he was converted.

We went through to Glasgow, and hadn't been there six weeks when news came that that young man had been stricken down and died. When he was dying he called his father to his bedside and said, "Wasn't it a good thing that my sisters went to those meetings?"

"Yes, yes, my son, I am so glad you are a Christian; that is the only comfort that I have now in the thought of losing you. I will become a Christian, and will meet you again." I tell this to encourage some sister to go

home and carry the message of salvation. It may be that your brother may be taken away in a few months. My dear friends, are we not living in solemn days? Isn't it time for us to get our friends into the kingdom of God? Come, wife, won't you go home and tell your husband? Come, sister, won't you go home and tell your brothers? Won't you take up your cross this afternoon? The blessing of God will rest on your soul if you will.

I was in Wales once, and a lady told me this little story: An English friend of hers, a mother, had a child that was sick. At first they considered there was no danger, until one day the doctor came in and said that the symptoms were very unfavorable. He took the mother out of the room and told her that the child could not live. It came like a thunderbolt. After the doctor had gone, the mother went into the room where the child lay and began to talk to the child and tried to divert its mind. "Darling, do you know you will soon hear the music of heaven? You will hear a sweeter song than you have ever heard on earth; you will hear them sing the song of Moses and the lamb. You are very fond of music. Won't it be sweet, darling?" And the little tired, sick child turned its head away, and said, "O, mamma, I am so tired and so sick that I think it would make me worse to hear all that music." "Well," the mother said, "you will soon see Jesus; you will see the seraphim and cherubim and the streets all paved with gold," and she went on picturing heaven as it is described in Revelations, and the little tired child again turned its head away and said, "O, mamma, I am so tired that I think it would make me worse to see all those beautiful things." And the mother took the little child up in her

arms and pressed her to her loving heart. And the little sick child whispered, "O, mamma, that is what I want. If Jesus will only take me in his arms and let me rest."

Dear friend, are you not tired and weary of sin? Are you not weary of the turmoil of life? You can find rest on the bosom of the Son of God. You can find it right here if you will. May God help you to leave your sins and burdens and cares in this hall.

Now, shan't we pray? Let us all lift our hearts to God in prayer. Perhaps it will never happen again that so many will pray for you as to-day. What an afternoon this might be! Let us bow our heads in prayer.

Ezekiel Prophesying. Ezekiel, ii, 3

WATCH, FIGHT AND PRAY.

As you are all aware, this is the first day of the week of prayer, and probably there will be more prayer offered in the next week than there has been in the last twelve months. We want to fall into line. If we are to have a real deep, thorough work in this community, it is going to be in answer to prayer.

Let us learn a lessson from Nehemiah. He humbled himself and confessed his sins, and then it was that God heard his prayer, and gave him a great, yes, a great blessing, not only to his own soul, but to thousands of others, and I believe it will be the same right here. The walls are torn down in a great many places. We want them built up, don't we? Then let there be an honest cry. Let's make a sacrifice; let's be here Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, at the noonday hour. If you business men have to leave your business, and you wives, your household cares, make up your minds that you are going to be here. Let there be a real cry going up to God, and we shall not be disappointed.

I want to say that we can learn a lesson from this distinguished man, whose prayer we have read this morning. Nehemiah was not a Jewish prince, although it is supposed he had royal blood in his veins. He was born in captivity. It was about one hundred years after Jeru-

salem was taken that this man appeared upon the horizon. He was in the court of Artaxerxes. He was a cupbearer to the king, and held a high position. I can imagine that one day in the court he met a man that had come down from Jerusalem, perhaps, on business for the king, and he got into conversation with him. In fact, it may be this very man wanted Nehemiah to use his influence with the king. Nehemiah began to inquire about Jerusalem, and the condition of his own people, and he was told they were in great want and distress and degradation, and that the walls of the city were still down, that the gates had been burned and never restored, and his patriotic heart began to burn. He began to mourn for his own country, to pray and fast, and I have no doubt but that when he commenced to pray he asked that the king might be sent to rebuild the walls. He, perhaps, didn't have any thought of doing anything more than to pray. But if you can get a man to pray, he will soon be prepared to do something more. Nehemiah didn't pray for one week, nor two, nor even a month, but he kept at it. Perhaps he fasted two or three days in a week, and he kept that up all through the fall. He persevered. He prayed on and fasted, and all this while God was answering his prayer. Although he didn't see any answer, God was just preparing that king to have everything in readiness when the time should come. And one day he stands before the king as usual, and gives him a cup of wine. The king looked up, and said, "Nehemiah, why art thou sad? Are you sick?" Nehemiah answered, "No." "Well, what is the trouble? It must be sorrow of heart." Then Nehemiah told the king how he was burdened for his own country, and the king said, "Well,

what is your request?" But Nehemiah had time to pray right then and there. The king didn't hear the prayer, but the King of kings heard it. "Lord, help me now," he prayed to the God of heaven. Men say they have not time to pray, but Nehemiah prayed while the king was waiting for an answer. The Lord taught him just what to ask for, and then he made his request. It wasn't that the king of Persia might go and rebuild those walls, but that he himself might be sent to do the work. There is faith for you! He was dead in earnest. For three or four months he had concentrated his mind upon the misery and wretchedness of his country.

To give up that Persian court and identify himself with those despised Jews! He was there among the highest of all the whole realm; he was cupbearer to the king, and held a high position. And not only that; he was a man of great wealth, lived in great luxury, and a man of great influence in that court; and for him to go up to Jerusalem and lose caste, it was like Moses turning his back upon the court and identifying himself with those poor captives. He stooped to conquer, and when you get ready to stoop, God will use you. If we are going to succeed in God's work, we must stoop.

Nehemiah found favor with the king. The king was all ready to give him his request, and he gave orders that Nehemiah should have a retinue of soldiers to escort him through the different provinces. Jerusalem was one thousand miles away. He knew how he would be persecuted and looked down upon, but he had made up his mind to rebuild those walls. I tell you it is a great thing for a man to set something before him, and go and do it. "This one thing I do," says Nehemiah; "I will rebuild

those walls," and he went. When he reached Jerusalem he didn't have some one go before him and blow a horn, and say, "This is the great Nehemiah, the cupbearer to the great king of Persia." He didn't tell any one what his business was. Man, let the work speak for itself. You needn't blow any horns; go and do the work, and it will advertise itself. I am tired of these men who are always going to do some great thing.

This man goes into Jerusalem, and doesn't tell what he has come for. There is quite a stir. What has he come for? Is it war, or is it peace? What has brought him here? What does it all mean? But Nehemiah stayed there three days and three nights, and didn't let even his own men know what he had come for. One night, after they had all gone to bed, and all was quiet, he stole out on his beast, and tried to ride around on the walls, but he couldn't get round on his beast, so he footed it. He walked all around those walls examining them, and found them all in ruins. His heart must have sunk within him if he hadn't a brave one. The nations all around were looking down upon these weak, feeble Jews. So it is to-day; the walls are down, and people say it is no use, and their hands drop down by their side. After he had been there three days and nights, he called the chief priests and elders and the Pharisees together, and told them what his errand was. All this while God had been working in the hearts of his men so that they were now ready. When he had got through with his speech they arose, and said, "Let us rebuild the city." If we could have such men here, wouldn't we see the walls of Jerusalem going up?

But it wasn't long before there was a muttering out-

side; you could hear the rumbling. I want to tell you, my friends, that there was never any work done for God without opposition. A great many people are afraid of opposition. That is just what we want. If it is real work there is going to be opposition. Sanballat and Tobiah, the Ammonite, the Geshemites, and all the people round heard of it, and they began in the first to ridicule. It will be so right here. People will begin to ridicule and heap all manner of criticism upon the work. So these men went on ridiculing and jeering at Nehemiah, but he was too busy to stop and listen to them. I pity these men that will stop to answer all this caviling. Let them go on grumbling and caviling. Nehemiah kept steady at work. Well, they found that ridicule didn't work, so they sent him a letter. "Let's go down to the plains of Ono and have a council." They wanted to get him down to the plains to consult with him and have a friendly conversation. What is the church of God doing now but having discussions upon the plains of Ono? Look at the whole Presbyterian church, turned aside discussing higher criticism! Nehemiah just sent back word, "I am doing a great work, and I cannot come down." He thought it was "coming down." I think so too. Let the discussions go. Man, we have all eternity to discuss these questions. There is too much work to be done now to stop to discuss them. Well, they wrote him another letter. "Come down to the plains of Ono; we want to have a friendly discussion; we are your friends." By this time the Arabs came along; those roaming Ishmaelites were going to fight him. But Nehemiah and his men just put on their swords. They were dead in earnest. "Watch, fight, pray." They watched. O,

it is a wily devil that we have to contend with. Do you know it? If he can only get the church to stop to discuss these questions, he has accomplished his desire.

Now, perhaps you women who belong to the Women's Christian Temperance union may feel hurt, butI do think it is a masterstroke of the devil when he gets you to stop to discuss women's rights. "Haste to the rescue! We are doing a great work, and haven't time to come down." I tell you the prohibition I believe in is to get the people so they won't want to go into the rumshops. That is the quickest way to do it; cut the business off, and away it goes! Why, there is one town in Scotland where Mr. Sankey and myself went; there was a great work of God going on, and the people were all converted. There were two rumshops there, and they couldn't sell any whisky, and had to move away. Now, why can't that be done here? If those men on the plains of Ono had gone on discussing, there would have been nothing done. But Nehemiah kept steady at work. No eight hours a day, either. They commenced at starlight in the morning and worked until starlight.

I tell you the man that is counting the hours he works for the Lord doesn't amount to much. Build up. Build up again. They couldn't get Nehemiah down to the plains, so they sent him a fifth letter, what we to-day call an open letter. "We understand it is reported that you are going to get up a kingdom against the king of Persia. This is treason, rebellion, and if it should reach the ears of the king you would be put to death. So come down and let's have a friendly counsel." But Nehemiah said, "I am doing a great work, and I cannot come down." That was all he had to say. And when they found they

couldn't get him to come down, and the walls were about finished, they went to work and bought one of the prophets. I tell you I had rather have ten thousand enemies outside than one inside. When the devil gets possession of a child of God, he will do the work better than the devil himself. "Now, Nehemiah, there is a plan to kill you; come into the temple. Let's go in and stay for the night." And he came very near tumbling into that pit. He said, "Should such a man as I go there to save my life? I cannot do it." He couldn't come down, you see, and when he refused, it was revealed to him that the devil was in the man. My friends, look out. If even a minister asks you to do something against that word, don't you do it. Never mind these outside or inside enemies, but keep your face set on the walls of Jerusalem.

At last the walls were all finished, all built. Those men were terribly in earnest. They didn't take their clothes off. They just ate, drank and slept. They went in to build the walls of Jerusalem, and I tell you what, they will be rebuilt here if we can only get a few hundred people in earnest. Never mind what those enemies may say. He has a work for us to do, and if we don't do it, it will not be done. It is a false idea some people have that if we don't do it somebody else will. I tell you what, it won't take long to rebuild the walls here when the city moves as Nehemiah and his men moved. Fifty-two days, and the building was finished. And there was great indignation. And then he went to work and put the city in order. I tell you what, I wish we had Nehemiah for mayor in this city. He just made those men sign a covenant, and there were five things in that covenant that he made them sign.

First, they were not to give their daughters to the heathen. I haven't time to work this up, but do you know how much misery there is and has been in our land because pure, Christian young women have been married to non-Christian men? God says, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers."

The next thing they were to do (and bear in mind this was a thing they had to sign), they were not to buy or sell on the Sabbath. They were to keep the law of God; they were to keep the Sabbath. Not sell the Sunday paper? Not buy a Sunday paper? No, certainly not. There was to be no traffic on the Sabbath. I tell you, if Nehemiah was here he would find a good many of us like Tobiah. Here we have boys who are kept away from the Sunday-school to sell papers on the streets; trains running clear from Washington in order that the papers can be sold. A young man that reads one of those papers you cannot get into church. He is all taken up with the things of the world. We need a Nehemiah to strengthen us out. He would not buy on the Sabbath, and he had the gates closed.

Then the third thing he made them sign was that they would let the land rest. For four hundred and ninety years they did not keep that agreement, and God took them down into Babylon, and kept them there for seventy years. They would not let the land rest, and so God took it from them. A man says that he will not give God one day out of seven. What is the result? Why, God takes it. A man is not going to make anything by working seven days in a week. You cannot rob God. So they signed the covenant that they would let the land rest. You know that with the Jews everything revolved

around seven. There was a seventh day for rest, and seven times seven brought the year of jubilee.

The next thing in that covenant was that they should not take usury from their brother. I tell you, Nehemiah would have a time of it in this city, wouldn't he? Yes, he would! But Nehemiah made those men sign it.

The fifth thing was that they would just bring one-tenth of all that they had into the Lord's storehouse. The first of their fruits were to be brought to the Lord, and for thirty-six years they had prosperity.

I tell you if you take these five things, and carry them out, you will have prosperity. Let us all do it personally. If it was good for those men, it is good for us. The moment we begin to rob God, then darkness and misery and wretchedness will come.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

My subject to-day will take in three classes of people, and I think that will cover my audience. First, to those who are Christians, then to those who have backslidden, and to those who are not Christians. We all come under one of these three heads.

I think that at just this stage of the meetings a great deal depends upon the attitude that Christian people take towards these services. You can throw your influence for or against. You will have opportunities to show on which side you are. The meetings have got to just that stage where there is a great deal said for and against. One great advantage of these meetings is that it sets people talking, and it gives you all a chance to be preachers. That is one object of a great union movement like this. It arouses public opinion. As I said before, a great deal depends upon the attitude you take. There is a passage over here in Philippians that I would like to read, chap. iii., v. 18. Now Paul had reference there to those who professed to be friends to Jesus Christ. They walk so that they were enemies. Their influence was on the wrong side, and you all will have an opportunity in the next few days to show your colors. You can take your choice. You can throw your influence against the work and let your whole family be with-

THE GOOD SAMARITAN. Luke, x, 29-37.

out a drop of dew, or you can take the right way and let the blessing come into your whole house. I was preaching in the north of England some years ago, and there was a Quaker lady who had never been in any service outside of the Quaker meeting-house. She had lost a child and was very lonely, and one day she thought she would drop into one of the public lectures. That day it happened to be upon "Heaven" and it was balm to her soul. She went home and told her husband and insisted upon his bringing her out in the evening. She had a nephew and a brother staying with her, and they all four came to the meeting that night. It happened to be in a Free Methodist church, and if you know anything about the Free Methodists you know they are about the noisiest crowd there is. It was a strange place for Quakers to be. That night I was talking about conversion, and while she was taken up with the sermon, the men were carried away by the noise and confusion. On the way home the brother and nephew were right behind her, and she heard them making all manner of sport of the meeting. When they reached home, she went upstairs to take off her things, before going down to supper. The thought occurred to her that the salvation of those two men might depend upon her attitude when she went to the supper table. She came down, and the moment they sat down they began to make all manner of sport of the meeting. "Well," she said, "of coursé we are Quakers or Friends. We are not used to that sort of thing. It is new to us, but it may be these people get a great deal of good from them. One thing is certain; I got a great deal of good myself, and if there is anything like conversion, I have been converted." She began to

talk of Christ. The brother and nephew had tickets for the theater the next night, but she persuaded them to go to the meeting. That brother was going down through the influence of strong drink, and was converted. The nephew belonged to one of the old families, and he had come there to learn a trade. He expected to take charge of a large business. He had a great deal of influence with the workingmen of a large industry there, and he was converted. One day he came with a roll of names that would go clear across this hall, asking me to speak to the workingmen of the place. That great work of 1873 was the result of that meeting. They packed the church with workingmen, and the fire of God broke out among them and swept on for two years. This was the result of that woman's taking the attitude she did. Now, there are a good many whole families that are perhaps scoffers, and in your own immediate circle you will see men going about and saying, "Look out what you say and don't throw your influence on the wrong side." You know it is very easy to talk about revivals, but do you know that there is not a denomination that hasn't sprung out of revivals. The Episcopal church claims to be. They come from Pentecost, don't they? I would like to know where your Methodists come from if they don't come from the revival under Wesley. And so you can go right on through all the denominations. I venture to say there is many a church where four-fifths of the members were converted during revivals. I would like to know how many in this audience have been converted during revivals, when there has been some revival in your church? [Mr. Moody here asked the people present who had been converted during revival services to stand.

There was a hearty response.] See! Look at the number that has risen right here. You can go into your own church and put the question just that way, and you will find that the most active and leading class have been converted during revivals. There was one place where I went to hold meetings, and a young minister took a very active part in the work. One day one of his members came to him and said, "If you are going to hold your position in the church, you have got to be very cautious about the stand you take." He went to the church roll and took off the names of those who had been converted during revivals, and he found that four-fifths of them had been brought to Christ during such times. I want to say that the heartiest and strongest Christians come out of revivals and great awakenings, and that is what we want here. You want a revival in business in your bonds and stocks. You would like to see them go up twenty-five or fifty per cent., but I tell you we need a breath of revival in Christianity. May God show it to us! I believe that is what we will get if we are dead in earnest.

There was one place where we went to hold meetings, and it was given out in the papers that we were going to stay thirty days. Now, there was a lady who was a member of one of the churches, and she said, "I don't want my boy brought under the influence of those meetings. I am afraid that he will be brought into the Y. M. C. A., and they will have him on the streets selling tracts, and it would be very mortifying to me to have my son doing such a thing as that." She was ambitious for her boy. She wanted to get him into the *bon-ton* society, as we call it. So she planned to take her only

boy out of the city to be gone for those thirty days. She told her pastor why she had taken him. I knew nothing about it. The meetings went on, and just at my right hand sat that minister, from the beginning to the end, until the last meeting, when he was absent. Just as the benediction was pronounced, and the people were crowding out, he came rushing in and said he was so sorry he had not been there. "I have just been called on one of the saddest errands of my life." He told me that that woman who had taken her son away from the influence of those meetings had brought him back that day in his coffin, and he had just come from the funeral. That mother to her dying day never forgave herself.

My dear friends, be very careful how you walk just now. We have been praying God to revive His work, and if it is His work, you cannot afford to join with the scoffing, jeering people, and talk against the work of God.

I remember some years ago seeing a little notice in the paper, and it made a great impression upon my mind at the time. It was about a father taking his little child into the field one day. He lay down under the shade of a tree and fell asleep. Before he went to sleep the child was picking wild flowers and grass and saying, "pretty, pretty." When he fell asleep the child wandered around and away from him, and when he woke up his first thought was, "Where is my child?" He shouted at the top of his voice, and running to a hill at some distance he called, but there was no response. Finally he went to the edge of a precipice, and looking down, he saw the mangled form of his little child. He took it up and accused himself of being its murderer. While he slum-

bered the child had wandered away and been lost. I have often thought that was a picture of God's own dear children going over a worse precipice than that into drunkards' and gamblers' dens, and they are lost before you know it. I firmly believe it is much easier to keep the cars on the track than to get them back after they have once been thrown off. Therefore, I would like to say to you that there is something more important than just keeping up the bonds and stocks for your children. Supposing you don't leave them so many thousands of dollars. Isn't it better to leave them a good Christian character? Isn't it a good deal better for you to let business suffer for the next thirty days and just lay yourself out to get your whole family blessed and into the kingdom of God? I believe we will see signs and wonders here if we just stir ourselves. Now, the question comes up, "Mr. Moody, why is it so many good people's children turn out so bad?" The more I travel and go among men, the more I begin to see why. There was a lady who brought her son clear from the Pacific coast to the east that I might talk to him, because I had influence with him when he was a little boy. But it did no good. He went down. Afterward I heard that the next son had gone the same way, and then the third, and I couldn't understand it. The next time I went out to the Pacific coast, I was invited to this same home, and one night the father took me into a private room. He wrung his hands and said, "I haven't got a son that I'm not ashamed of." He was deacon of the church, he attended all the services regularly, and outwardly his life was all that it should be. He was known as one of the best of husbands and fathers, but I tell you what, I stayed in

that home for a week and watched things, and when that father put the question to me, "Why is it that my sons have turned out so bad?" I said, "Look here, where do you spend Monday night?" "I belong to the common council, and I have to give Monday night to this," "I see, you give that evening to the public; where do you spend Tuesday night?" He belonged to the Young People's society, and he felt as if he ought to go to their meetings on Tuesday. "Where do you go Wednesday?" He didn't want to tell. Finally he said he was one of those masons. One of those high masons, you know! Master mason, isn't it? Now, don't tell or it will show that you are one of them. Well, he was there every Wednesday night. "Where are you Thursday night?" "On Thursday night I am at home." "Well, you are a public man, and you are out or have company. Where are you Friday night?" "O, Friday night I always go to the church prayer-meeting." "Saturday night?" "Saturday night I am always at home." "Yes, I noticed you were last Saturday. You came in and had supper, and your boys saw you for a few minutes and then you went off to your room to study your Sunday-school lesson. Very well, Sunday night where are you?" "O, I don't believe in giving up the second service, and I always go to church." "Now, don't you see the devil has the advantage over you, and has ruined your three boys? It is drive all the day, and your boys slip off because they want to go and play with the other boys before they go to school. You never come home to lunch in the middle of the day. You come home late at night and eat your dinner, and you see your boys for only a few moments every night. Now,

doesn't the fault lie at your own door?" "Well," he said, "I never thought of that." "Well, don't you think you ought to think of it?" Isn't that one of the great evils in America? I needn't be so anxious about some one's else wickedness if I am cherishing my own. That comes before any public or private office. I heard of a traveler once, whose child came in and said, "Mamma, that man that comes in Sundays has been scolding me." He called his own father "that man."

And then we wonder how it is that our children turn out bad. You men go to church and pray like a saint, but I tell you if you don't live like a saint at home, your children will curse at home. You cannot shake it off on to your wife and expect her to do all the training. God holds man responsible. I believe whenever you see a Christian man's children turn out wrong, a good deal of the fault lies at his own door. Let us see if we cannot straighten things out. Give a little time to your boys. Unbend and be a boy once in a while. Take them out riding, hunting, fishing. Give them a little time; you can afford it. This idea that we have got to give all our time to the service of the public is wrong, and is bringing a good many families down with sorrow. Now, to those who have backslidden.

I met two or three in the inquiry-room last night who thought they had never been converted because they had backslidden. Now, I am talking to those who have really been born of the Spirit, born from above, and wandered back into the old life. I want to say that the most tender, affectionate words in this Bible have been said to backsliders. I believe the most wretched man or woman on the face of the earth is a man or woman that has

tasted these gifts and then gone back to the beggarly elements of the world. If you have ever known Jesus, this old world will never satisfy you. The fact is, when God made your heart He made it a little too big for this world. If you have had a taste of the world to come, this old world will never satisfy you. The Lord wants you to come back. I want to say here to-day, that there is not a wanderer from God that He doesn't want to have come back. You will notice that in the second chapter of Jeremiah, fifth verse, the Lord makes it a personal question.

Now, there is one thing about a backslider; he is always finding fault with church members. If a man goes wrong, he thinks the minister, the church, and all the members are wrong. Why? Because he looks through wrong eyes. Everything is just painted in that way to him. Now, the Lord comes and says, "What iniquity have you found in Me?" I want to say to every backslider, that God is the same that He ever was. He loves you just as much. He hates your backsliding, but still He loves you. You can find lots of iniquity in church members, but I tell you it is mighty poor business to live on the failings of other people. You will find you have as many yourself as you can take care of. Jeremiah, ii, 13: "For my people have committed two evils: they have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and hewn them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Now, notice that they left Him. That is the charge that God brings against them. You have left Him, not He has left you.

Some think God has left them. Never! You have left Him. Do you want to know how to get back? Just take

up the work where you left off. What did you do when you first came to the Lord? Repented of your sins and turned to God. Just do as you did at first. Turn back to God, and if you do, He will have mercy upon you and forgive you. Just let your mind go back to those days. Didn't you have more peace and pleasure and joy than you have now? You are without hope in God and what darkness and blackness seems to cover you! Jeremiah, ii, 19; "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee. Know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that My fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of hosts."

Now, I want to say here to-day that I believe every line, every letter of that verse.

Now, I want to call your attention to a fact. I will challenge you to find a father or mother that has backslidden whose children haven't gone to ruin. I think the hardest people to reach are the sons and daughters of backsliders. I have had them say to me, "You say there is so much joy in religion; if there is, why did my father and mother give it up?" They stumble there. I must confess it is one of the hardest things to get over. I cannot understand it. I remember working with an old white-haired backslider in St. Louis, and I sat up with him until eleven o'clock at night. At last he wiped away his tears and said, "I will come back," and that night I really believe God restored unto him the joy of salvation. But the next night, when I was preaching he sat right in front of me. I don't think I ever saw a man look so pitiful. When I went into the inquiry-room he followed me in. I turned to him and said, "What is the trouble?"

"O, Mr. Moody, this has been the darkest day of my life!" "That is singular. I thought God restored the joy of salvation to you last night." "So He did. I think God has spoken peace and forgiveness to my soul, but I have a large family of children here in this city. They are all married. I spent the day calling on my sons and daughters, and if you will believe it, Mr. Moody, there wasn't one of them but what called me an old fool. I have led them into iniquity and cannot call them back."

I want to say to you mothers and fathers here to-day, that it is much easier to lead your children into Sodom than to get them back. May God show us the truth! And if there is a backslider here to-day, may God bring him back. You make money by going into Sodom and the world, "but thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee."

O, backslider, come back to-day. Don't wait until the whole family have been ruined. O, may God stir us up to-day! I want to give you a little advice. If you have gone astray just come back. I have been here only a few days and if I was called away suddenly, do you think I would go without saying anything to the committee? Did you ever hear of a sinner going to Jesus Christ and bidding him good-by? Did you ever hear of a sinner going into his closet and saying, "I have known you, Lord, for twenty years, but I have tired of your company. I am tired of the Bible, tired of prayer, tired of Sabbath-school work, tired of church and church work, and I have come to bid you farewell. Good-by, I am going back to the world." Did you ever hear of such a thing? You

never did and never will, but I tell you, you have just run off without saying good-by to the Lord. You have no excuse, don't try to make one, but just come back to day, tell Him you are sorry you have wronged Him. O, may the backslider come home!

THAT "ELDER BROTHER."

I HAVE selected a very difficult subject, difficult one to get people interested in. I am afraid you may get the chills before I am through, for I think it is one of the coldest subjects you can find in the whole Bible. It is about that elder brother of whom I have been reading.

When I was in Europe once, Mr. Spurgeon gave me a copy of all his sermons, and out of the whole volume, between thirty and forty, I couldn't find one solitary sermon he had ever preached about that elder brother. I have tried a number of times to get interested, but I must confess that it is hard to get my heart warmed up toward it.

This elder brother thought he was all right. I heard of a man when I was across the sea who thought so much of himself that he used to shake hands with himself every morning. He was an elder brother. Now, if you ever had to live in a house with a man that never did wrong I pity you. If you wives have a husband that never does wrong I pity you. Do you know why? Because, if anything goes wrong, it is you that has to suffer, he doesn't. All the blame falls upon you. He is an elder brother. There has been a hot discussion for ages about who those ninety-nine are that we read about in this fifteenth chapter of Luke. Some think they are the angels that have

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT. Genesis, xxxvii.

never fallen; some think they are a sort of angelic people and don't need to be converted, they are so pure and upright naturally. I believe they are the people who think they are all right. You will notice that the chapter begins with a murmur, and closes in the same way. They were finding fault with Christ because He was receiving sinners, and saving the lost.

Now, this elder brother was angry because the wanderer had come home. A lady came to me some years ago, and wanted me to get her daughter into a seminary with which I was connected, but she said, "I want to be frank with you, I want you to know that I do not believe in your theology." "My theology! I didn't know I had any. I wish you would tell me what my theology is." "Well," she said, "I don't agree with your preaching,' "What is it you don't agree with?" "Well," she said, "your views about that elder brother are the most abominable I ever heard of." I said, "You are the first person I ever heard try to uphold him. What are his good traits? What are his noble qualities?" "Why! he stayed at home with his father and took care of him, and his younger brother ran off and left him." "Took care of his father! Why! the last I read about him he was outside of the house in a mad fit, and his father couldn't get him in." O, yes, he took care of his father! These elder brothers are the hardest people in the world to get in because they think they are already there. It is said that in Berlin one day a German minister had this question up for discussion, who the ninety-nine were, and who the elder brother was. He was a great preacher, and he got up in a meeting and said he had seen the elder brother the day before. "Saw him! Where did

you see him? Saw the elder brother!" "Yes, when I looked into the looking-glass I saw him. I saw myself." He found himself envious of another minister, and he was an elder brother. I tell you what, there are a good many more elder brothers than prodigals, after all. There are a lot of us pretty near kin to that elder brother. Men go to church regularly, but I tell you a man that gets angry because the sexton puts a man into his pew who isn't dressed in the height of fashion, I believe belongs to this school. If you want to find out where they are, just tell them of a poor drunkard that has been reclaimed, and see their eyes open, and hear them say, "I don't believe in that kind of thing." You have got a lot of them right here, I have no doubt of that. You take and follow this elder brother down through all the beatitudes, and you will find that he fails in every solitary one of them. Now just hear what Christ says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." He poor in spirit? Not he! The Lord says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." A man may be rich and have a broken heart, but there is a blessing upon him if he has. "Blessed are they that mourn." Did this man mourn? For what? He had nothing to mourn over; he had never done a wrong thing in all his life. "Blessed are the meek." Was he meek? There was not a single trace of meekness about him. That Pharisee that went up to the temple to pray with the poor publican, did he know anything about meekness? "I thank thee, Lord, that I am not like other men; I fast twice a week, I give tithes of all I possess." I, I, I. Five great capital I's in a little short prayer of only a few words. There was not a prayer about it. He was just boasting and bragging.

That is just what this elder brother was doing. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst." He hunger and thirst after righteousness? He had so much he didn't know what to do with it. "Blessed are the merciful." He merciful? He was very merciful to his old father, wasn't he? He was kind to his old father, wasn't he? O, I pity a father who has to be taken care of by such a son as that; sticking thorns into his old father's heart in the evening of life! "Blessed are the pure in heart." Was he pure in heart? "Blessed are the peace makers." Was he a peace maker? Breaking up the most peaceful scene this world ever saw! That old father sitting at the table with a peace and joy that had never before come to him, and that elder brother just broke it up. I see that father's face just beaming with joy and delight when the servants whisper that Levi is outside mad, and will not come in. And I see the old man get up, all the joy gone from his face, and go out and entreat his son to come in, but he is in a mad fit, and the old man cannot get him into the house. I tell you I think he had a mighty mean son. Don't you? That is my opinion. "Blessed are they that are persecuted." And that is the kind of religion that this world believes in. The whole country talked about the nobility of this young man. I am afraid that if we had him now we would make him a deacon or elder in the church. He is all right. All right in the sight of the world. He is never persecuted. But now, you just take and read that man's life, and what do you find? You find that he was sour. O, how many sour ones you meet now! They growl and grumble all the time. Sour! He was a touchy young man. Have you any touchy people among your acquaintances? That

is just what this young man was—touchy. He was very angry. Why? Because his brother had come back.

Did you ever know what caused the thrill of joy in heaven, and the thumps in that old man's breast? I believe that is the only chapter in the whole Bible that tells what causes joy in heaven. That elder brother was self-righteous. He was selfish, and supremely so. There is not a thing in that man's character that is lovely after all. But how grandly that father shines out. "Son!" (he didn't call him any bad names) "Son! thou art ever with me. All that I have is thine." O, it makes me feel rich when I read that. That is liberty. You know in France, when anarchy was overthrown, they selected for their motto, "Fraternity, Equality, Liberty." That was what they wanted, and that is just what this father wanted with those two boys. He wanted them to be with him. That is what God wants every sinner to do.

I remember once I was very busy getting up a sermon, and my little boy came into my room. I wanted to get rid of him just as quickly as possible. And I said to him, "My son, what do you want?" He threw his arm around my neck and kissed me, and said, "I don't want anything; I just love you." I couldn't send him away, and I got down all his toys for him, and let him stay in the room with me; and every once in a while I looked over my book and saw him just as happy as he could be. That is just what the Lord wants. He wants the elder brother to come in, and just have liberty and fraternity. "Son, all I have is thine." And that is just what the younger brother did not want when he went away. But he came back and wanted it, and when he wanted it, the elder brother didn't want it. Now, one went down

through the sin of his licentiousness, and the other went down through the sin of pride and self-conceit, and one is just as black and vile as the other. There is no difference. I tell you what, it is a good thing to take a mirror and get a good look at ourselves once in a while and see what we are, for it is a sort of family disease.

But I am not going to dwell any longer upon that elder brother, for I must confess it is not a very interesting subject. But I just want to say that I have had that man brought up to me very often in the most ridiculous ways. Some say that certain people don't need to be converted. "That kind of preaching that Mr. Moody is doing here is out of place. If he would go among the slums of our large cities and preach it to those lost souls, it would be all right. But we don't need it. We are cultured and refined, and we do not need any such preaching." They think they are all right. "We are piling up a righteousness of our own." I want to say that that elder brother needed to be converted just as much as the younger. You put a man that has been living in wickedness and sin on the crystal pavement, and it would be hell to him. Put a man under the very shadow of the tree of life with the spirit of the elder brother, and it would be hell to him. I can imagine the first man he sees he greets with the question, "Who were you when you were on earth?" "The thief on the cross." "I never associated with thieves or murderers when I was upon earth, and I shall not up here." And to the first woman he meets he says, "Who were you when on earth?" And with a beautiful smile on her face, "I was Mary Magdalene. That woman that had seven devils in her." "I never associated with such people on earth, and I won't up here." He

couldn't associate with the blood-bought up in heaven. He couldn't sing the song of Moses and the Lamb with such people. He must have a little heaven of his own. He climbed up some other way. The Lord said, "They are thieves and robbers." I think once in a while it would be good to preach to the elder brothers, and I think there are a great many of them in the churches. They think because they live a moral life they are all right. They can be proud and as vile and black as hell itself, not fit for the kingdom of God.

Now, did you ever notice that four times Christ uses this word, "except"? "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God." That was said to the elder-brother school of men when Christ was on earth. Then again he said to the same class of people, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Another time He said to that same class, "Except ye become converted, and become as little children, ye cannot see the kingdom of God." Don't you trust in your moral life; that is not going to save you. God will strip you of every rag of your own righteousness. You must have the righteousness of another. It was to Nicodemus, not to the poor woman at the well, that Christ said, "Except ye become converted and become as little children, ye cannot see the kingdom of God." Now, it is clearly taught that there must be a new spirit and new life, before we can see the kingdom of God. You can see a great many things, but there is one thing you cannot see; you cannot see the kingdom of God; you cannot buy or educate yourself into the kingdom. There is only one way, and that is to be born into it. You may

go across this continent to the Pacific coast and see there trees that have been growing for ages, but that truth that grows in the midst of the paradise of God your uncircumcised eye shall never rest upon unless you are born again. You may see the prince of Wales and the crown prince of Russia, but I tell you the Prince of Peace who is going to sit in glory, you shall never see as your prince unless you are born again. You may see the rivers of earth, but there is one river that flows through the paradise of God that your uncircumcised eye shall not see until you are born again. You may look that sainted mother in the face to-day, but bear in mind that the time is coming when you are going to be separated. You may look at your little innocent child, but remember that a separation is going to come. If that child dies in early childhood, the Master will take it to Himself, and you will not be permitted to sit in the kingdom with that child until you are born again. "There is joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth." There must be true repentance before we can be born again. Now, I can imagine some of you say, "I have known that for years, but I wish I could be converted this afternoon." A lady told me once that for a long time she had made up her mind to be converted, and that she believed that if she was converted she could overcome the temptation that had crossed her path.

You can be converted before I get through speaking. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Isaiah, xlv, 22.

I remember, at a terrible battle, at M——, for two days and nights I had been looking after a wounded and

dying soldier. I was so sleepy that I went off to get a little rest. I had only just fallen asleep, when a soldier came and woke me up. He said there was a man that wanted to see me; I was only half awake, and I said, "You tell him, I will be around in the morning." But he said, "If you see him at all, you will have to come right away." I got up and followed him, and when I reached the man's side, I sat at the head of the bed, and he said, "Well, chaplain, I have sent for you to see if you can help me die." I said, "My friend, I would gladly help you if I could, but I cannot. I would take you into my arms and carry you into the kingdom of God, if I could, but I cannot do that." Then he told me a little of his history. When he was enlisting for the army his mother threw her arms round his neck, and kissing him said, "I could let you go into the army, my boy, if you were a Christian, but the thought that you may die without hope almost kills me." "I told her, when the war was over, I would come home and be a Christian. She said, 'It may be too late then.' I told her I would risk it." And now, he said, "Here I am dying, away from home and mother. It is hard to die alone. I wish you could help me." I began to tell him of Christ, but I couldn't get him to lay hold of one of the promises. The cold, icy hand of death was feeling for his cords. A life was fast ebbing away, and I felt so sad to have him die at that midnight hour, away from home and friends. But I couldn't see and believe for him. I read to him the conversation that Christ had with Nicodemus about being born again, and I read the third chapter of John slowly and carefully. His ears were open to catch every word. I went on reading, and when I got down to the fourteenth

verse, the dying man cried, "Stop; is that there?" "Yes," I said, "it is here." "O, I didn't know that was in the Bible. Read those few verses again." And I began again; his elbows resting on the edge of the cot, he brought his dying hands together, his eyes began to light up, and he said, "That sounds good, chaplain, read it to me once again," and I read it again. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." I went on reading, and the dying man closed his eyes, folded his arms across his breast, and there was a beautiful smile upon his face. Then there was an hour of terrible agony. I read through the chapter, and when I got through, I noticed his lips were moving. I bent down to listen, and I heard him whispering this verse, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up." He opened his eyes, fixed his calm, sweet, deathly look upon me, and said, "Chaplain, you needn't read any more to me now; I understand it now."

I want to say to this audience to-day, that if I was dying, that would be my only hope of eternal life.

It is not that I have preached the gospel or tried to lift up men, but that He has made it possible for me to be saved, and I do thank God for the gospel that saves all that come to Him. The dying man said, "I am not alone now. I love Him." Then I left him, and went to get a few hours' sleep. When I went back to his cot, I found it empty. I said to the officer, "Did you stay with him until he died?" "Yes, he only lived an hour or two, after you left." "What did he say when he was

dying?" "O, he kept repeating this verse, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up.'" When the dying hour came, he just pillowed his dying head upon those words, and took his seat in the chariot of God.

I thank God that Christ has been offered as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, and every soul can be saved now, if he will.

NOAH CURSING HAM. Genesis, ix.

OBEDIENCE TO GOD'S COMMANDS.

I WANT to call your attention to a text that you will find in the seventh chapter of Genesis, first verse. When God speaks, you and I can afford to listen. It is not man speaking now, but it is God. "The Lord said unto Noah. Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Perhaps some skeptic has drifted in here to-day, and perhaps some church member will join with him and say, "I hope he is not going to preach about the ark. I thought that was given up by all intelligent people." But I want to say that I haven't given it up. When I do, I am going to give up the whole Bible. There is no portion of the Scripture but that the Son of God set His seal to when He was down here in the world. Men say, "I don't believe in the story of the flood." Christ connected His own return to this world with that flood. Men say they don't believe the story of Lot and his wife and those cities being destroyed with judgment from on high. I believe it just as much as I do the third chapter of John. I pity any man that is going into the pulpit and picking that old book to pieces. The moment that we give up any one of those things, we touch the deity of the Son of God. I have noticed that when a man does begin to pick the Bible to pieces it doesn't take him

more than five years to tear it all to pieces. What is the use of being five years about what you can do in five minutes?

But I am not here to defend the Bible. It will take care of itself. I want to talk about the text. One hundred and twenty years before, Noah had received the most awful communication that ever came from heaven to earth. No man up to that time, and I think no man since, has ever received such a communication. God said that on account of the wickedness of the world He was going to destroy the world by water. For one hundred and twenty years God strove with those antediluvians. He never smites without warning, and they had their warning. If they had repented and cried as they did at Nineveh, God would have heard their cry and spared them, I believe. But there was no cry for mercy. I have no doubt but that they ridiculed the idea that Christ was going to destroy the world. I have no doubt but that there were atheists who said there wasn't any God anyhow. I got hold of one of them some time ago, and he said there was no God. I said, "How do you account for the formation of the world?" "O, force and matter work together, and by chance the world was created." I said, "It is a singular thing that your tongue isn't on the top of your head if force and matter just threw it together in that manner." If I should take out my watch and say that force and matter worked together, and out came the watch, you would say I was a lunatic of the first order. Wouldn't you? And yet they say that this old world was made by chance! "It threw itself together!" I met a man in Scotland, and he took the ground that there was no God; and I said to him,

"How do you account for creation, for all these rocks?" "Why," he said, "any schoolboy could account for that." "Well, how was the first rock made?" "Out of sand." "Well, how was the first sand made?" "Out of rock." I have no doubt but that Noah had these men to contend with.

Then there was a class called agnostics, and there are a good many of their grandchildren, too. Then there was another class who said they believed there was a God. They couldn't make themselves believe that the world happened by chance; but God was too merciful to punish sin. He was so full of compassion and love that he couldn't punish sin; the drunkard, the harlot, the gambler, the murderer, the thief and the libertine would all share alike at the end. Supposing the governor of your state was so tender-hearted that he couldn't bear to have a man suffer, couldn't bear to see a man put in jail, and he should go and set all the prisoners free. How long would he be governor? You would have him out of office before the sun set. These very men that talk about God's mercy would be the first to raise a cry against a governor who wouldn't have a man put in prison when he had done wrong.

Then another class took the ground that God couldn't destroy the world anyway. They might have a great flood which would rise up to the meadowland and lowland, but all it would be necessary to do would be to go up on the hills and mountains. That would be a hundred times better than Noah's ark. Or if it should come to that, they could build rafts. They could make rafts which would be a good deal better than that ark. They had never seen such an ugly looking thing. But Noah

had received his orders to build that ark. Some one has suggested that Noah must have been daft, as the Scotch say. But when God spoke, Noah heard, and when God commanded, he just obeyed.

Noah is off on a preaching tour to warn his countrymen of the coming deluge. I have no doubt but that they told him to go back and mind his own business. I tell you there were more bitter things said against Noah than is said against any minister in our day. I don't believe we know anything about it. If there were saloons in those days (and I haven't any doubt but that there were), Noah was the song of the drunkard, and they had a good many jokes about Noah's madness and folly. In the sight of those men, Noah was the maddest man in the world. I have no doubt about that. And if they had theaters, they probably had Noah's ark represented on the stage. And so all manner of sport was made of Noah and his ark. And the business men went on buying and selling, while Noah went on preaching and toiling. They perhaps had some astronomers, and they were gazing up at the stars and saying, "Don't you be concerned; there is no sign of a coming storm in the heavens. We are very wise men, and if there was a storm coming, we should read it in the heavens." And they had geologists digging away, and they said, "There is no sign in the earth."

Time rolls on; one hundred years have passed away, and some of the old men have passed away and gone, and they died saying, "Noah is wrong." And then I suppose there was a large class that took the ground that Noah must be wrong because he was so in the minority. That is a great argument now, you know. Noah was

greatly in the minority. But he goes on working. One hundred and twenty years have passed; time flies, and he hasn't got a single convert outside of his family. Poor Noah, he must have had a hard time of it. I don't think I have the grace to go one hundred and twenty years and not have a convert. No, sir! That is hard work. Not a convert outside his own family! That is grace for you! Noah must have had a lot of it to have held on. But he just toiled on. The ark is finished, and I tell you, the day it was completed it was looked upon as the most contemptible thing in the world. They wouldn't have had their names connected with that old ark for anything.

But I can imagine one beautiful morning, not a cloud to be seen, perhaps in the spring, Noah has got his communication. He has heard the voice that he heard one hundred and twenty years before—the same old voice. Perhaps there had been silence for one hundred and twenty years. But the voice rang through his soul one night, "Noah, come thou and all thy house into the ark." And you can see Noah and all his family moving into the ark. They are bringing the household furniture. The neighbors are talking. They say, "Every year before he has planted, but this year he thinks the world is going to be destroyed, and he hasn't planted anything." They think he will come to want. This morning, when they see him moving, some of his neighbors say, "Noah, what is your hurry? You will have plenty of time to get into that old ark. What is your hurry? There are no windows, and you cannot look out to see when the storm is coming." But he heard the voice and obeyed. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Then they

see the fowls of the air flying in pairs toward the ark, all manner of beasts coming up from their dens and caves as if sent by some unseen hand, and Noah standing at the door to receive them. And I can imagine some of them crying out, "Merciful God! what does this mean?" and the wise men say, "We don't know just what it means, but there is no danger. Don't you be alarmed. Be quiet. If the flood comes, we can build rafts better than that ark." And do you know, when they had all gone in, God gave the world seven days' grace? Did you ever know that? If there had been a cry during those seven days, I believe it would have been heard. But there was none. At length the last day had come, the last hour, the last minute, ay, the last second. God Almighty came down and shut the door of that ark. No angel, no man, but God Himself shut that door, and when once the master of the house has risen and shut the door, the doom of the world is sealed; and the doom of that old world was forever sealed. The sun had gone down upon the glory of that old world for the last time. You can hear away off in the distance the mutterings of the storm, of the coming judgment; you can hear the thunder rolling, the lightning begins to flash, and the old world reels. The storm bursts upon them, and that old ark of Noah's would have been worth more than the whole world to them.

I want to say to any scoffer that has come in here to-day, you can laugh at that old Bible, you can scoff at your mother's God, you can laugh at ministers and Christians, but the hour is coming when one promise in that old book will be worth more to you than ten thousand worlds like this.

I have no doubt that these antediluvians rushed to the door of that ark and shouted, "Noah, Noah, let us in." Hark! Noah speaks, "I cannot open the door; God has shut it." Isn't it sad? There is no trifling now, no levity now, no mocking now, no derision now. Mark ye! don't forget it; the last hour is going to come to each one of us. Some of us are spending our last week of prayer on earth. To me this week has been very solemn. I have thought it may be my last week of prayer. I thank God for the week, for the minutes I have been permitted to spend in this hall, but there is a tinge of sadness when I think it is passing. I look down upon these old men and women, and think they will be gone in a year. The last week, the last hour, the last minute is bound to come, and I tell you, it is a very solemn thing. If it should come now, would it find us inside or outside of the ark? You may scoff at it, but it is a very important question. Are all your children in? Are all your grandchildren in? Listen. I selected this text because I wanted to speak as a father, not as a preacher. Don't rest day or night until you get your children in. I believe my children have fifty temptations where I had one. I am one of those who believe that in these great cities there is a snare set upon the corner of every street for our sons and daughters; and I don't believe it is our business to spend our time in accumulating bonds and stocks. Have I done all I can to get my children in? That is it. Now, let me ask you this question: What would have been Noah's feelings if when God called him into the ark, his children wouldn't have gone with him? If he had lived such a false life that his children wouldn't have gone in with him, what would have been his feel-

ings? Come! haven't we got something to do? Are we doing all we can to get them in? Some one sent me a paper a number of years ago when I was in the old country marked "copy," and the article that was marked was this: "Are all the children in?" I read it. An old wife lay dying, she was nearly one hundred years of age, and the husband who had taken the journey with her sat by her side. She was just breathing faintly, but suddenly she revived, opened her eyes and said, "Why, it is dark." "Yes, Janet, it is dark." "Is it night?" "O, yes! it is midnight." "Are all the children in?" There was that old mother living life over again. Her youngest child had been in the grave twenty years, but she was traveling back into the old days, and the dear old mother fell asleep in Christ, asking, "Are all the children in?" Dear friend, are they all in? Put the question to yourself to-day. Is John in? Is James in? Is he in, or is he immersed in business and pleasure? Is he living a double and dishonest life? Say! where is your boy, mother? Where is your son, your daughter? Is it well with your children? Can you say it is?

After being superintendent of a Sunday-school in Chicago for a number of years, a school of over a thousand members, children that came from godless homes, working hard, and to have mothers and fathers working against me, taking the children off on excursions on Sunday and doing all they could to break up the work I was trying to do, I used to think that if I could ever stand before an audience I would speak to no one but parents —that would be my chief business. It is an old saying, "Get the lamb, and you will get the sheep." I gave that up years ago. Give me the sheep, and then I will

have some one to nurse the lambs. But you get a lamb and convert him, and if he has a godless father and mother you will have little chance with that child. What we want is godly homes. The home was established long before the church. I remember the first speech I ever made in this line. I had gone down to Michigan to a meeting, and when I got up I noticed that about two-thirds of the audience were adults. I went at parents, and my whole address was right at parents. When I got through a man got up, and I thought he was going to rebuke me. I sat there trembling, but he arose and said, "I want to indorse all that young man has said. Sixteen years ago I was in a heathen country, and my wife died, and left me with three little children. The first Sabbath after my wife died my little daughter came to me and said, 'Papa, shan't I take the children into mother's room and talk to them as mother used to?' I said she might, and she led them off into the same chamber as the mother used to. When they came out I noticed they had all been weeping, and I said, 'What have you been crying about?' I supposed they had been crying for their mother. Little Nolly said, 'Well, papa, I couldn't help it. We had all prayed, and I was just going to bring them out here, when little Susie made a prayer of her own.' 'What did she say?' 'O God, you have taken away my poor mamma, and I haven't any mamma to pray for me any more. Won't you please make me good, just as my mamma was?'"

She has lived a consistent Christian life for these sixteen years. As a little child God used her, and I want to ask the fathers and mothers here if you believe your

children can come thus early into the ark. I believe that the enemy has taken advantage of us. I haven't any sympathy with the idea that our children have got to grow up before they are converted. Once I saw a lady with three daughters at her side, and I stepped up to the mother and asked her if she was a Christian. "Yes, sir."

Then I asked the oldest daughter if she was a Christian. Her chin began to quiver, and the tears came into her eyes, and she said, "I wish I was." And the mother looked very angrily at me and said, "I don't want you to speak to my children on that subject. They don't understand." And in great rage she took them all away from me. One daughter was fourteen years old, one twelve, and the other ten, but they weren't old enough to be talked to about religion. Let them drift into the world and plunge into worldly amusements, and then see how hard it is to reach them. Many a mother is mourning to-day because her boy has gone beyond her reach and will not allow her to pray with him. She may pray for him, but he will not let her pray or talk with him. In those days, when his mind was tender and young, she might have led him to Christ. Bring them in. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Is there a prayerless father to-day? May God let the arrow go down into your soul! Make up your mind, God helping you, you are going to get the children in.

I heard of a man once who had a boy that had been sick some time, and he came home one day and found his wife weeping. She said, "I cannot help but believe that this is going to prove fatal." And the man started and said, "If you think so, I wish you would tell him." But the mother could not tell her boy. The father went

to the sick-room and he saw that death was feeling for the cords of life, and he said, "My son, do you know you are not going to live?" And the little fellow looked up and said, "No. Is this death I feel stealing over me? Will I die to-day?" "Yes, my son, you cannot live the day out." And the little fellow smiled and said, "Well, father, I shall be with Jesus to-night, shan't I?" "Yes, you will spend the night with the Lord," and the father broke down and wept. The little fellow saw the tears and said, "Don't you weep for me. I will go to Jesus and tell Him that ever since I can remember you have prayed for me."

I have three children, and if God should take them from me I would rather have them take such a message home to Him than to have the wealth of the whole world. O, I would to God I could say something to stir you fathers and mothers to get your children into the ark.

"NO ROOM FOR CHRIST."

"And they laid Him in the manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

I want to show, if I can, that the human heart is very much like that inn at Bethlehem; no room for Christ.

For four thousand years every true son of God, from the time that Adam fell, away back there in Eden, down to the time that Christ made His appearance in Bethlehem, had been looking forward to His coming, and the mothers in Israel had been praying that they might be the mother of that child, and yet when He arrives the first thing we hear is that there is no room for Him.

It may be that some of you are saying, "If they had known who He was, there had been plenty of room, there would have been the booming of cannon, the ringing of bells, the playing of bands, and a shout go up from the true sons of God, at Bethlehem, and in Jerusalem," but I am not sure of that, because we read that when the wise men arrived to declare that He was He that was born king of the Jews, not only Herod, but all Jerusalem was troubled at the fact that He had come.

When the prince of Wales came to this country, I was a young man in Chicago, and I remember that the city

THE FLIGTH INTO EGYPT. Matthew, ii, 13-15.

went wild with excitement. It was thought that there was nothing good enough in that western city for him. The hospitality of the city was given to him, and he could have the very best there was in every city; not only the east, but the south and west extended invitations for him to come and visit them. The papers were discussing what he came for. I remember one said that he came to look into the republican form of government, another that he came for his health, another that he came to kill a few buffaloes. I don't remember that he told us what his visit was for. I don't know that the country was any wiser or better for his coming; but one thing I do know, that when the Prince of Heaven came down, He did not come on any secret mission, but told us what He came for; to seek that which was lost, to bind up the broken-hearted, and comfort those who mourn; He came from heaven to earth bringing a glorious gospel with tidings to a lost world, and when He came, there was not room for Him in the inn; no one wanted Him.

You may, perhaps, say that if He came to-night it would be different, but I am not sure of that. I remember after He went back to Nazareth, after His fame had spread throughout the country, and they were anxious to find out if He was going to perform any miracles, on the first Lord's day He went into the synagogue where they were reading the prophecy found in the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, and they offered Him the book that He might read to the people, every eye was on Him; undoubtedly there was great excitement in the audience, and He read that grand prophecy, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to

preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

You know He had come to lift that town higher than any other town on earth, to be the most famous town in the history, but they never allowed Him to preach the sermon; He would have probably given them as grand a sermon as the sermon on the mount, but they drove Him out of the synagogue, and took Him to the brow of the hill and would have hurled Him into perdition. That is the human heart; because He didn't preach to suit them, they wouldn't have Him. I have often tried to picture that scene, as He stood outside of the walls of that little town of Galilee, rejected by His own kindred; what must have been the loneliness that came over Him as He stood there?

Then He went to Capernaum, where He healed many people of diseases, gave sight to the blind, caused lepers to leap for joy, and went on performing miracles; but it was not long before they began to hoot at Him, before the crowds began to scatter, and then He went from Capernaum to Jerusalem, and it was not long before they were hooting at him there. It was nothing but persecution day after day. In that city of Jerusalem, which He loved better than any on earth, because there was his Father's house, and there in the temple He taught the pure doctrine till we find there was a storm soon to rise in that city against Him that would sweep Him to Calvary, there wasn't room for Him; they didn't want Him. There is not a country to-day that wants Jesus Christ. This country is called a Christian country, but

do you think America has got room for Christ? Do you know of a state in the union that if it were put to popular vote, and you women had a chance to vote, that would have Him back to reign? I don't believe it. When it comes to a personal Christ, letting Him be Lord over you, your master, your king, then it is that people draw back, and although the gospel has been preached for nineteen hundred years, there is yet no room. Let a man get up in parliament, in England, and say, "Thus saith the Lord," and they would hoot him out; or let him get up in the chamber of deputies in France and say the same, and what a scene there would be! Go into Germany, and it would be the same. It is a solemn statement, but it is nevertheless true. You doubt the statement, many of you; I will come a little nearer home, right into your own churches, and I will tell you that there are a good many churches that don't want Him. I hate to make this statement, but it is true. They want a fashionable man, an orator, and the result is that many of our churches are whited sepulchers, having no spiritual power; no room for Christ.

We read in one place that He looked toward heaven, and sighed. I can imagine Him looking into the world on high where He was honored, where all loved Him, and just longing for the smile of that loving Father. Around Him was sickness, pestilence, disease and death. He came to heal the sick, give life to the dead, raise those who were fallen, and they didn't want His pity and His help. I have often thought that I would like to have met Him in Jerusalem when He was on earth, but I suppose that if I had lived in that city, my home would have been closed against Him. Jesus, before whom the morn-

ing stars sang together, who had power given Him in heaven and earth, came down into this dark earth, and although He was rich, the only cradle He had was a borrowed one, His grave was a borrowed one, and the only time He ever rode, it was on a borrowed beast. And He became poor that He might get into sympathy with people like you and me; and yet when He got through with His ministry, there were not more than five hundred that were really loyal to Him, after all His years of preaching and ministry. No wonder that He looked toward heaven and sighed. Did you ever have the feeling that no one cared for you, and that the world didn't want you, and you felt like putting an end to your life? The Son of God had many such hours down here, hours that His disciples could not enter into, and it must have crushed the very life out of Him at times.

It has always been a mystery to me that a woman can turn against the Son of God, for there is not a country today where Christ is not preached but woman is either a slave or a toy. In India, where Buddha taught, in China, where Confucius taught. I said when I was in Jerusalem that if I had my choice in a Mohammedan country, of being born a woman or a donkey, I would be a donkey, for it is treated better than a woman. See what Christ has done for woman in Christian lands, and yet women sit down and talk against Christ. I want to say in passing that it is not recorded that the daughters of Jerusalem lifted up their voices against the Son of God, and some of those women were loyal to Him, but I am sorry to say I fear they were very few, but in the storm that was gathering around Him, and which grew blacker and blacker, there is a star that comes out in the darkness,

that shines like a diamond, and that star rose over the Mount of Olives that slept over that little town of Bethany. We learn that there was a woman by the name of Martha that received Him into her home. When a universal hiss was going up against Him, there was a little family there in Bethany, which had the moral courage to make room for Him in their home. There was a dark cloud hanging over them then, but Martha and Mary did not know it. I can imagine that Martha went to Jerusalem, and seeing the great crowd in the temple asked what it was, and they told her it was the prophet of Galilee. She couldn't get near, but she probably stood on the edge of the crowd, and listened to Christ. Perhaps He preached from the text, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "O," says Martha, "that is what I want; I have been longing for rest for weeks and months, rest to my soul; I never heard any one speak of giving rest before," and, although her heart was filled with bitterness and prejudice before, as she stood there and heard those beautiful words, she thought, "I would like to hear Him again; I wonder if He wouldn't come to my home." Then the thought came, if He did, many of my fashionable acquintances in Jerusalem would cut my acquaintance. Bear in mind, it must have cost Martha a good deal to receive Jesus into her home. He was very unpopular. But Martha asks Him to go and be her guest; and I will say that if you want Jesus to go to your home, and help you train those children for eternity, He will come there.

It may be that Mary and Lazarus were both opposed to Christ when she asked Him into her home, but He

hadn't been there a great while before they both were taken captive, and we find Christ hereafter going often to Bethany, where there was always a welcome for Him, where Mary sat at His feet and Martha was glad to serve. Tell me that they were not pleasant hours, filled with joy and gladness for those two sisters! And I can imagine one day when Lazarus comes in with his hand on his head; he has a headache, feels feverish. It may be only a few months before that the father and mother had died with some fever, and now Lazarus is coming down with the same disease. They perhaps send over to Jerusalem to the leading physician there; everything is done that can be done to break up the fever, but he grows worse, until at last the fatal hour comes. Some of you know what it is to have the doctor come out from the sick-room and tell you there is no hope, and the loved one must go, that all that you can do cannot keep that loved one. Now, that storm was going to burst upon that home, and I want to say to every woman in this audience that the hour is coming when you will surely need Christ. Christ would never have left heaven to come down into this world, if this world hadn't needed Him.

Martha and Mary feel their need of Christ, and send a servant for Him; Christ could heal their diseased, suffering brother. But the brother grows worse rapidly, and it is not long before he is dead. They keep him as long as they could, but they couldn't keep him long in that hot country, and the hour came when they had to take their last look upon his face and follow him to the little cemetery, and it was all over, and they came back to their dark home again. Some of you, mothers, sisters, wives, know what I am talking about.

Three days have gone, and the messenger sent for Christ has not returned, but the fourth day, along toward four o'clock in the afternoon, a messenger comes running into the house and tells Martha, who may have been preparing the evening meal, that Jesus was just outside the walls. She doesn't wait for anything, but runs out to meet Him and falls at His feet, and says, "Lord, hadst Thou been here my brother had not died." Jesus says, "But thy brother shall rise again." "I know that he will rise at the resurrection of the just, but he was such a good brother." "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Martha was the first one to hear those words. Then He says, "Where is Mary?" And then she ran back into the house and said, "Come, Mary, the Master is here, and calleth for you." The moment Mary heard, she rose and left those friends who didn't believe in Him, and ran out to meet Christ. And it is evident that these sisters had talked it all over, for Mary said the same words that Martha had said. "Yes, but thy brother shall rise again." "I know he shall rise at the resurrection of the just." "I am the resurrection and the life." He said, "Where have you laid him?" and Jesus wept. I want a Christ that can go to the grave with me and weep when I weep. I want one that can warm this heart of mine in the time of trouble, and I am so thankful that He wept. Then He told the disciples to take away the stone; the sisters couldn't bear that their brother who had been so beautiful should be looked upon again, and they said, "But by this time he stinketh, Lord, for he hath been dead four days." But Jesus said to them, "Said I not to thee that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst

see the glory of God?" and He called him by name, "Lazarus, come forth!" and he came forth. What a scene that was! I want to ask this question: Did Martha make a mistake in receiving Christ into her home? Did Mary make a mistake in taking her place at His feet, and learning of Him? I want to say to you women here that the time is coming when you and I will need Him. My friends, make room in your hearts for him. When He went up on high, He told us that He went up there to make room for us. Let us make room for Him down here. We cannot take Him in as Martha and Mary did, but we can take Him into our hearts. In these days, when many are talking so bitterly against Christ, won't you take your stand for Him? I believe He stands knocking at the door of your hearts to-day. Just make up your minds to make room for Him, and say, "I will."

CHRIST IN THE SYNAGOGUE. Matthew, xiii, 54.

HOW TO BE SAVED.

I WONDER how many of these people here this afternoon would like to be saved? I am not going to ask those who would rise. I do not know whether any one would have courage enough to rise, and by that act say, "I would like to be saved." Perhaps you say to yourselves, "If that man will just tell me the way how I can be saved this afternoon, I will be saved." I believe one reason why so few are saved is because they do not come out to the meetings expecting to be saved. They do not come for that purpose. There was a lady came to our meeting in Philadelphia—to the noon meeting at eleven o'clock; she came early so as to get a good seat. After the meeting was over we had another meeting for women, and she stayed at that. In the afternoon we had another meeting, and she stayed at that. She had made up her mind not to leave the meetings until she had found Christ. She did not find Him at that meeting, but she might have found Him. He was offered freely to every one, at all of them. So she stayed at the afternoon meeting, and still no light came. She stayed at the evening meeting and went into the inquiry-meeting afterward. Between eleven and twelve o'clock she took me by the hand and said, "I will trust Him." And

she rejoiced in the Savior's love. I met her afterward. There was not a face shone more than hers did. There was a woman who came determined to find Him. When we search for God with all our hearts, we are sure to find Him.

I am not going to preach so much of a sermon to-day, as I am going to try to tell you the way of life. I had a long talk with a man yesterday who, I really believe, was honestly seeking the kingdom of God; but the trouble was, he was determined to try to seek Him in his own way, and trying to work the thing out himself, instead of just trusting to Jesus for it. I hope he is here to-night, and that the Lord may bless this little talk to his soul, and that he may to-night sleep safely in the arms of Jesus Christ. It is supremely important to every soul here this day to trust in Christ and be saved. I am going to take up a few scriptural illustrations. The first is the ark. When I was in Manchester, in one of the inquiry-meetings, I went up into the gallery to talk with a few men who were standing together, and who were inquirers of the way of life. And while they were standing in a little group around me, there came up another man and got on the outside of the audience, and I thought by the expression of his face that he was skeptical. I did not think he had come to find Christ. But as I went on talking, I noticed the tears trickling down his cheeks. I said, "My friend, are you anxious about your soul's salvation?" He said, "Yes, very." I asked him what was the trouble, and I kept on talking to that one man, thinking that if he could understand me perhaps the others would. He said he wanted to feel all right about it. I explained to him by means of an illus-

tration, and asked him, "Do you see?" He said, "No." I used another, and asked him, "Do you see it yet?" and he said, "No," again. I gave still another, and still he said he did not see. I then said, "Was it Noah's feeling that saved him, or was it his ark? Was what saved Noah his righteousness? Was it his life, was it his prayers, was it his tears, was it his feelings, or was it the ark?" He came immediately and grasped me by the hand, and said, "I see it now; it is all right now; I've got to go away on the next train, and I'm in a hurry, but you have made it plain to me; good-by." And he went off. I thought it was so sudden that he could not have understood it. But the next Sunday afternoon he came and tapped me on the shoulder and smiled, and asked me if I remembered him. I said no, that I remembered his face, but could not tell who he was or where I had seen him before. He said, "Do you remember a man that came up into the inquiry-room the other day, and you explained to him how it was Noah's ark that saved him? I did not see any illustration until you used that one, and then I saw it all." I asked him how he was, and he said he had been all right ever since, and that the ark had saved him. I afterward learned that he was one of the best business men of Manchester. His feelings did not save him. The ark saved him.

I want to prove to you that salvation is instantaneous. It is just as sudden as a man walking through a doorway. One minute he is on this side, the next he is on that side. There was one minute when Noah was exposed to the wrath that was to come over the whole world; but when he went through the doorway of the ark, that moment he

was safe. There are many who are trying to make an ark for themselves out of their feelings, out of their own good deeds. But God has provided an ark. If Noah had had to build himself an ark when the flood came, he would have been lost like the rest. A good many of those men who perished when that flood came tried to make arks for themselves, but they all perished helplessly. They tried to make boats and rafts, and tried every way they could to save themselves, but they perished because they were not in the ark that God had appointed. So to-day, every man and every woman must perish that is not in the ark which God has appointed for their salvation. A knowledge about the ark is not going to help you. A great many persons flatter themselves they are going to be saved because they know a great deal about Jesus Christ. But your knowledge of Him will not save you. Noah's carpenters probably knew as much about the ark as Noah did, and perhaps more. They knew that the ark was strong. They knew it was built to stand the deluge. They knew it was made to float upon the waters. They had helped to build it. But they were just as helpless when the flood came as men who lived thousands of miles away. Men who lived right in sight of the ark, that knew all about it, perished like the rest, because they were not in the ark. I know something about the different lines of steamers, and I have crossed the Atlantic. Here is another man that has never heard there was such a line of steamers. We both want to go to Europe. My knowledge of a line of steamers does not help me a bit if I do not take the means to go there. You may hear about Christ, but if you do not believe in Christ you cannot be saved. Your

knowledge is not going to help you to your salvation. What you want to do is just to make Christ your ark, and then to step into that ark and be saved.

I can imagine you saying, "I do not see how a person can be saved all at once." So many persons think they have to work themselves out gradually, that they have to do a little here, a little there, and after they have toiled and worked, and have considered the matter prayerfully for some time, they will be more acceptable. The Israelites were told to sprinkle blood upon the door-posts, that the angel might not enter the houses where the blood was to be seen. There was one moment when they had not sprinkled the blood on their door-posts, and when they were exposed to the blight of the destroying angel; and there was another moment when the blood had been sprinkled there, and they were safe. There is a legend told about this which illustrates it very well. It is about a little girl who was the first-born, and consequently who would have been a victim on that night if the protecting blood were not sprinkled on the door-posts of her father's house. The order was that the first-born was to be struck by death all through Egypt. This little girl was sick, and she knew that death would take her, and she might be a victim of the order. She asked her father if the blood was sprinkled on the door-posts. He said it was, that he had ordered it to be done. She asked him if he had seen it there. He said no, but he had no doubt that it was done. He had seen the lamb killed, and had told a servant to attend to it. But she was not satisfied, and asked her father to go and see, and urged him to take her in his arms and carry her to the door to see. They found that

the servant had neglected to put the blood upon the posts. There the child was exposed until they found the blood and put it upon the door-posts, and when she saw it she was satisfied. That was all the assurance that she needed. So a great many are saying, "Do you feel this and that? Do you feel, do you feel, do you feel?" God does not tell you to feel. He tells you to believe. He says, "When I see the blood, I will pass over," and if you are sheltered behind the blood, you are perfectly safe and secure. Suppose I say to a man, "Do you feel that you own this piece of land?" He looks at me a moment and thinks I must be crazy. He says, "Feel? Why feeling has nothing to do with it. I look at the title. That is all I want." So you see, all you have to do is with the title. A great many are all the time saying, "Do you feel that you are safe?" But to all God says, "He that believeth in the Lord hath everlasting life.' Not "will have," it is the present tense, hath it to-day, hath it this very hour. If the devil can make you believe you will be saved some time, and keep you from believing now and receiving now, that is all he wants. He knows that to-morrow will never come, and he puts it off from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year. My friends, Jesus Christ will never be more willing to save you than He is to-night, and the longer you put it off, the longer you wait, the further you are going from Him. Every day you put it off you are going back from God, and are making it harder for you to be saved.

My next illustration is the serpent upon the pole. You sang a song to-night about it, "It is life just to look at the Crucified One." It is not to work that we are told. It is just to look. How simple! You know a fiery ser-

pent had gone through Israel and bitten many people, and they died. And the Israelites went to Moses and said, "Entreat the Lord to take away this serpent." They did not ask for a remedy; they did not ask for the bitten ones to be allowed to recover. They could hear the groans of the dying all around. But God more than granted their prayers. God always gives us more than we ask for. He not only took away the serpent, but He said to Moses, "Make a brass serpent and put it on a pole and lift it on high, so that all who are bitten shall look and live. And it shall come to pass that when they look, they shall not die, but live." How simple! A little child can look. It is so simple that the learned and the unlearned can look. You do not have to go to college to learn how to look. You do not have to pass through a university to learn how to look. That little child there is not more than three or four years old, but it understands how to look. If a mother wants her little child to look, she simply says, "Look, my child," and that is enough. So all that the bitten Israelites had to do was to look and live; and the very moment they looked, they were saved instantaneously. It was as sudden as a flash of lightning. So many people say, "I do not understand how it is so many people can be saved all at once." Well, that is Jesus' way, and that is all there is about it. "God's thoughts are not our thoughts, and God's ways are not our ways." If we had been going to save the world, we would have gone about it in a different way from God's way, I have no doubt. If we had been going to save the bitten Israelites, the last way we would probably have thought of would have been to make a brass serpent and put it upon a pole. But God works as He

pleases, and we must learn that His ways are His own and must prevail; and we must listen to Him, and if He says we will be saved at once, and that salvation is instantaneous, all we have to do is to submit and believe. Instead of looking at yourself, at your own sin, instead of looking at your past life, what you should do is just to take your eyes off of yourself and look at Christ.

Now, come back again to another Bible illustration. You know when the children of Israel came from the land of slavery and had the visitation of the fiery serpents, and after Moses had been commanded to raise the brazen serpent, he went to Pisgah and died, and Joshua led them into the Promised Land. Joshua then received a command from God that he should erect six cities, three on each side of the Jordan, which were to be cities of refuge. These places were to be put far enough apart so as to cover the whole land, that any man, no matter where he might be when he should have occasion to seek them, could easily gain access to one of them. The gates of these cities were to be kept open day and night, and the chief men of each city—the magistrates—were to keep the ways to these places free of all obstacles and stumbling-blocks, so that no one should be hindered in getting within the walls. And not only should the roads be kept smooth and well in repair, but all the bridges leading over streams and rivers should be kept up and in good condition, and signposts were also to be placed at intervals along the road, showing the fugitive that he was on the right way, to keep him from straying. And to provide for the contingency of the man who was fleeing not being able to read, there was a red finger put on the

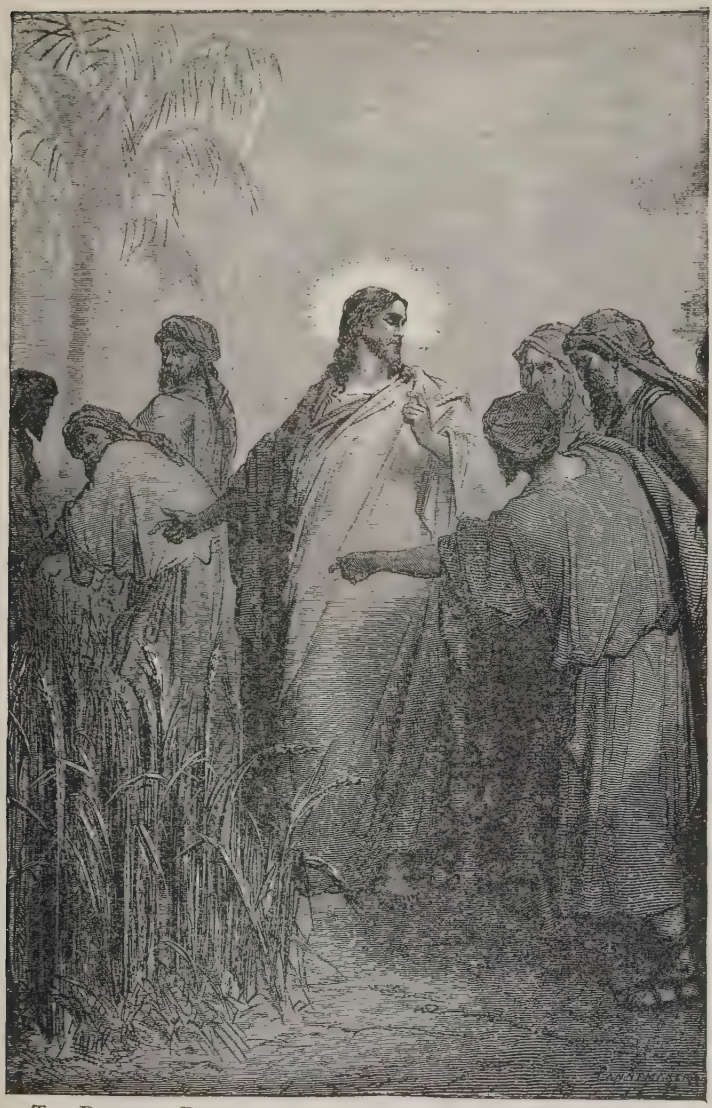
posts, which pointed the way. Thus a man, even if he could read, was not compelled to stop and thus lose time; he saw the sign and sped on. The cities were also placed on hills, that every one could see them. The cities were erected for this purpose. It was considered a great dishonor among the Israelites if, when a man was killed, the nearest relation of him did not at once arm himself, seek out the slayer and kill him. Thus a man had no hope, if he had accidentally killed one, of saving his own life from the avenging hand of the brother or other relative, but to get within the walls of the nearest city of refuge; for it was the law that the moment he escaped that far, the relation of the slain man could not touch him. Now for my illustration: Suppose I had killed a man unwittingly; that he and I had been out chopping in the woods, and suppose my ax had slipped out of my hand and had crushed in the skull of my companion. My only hope would be to get to one of these cities; my only hope was to escape for my life. I should have had no time to loiter, no time to hesitate or argue, no time to consider. I should have to start at once. The brother of my companion who had been killed, though thus purely through accident, was near, and he was so incensed, or perhaps had some old score to pay off, that I should have no chance to stay and plead with him. He had made up his mind to kill me, and there was nothing left for me to do but fly. I know the young man's hot temper, and I see him on my track. I therefore spring out of the bush into the road, and it now becomes a life and death struggle. I see the city before me. Along the road I speed to the full extent of my strength. Down the hill I go as fast as I can; up the ravine I make my

way; men see me coming; they do not check me, or throw any obstacles in my path; they get out of my way, and as I pass they wish me "God-speed," and warn me that the avenger is not far behind. Now I am in full view of the city; the gates are wide open; I know I shall not have to stop and knock when I get up to them. When I get closer, I see the citizens are on the walls. The information has reached them that a poor refugee is coming. Some of them have had to flee themselves, and they sympathize with me. They thus await me; but they see I am hard pressed. I am almost on the point of giving out. But I say to myself, "Courage! Another effort and I shall reach the gates and be safe." O, if I can only reach the city? Ah, my friends, just look at the city; don't let anything take your attention away. Look! look! see what I have to do. If I stop, loiter, or linger, I am lost. The avenger will soon be on me. I can almost hear him breathing behind me. I know his sword is ready to hew me down. I get nearer to the walls now. I see the people plainly; they beckon on with their hands. I strain every nerve. "Hurry, hurry, he is almost upon you! O, he will be killed." I bring every muscle into play. The people crowd around the gate to receive me. "Now, now," they cry. I make one more bound; I pass them; I am safe. That is instantaneous, isn't it? One minute I am under the avenging sword ready to fall upon my head; the next minute I am perfectly secure. The avenger cannot enter. The officers see to that; they will not let him come in with his sword. Can you, my friends, have a better illustration of this life? Don't you know that death is on your track now, and is ready to have you a victim?

Don't you know that he may be only a few years, a few months, a few weeks, a few days, or even a few moments only, from you? Even this very afternoon he may catch up to you. You may think him miles and miles behind you, years and years away, but just as surely as you live, here he is only a little way behind you now—a great deal nearer than you imagine. Haste, then, to a place of refuge. If you are outside the city, you perish; if you come within the walls of salvation, you live secure. God has a city of refuge for you. He shows you by every unmistakable sign where it is, and He gives you warning that if you do not reach its walls you die. Come, then. If you neglect these mercies how do you expect to save your life? How can you loiter and linger when death is bearing down upon you? A little while, and you will be lost; but if you make for the salvation offered to you, you will be safe in Christ, and you can look back and challenge death to his face. You can say in triumph, "Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory."

SOWING AND REAPING.

You will find my text this evening in the sixth chapter of Galatians, seventh, eighth, and ninth verses: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." You who were here last Wednesday night remember that we had for our text, "Their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges," and then we tried to find a text which every one would admit was true. I think that we have one to-night that no infidel, no skeptic or deist can attack. There are some passages which we do not have to prove by the word of God, but merely by our own experience. Your own lives will prove many passages in Scripture. You can take up the daily papers and see them fulfilled under your own eyes. This is one of them. Perhaps there has not been a text of Scripture run out in this tabernacle as this one has. Night after night we have said something about it; night after night Mr. Sankey has sung out, "Whatsoever a man soweth



THE DISCIPLES PLUCKING CORN ON THE SABBATH. Mark, ii, 23-28.

that shall he also reap." My friends, we cannot quote it too often. We want to quote it, and preach it till it gets down to the hearts of the people. Now, it is very natural to be deceived. I suppose there is not a man or woman here but who has been deceived by his or her most intimate friends. You have been deceived by your own friends, and you have been deceived by your enemies, and how many could rise up here and say they have not been deceived by themselves? How many of us have found our own heart more treacherous than anything else? How many of us have not found the truth of that passage, "The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked"? We can be deceitful to each other, to our friends and to ourselves, but bear in mind we cannot deceive God. How often does man find that Satan has deceived him? But has he ever found God deceiving him? I have never found a man who has said that he has been, or that he has heard of anybody whom God has deceived. How many times has a man said he has been deceived by his fellows, by his own treacherous heart? And our experience in this direction only shows that we cannot rely upon man, upon ourselves, but only upon God.

Now, it is a law of nature that if a man sows he will reap what he sows. If a man sows watermelons, he don't look for cauliflowers; if a man sows potatoes, he don't look for cabbages; if he sows onions, he don't look for corn. If he plants potatoes, he expects potatoes; if he sows corn, he looks for corn; or wheat, he expects to reap wheat. So, in the natural world, a man expects to reap what he sows. If a man learns a carpenter's or a builder's trade, he expects to put up buildings for a living.

If a man toils and studies hard for a profession, if he is a lawyer, he expects to practice law. He don't expect to have to preach the gospel for a living. He has been sowing for years, and he expects to reap. As a man sows, so he expects to reap. This is the law in the natural world, and so it is with the spiritual. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are they which hunger and thirst for righteousness' sake." Why? Because they shall get rich? No; "for they shall be filled." Now, you will see that a certain result is the product of certain conditions. This is the law which you will find carried out all through the world, in natural and spiritual things. If a man is a thief, you expect to see him come to an ignominious end. If a man is drunken and dissipated, we look, as a natural consequence of his dissipation, to see him go to ruin. Yet men themselves don't see this; their eyes are closed to their folly. A friend who was coming down with me to-night said, "When I look back, I see that I started wrong when I came here. It seems as if I must have been blind. I did not see this till within the last two or three weeks." My friends, that's what Satan does with a man. He just blinds him, and when he has got a man blinded, he does anything he wants with him. It is very hard to make men understand this simple truth, that they will have to reap what they sow, especially young men from seventeen to twenty-one. That, you know, is the ugly age. There is more trouble with them then than at any other stage. I remember when I was at that age. I knew a good deal more than my mother or any of my friends. You take a

young man at that age, and you'll find he knows a great deal more than his father, his grandfather, or even his great-grandfather, all put together. "He is wise in his own conceit." It is during that ugly age that characters are forming for good or evil; and bear in mind, you young men, that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If a man sows tares, he has got to reap them. It may not be to-morrow, or next week, or next year, but the time of reaping will assuredly come, and when the reaping-time comes you will moan bitterly; then you will like to change places with those Christians whom you now despise. When the reaping-time comes you would give a good deal if you could exchange places with the humblest-looking Christian. I suppose that Cain would give a good deal to exchange places with Abel to-night. Do you think Pilate would not like to change places with Elijah, with Obadiah, or Peter, to-night? Don't you think the Emperor Nero would like to exchange places now with Paul? Paul is reaping what he sowed, and so is Nero. All through Scripture you can see proof of this text. Don't you think that the rich man at whose door the beggar Lazarus lay would like to exchange places with that poor Christian now? Bear in mind that you may look upon Christians with contempt, but the time is coming when you will give anything to exchange places with the meanest Christian that walks the streets.

I used to believe twenty years ago in this text, but I believe it more now than ever I did. The longer I live, the more I become convinced of its awful truth. You know I used to live in Chicago, and I used to go from house to house among the poor, and in going among the

poor I gained no little experience of the rich people. In visiting the poor I became acquainted with a good many rich families, and there is scarcely a week passes now but I hear of rich families who have gone down to ruin. Just this afternoon I heard of a family who, twenty years ago, occupied a position among the best. They had a beautiful daughter, who could have adorned any station, and a lovely home, and I heard to-day that they had gone down to ruin. They looked upon Christianity with scorn and contempt. The father brought the children up to treat all religion with contempt, and his sons have gone down to their graves drunkards, and his daughter has died of a broken heart. Yes, a man who sows tares must reap them, and sometimes the harvest is a whirlwind.

Now, just let us divide that text up; not that I want to preach under different heads, but just for the sake of greater clearness. When a man sows he expects to reap. This truth must be admitted first. A farmer that planted grain and never reaped his fields, you would say had gone clear mad. No man sows that doesn't expect to reap. That is just what he does expect to do. The next point: A man always expects to reap more than he sowed. If he sows a handful of grain, he expects to get from that handful a bushel, and if he sows a bushel he expects a harvest of five hundred bushels. And just so it is in spiritual matters. If a man scatters handfuls of tares in spiritual things, his spiritual harvest will be bushels of tares, and not wheat. Whatever he sows he shall reap; just that and nothing more, and if he sows the wind he must reap the whirlwind. A man must expect a harvest of just the kind that his seed is; and this great law is even more true of spiritual growth than of natural growth. If

a man is bad and corrupt in his thoughts, you can tell precisely what his deeds will be.

If a man is profane and blasphemous, look to his children to be the same; if a father is a lying man, his children will grow up to deceive him just as he deceived others. A bad boy is too often the living penalty of the sins of his parents; they have sown and watered, and now he is reaping the punishment. Another point, if a man sows, he must reap the fruit, no matter how ignorant he may claim to be, or really be, of the nature of the seed. A plea of ignorance won't do. You sow tares and think it wheat, but nothing but tares will spring up. You may call it wheat, or rye, or grain, or whatever name you please, but you get nothing but weeds and tares. You must look to what kind of seed you are sowing, for neither ignorance nor any other excuse can make tares bring forth wheat. And now, see how true that is, in regard not only to individuals but nations. Nations are only collections of individuals, and what is true of the part in regard to character is always true of the whole. In this country our forefathers planted slavery in the face of an open Bible, and didn't we have to reap? When the harvest came, nearly half a million of your young men were buried, many of them in nameless graves. Didn't God make this nation weep in the hour of gathering the harvest, when we had to give up our young men, both north and south, to death; and every household almost had an empty chair, and blood, blood, blood, flowed like water for four long years? Ah, our nation sowed, and how in tears and groans she had to reap!

Then look at that king in Egypt. He made a decree

that all the male infants should be put to death, and to death they were put, with all the horrors that hatred and jealousy could invent. It was terrible. Well, now, I suppose some people think it strange that God didn't punish Egypt with swift destruction. But look, the punishment only tarried. The mill grinds slow, but it grinds exceedingly small; in eighty years cast your eye on that miserable land. God's vengeance at length came down, and ruin along with it. In every house in Egypt the first born was slain, from the palace to the lowest hovel. There still lived a God, and this immutable law of His had still to be executed; they had to reap just what they had sown. Then, sometimes the mill is not so slow. Sometimes the punishment comes rapidly, like lightning. No sooner did the voice ascend that Cain had killed his brother, than God came down and put a mark upon his forehead. Scarcely had Judas betrayed his Master than he came back with his thirty pieces of silver, and, torn with remorse, threw them down before the priests, and went out and hung himself. You will find that very often judgment and destruction come very sudden, come like a flash from the throne of God. I remember, in the north of England, a prominent citizen told me a sad case that happened there in the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was about a young boy. He was very young, and he said he was too young to go to a Sunday-school. He was an only child. The father and mother thought everything of him, and did all they could for him. But he fell into bad ways; he took up with evil characters and finally got to running with thieves. He didn't let his parents know about it. One night they got him to break into a saloon, what the people there call a public

house. They stood outside while he entered the house and broke into the till. He was caught, and in one short week he was tried, convicted, and sent for ten years to Van Dieman's Land. His term of servitude expired, and he returned to his native land. He came to the town where his mother and father used to live, and soon stood at the door of his old home. He had been gone ten years, and what a change he found there! My friends, ten years seem a short time, but look back over the period of ten years in your lives, and see how many changes have taken place. He went to his old home and knocked, but a stranger came to the door and stared him in the face. "No, there's no such person lives here, and where your parents are I don't know," was the only welcome he received. Then he turned through the gate, and went down the street, asking even the children that he met about his folks, where they were living, and if they were well. But everybody looked blank. Ten years had rolled by, and though that seemed perhaps a short time, how many changes had taken place! There where he was born and brought up, he was now an alien, and unknown even in his old haunts. But at last he found a couple of townsmen that remembered his father and mother, and they told him the old house had been deserted long years ago; that he had been gone but a few months before his father was confined to his house, and very soon died broken-hearted; and that his mother had gone out of her mind. He went to the mad-house where his mother was, and went up to her and said, "Mother, mother, don't you know me? I am your son!" But she raved, and slapped him on the face, and shrieked, "You are not my boy!" and then raved again and tore her hair.

He left the asylum more dead than alive, so completely broken-hearted that he died in a few months. Yes, the fruit was long growing, but at last it ripened to the harvest like a whirlwind, and vengeance made quick work of it. The death harvest was reaped.

But bear in mind what I have said to-night, and be not doubters, even if the harvest is slow. Let me read you the passage, "Because sentence against their evil deeds is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in to do them evil. Though a sinner do evil a hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him, but it shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall He prolong His days, which are a shadow, because he feareth not before God."

My friends, if you sow in the flesh you will reap disappointment; you will reap gloom, despair and remorse; the harvest will be death and hell; that will be the end; but if you sow of the Spirit, you will reap peace, joy, happiness, life everlasting; for God has said it. There are a great many things in this world that we are not sure of; we are sure of nothing, I may say. I am not sure that I will finish this sermon; I am not sure that I may go home to-night; we cannot say, positively, that the sun will rise to-morrow morning. Yes, my friends, there are a great many things that we are not sure of; but there is one thing that we are sure of, for God has said it. You can be sure that your sins will find you out. If we don't judge ourselves and confess our sins, they will find us out. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper;" that is God's decree.

Now, I have been censured by many for advising two men who had committed crime to go back and confess their sin. One man the other day was cursing me for doing so. "A pretty kind of religion this is," he said; but, my friends, if a man has gone into a court and publicly perjured himself, he cannot serve God till he publicly confesses it. If he has sinned in public, he must confess his sin in public. These men have gone back and written letters full of encouragement. One of them says, "Perhaps I will go to the penitentiary for three years, but what is that in comparison to the burden I would have carried had I not confessed?" Now, bear in mind that if you cover your sin, you shall not prosper; you may keep it secret, but it will eventually come out, Look at the sons of Jacob! Look at them when they took away their brother, and after they had delivered him into slavery; see them coming back. How much they must have suffered with their secret during those twenty years! What misery they must have endured as they looked during all those years at their old father sorrowing for his son Joseph! They knew the boy had not been killed; they knew he was in slavery. For twenty years the sin was covered up, but at last it came back upon them. God had in the mean time been doing everything for Joseph; he had raised him nearly to the throne of Egypt. A famine struck the land of the father, and the old man sent his sons down to Egypt to get corn. God was at work. He was making these men bring their own sin home to themselves. Their conscience smote them, and they confessed in the presence of Joseph that their sin had found them out. Twenty years after it was committed, that sin was resurrected, and with it

they were brought face to face. My friends, be sure at once that your sin will find you out. God has said it, and if He says a thing He means it. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." I can imagine some one saying to Absalom when he started out to fight his father, "You shouldn't do this; you are committing a sin, and it will find you out. I can see that young friend looking down upon that man with scorn and contempt. The idea of his sins ever finding him out, ever coming back upon him! He probably would have said, "That man's talking for effect," like a good many say of me. You will hear some people say, "Well, now, any man who knows anything about education knows well enough that Moody is only preaching for effect." If a man tells me I am preaching for effect, I say, "Amen! Amen!" That's what I am trying to do; what does a man preach for if it is not for effect? I am trying to create an effect and so wake you up to your condition, and if you don't wake up, the reaping-time will come upon you, the whirlwind of troubles and sorrows will rush over your defenseless head, and then you will reap what you have sown in years gone by.

But let me say that if you are willing to confess your sins—I don't care what the sin may be—God is willing and ready to take it away. As I have said, there has been a great deal of talk about my interfering with those prisoners lately. Some one has said in speaking about that man in Ohio, "Well, that is a queer kind of Christianity, to send a man away back to the penitentiary to suffer!" Let me say here that that young man has said in his last letter, "I think I am happier than you are, Mr. Moody; God is helping me to bear the burden; God

is answering my prayers." My friends, it was a great deal better for that man to confess his crime, than to try to hide it away. If a man commits a crime he should suffer the penalty. I must suffer the penalty if I break my arm in fighting. The man with whom I fought may forgive me for fighting with him, but I have to suffer all the same with my arm. A man got into a quarrel and got crippled, and some time ago he became converted, but although God has forgiven him his sin, he has to remain a cripple all his life. So a man must reap what he sows. I heard of an illustration that just helps me out here. Suppose I have a field, and I say to a man, "I want you to sow that field with wheat." The man has become very angry, all out of sorts with me, and when he sows that wheat, he puts in a lot of tares. When the wheat has come up, I see among it a great many tares. I say to him, "Did you sow these tares?" "Well," he says, "I will confess; yes, sir, I did it; I sowed these tares; I will confess it instead of covering it up; but, sir, I am very sorry;" and I forgive him. But when the wheat has to be harvested, I make the man reap the tares also.

You know how David fell. No man rose so high and fell so far, I think. God took him from the sheepfold and put him upon a throne. He took him from obscurity and made him king of Israel and Judea; gave him lands in abundance, and would have given him more if he had wanted them. He was on the pinnacle of glory, and honored among men. But one day, while looking out of a window, he saw a woman with whom he became enamored. He yielded to the temptation, and ordered her to be brought into the palace, and committed the terrible sin of adultery. After that, as is the case with

all men who commit a sin, he had to commit another to cover it up, so he laid plans to kill her husband, and ordered him to be put in a position in the ranks of his army so that he could be killed. Months rolled away, and one day Nathan came into the palace of the king. I can imagine that David was glad to see him. Nathan began to tell him about two men who dwelt in a certain city. The one was rich, the other poor; one had herds and flocks, and the other had only a little ewe lamb, and he went on to tell how this rich man seized this ewe lamb, all that the poor man had, and slew it. I can see the anger of David as it flashed from his eye when he heard the story, and he cried, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die." He turned to Nathan, and in tones of thunder demanded who the man was. "Thou art the man," was the reply of Nathan. David had convicted himself. "The man who did this thing shall die." Then the Lord said, "I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, because thou hast kept this thing secret." Soon after, the hand of death was put upon that house; not only did death enter his house; but it wasn't long before his eldest son committed adultery with his sister, and another committed murder, murdered his own brothers, and went off into a foreign land an exile. Then he got up a rebellion and drove the king from the throne, and at last died and was buried like a dog, and they heaped stones upon his resting-place. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." David committed adultery, so did his son; David committed murder, his son did the same. He was paid back in his own coin. He learned the truth of this passage, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also

reap." Why, I hear things every day in this city that make my ears tingle. I heard of three cases within the last six hours where men who have gone to the altar and sworn before God to love, cherish, and protect the women who became their wives—who have become, some of them, mothers of children—and, because these men have seen other women they liked better, they have cast off these women whom they have sworn before God to love. Do you think there is a God in heaven? Do you think that God is not going to punish these men? They may go on in their career, punishment may not come for a little while, but the wheels of judgment are going on, and retribution will come. Some of these heart-broken wives say it is hard. Wait a little while. His eyes cover all the earth, and man cannot deceive Him. He has said, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." High heaven has decreed it, and I beg of you, if you have committed this sin, go and cry to God for mercy. Go, confess it; don't try to cover it up. Let every sin be brought out; if you don't, your own conscience will turn against you by-and-by.

When I was in London I went into a wax-work there —Mme. Tussaud's—and I went into the chamber of horrors. There were wax figures of all kinds of murderers in that room. There was Booth, who killed Lincoln, and many of that class; but there was one figure that I got interested in, who killed his wife because he loved another woman, and the law didn't find him out. He married this woman and had a family of seven children, and twenty years passed away. Then his conscience began to trouble him. He had no rest; he could hear his murdered wife pleading continually for her life. His

friends began to think he was going out of his mind; he became haggard, and his conscience haunted him, till at last he went to the officers of the law and told them that he was guilty of murder. He wanted to die, life was so much of an agony to him. His conscience turned against him. My friends, if you have done wrong, may your conscience be woke up, and may you testify against yourself. It is a great deal better to judge our own acts and confess them, than go through the world with a curse upon you. And if you to-night will judge your own sin and confess it, He is faithful to forgive. He will forgive every sinner here if you but come to Him in faith, and will blot out all your iniquities.

I was telling of a young man who spoke up in the association one night. He got up at the close of the meeting and said, "Mr. Moody, may I say a few words?" Well, I thought I wouldn't, but then I thought perhaps he has a message from God, and I told him to speak. He went on and urged these young men to accept salvation. "If you have friends praying for you, if you have mothers praying for you, treat them kindly, for you will not always have them with you." Then he went on to tell how he had once a father and a mother who loved him dearly, and who prayed continually for him. He was an only child. His father died, and after the burial his mother became more anxious than ever for his salvation. Sometimes she would come to him and put her arms around his neck and say with kindness, "O my boy, I would be so happy if you would only be a Christian, and could pray with me." He would push her away. "No, mother; I'm not going to become a Christian yet; I am going to wait a little longer and see the world." He would

try to banish the subject from his mind altogether. Sometimes he would wake up at the midnight hour, and would hear the voice of that mother raised in supplication for her boy, "O God, save my boy; have mercy upon him." At last, this is the way he put it, "It got too hot for him." He saw he had either to become a Christian or run away. And away he ran, and became a prodigal and a wanderer. He heard from her indirectly; he could not let his mother know where he was, because he knew she would have gone to the end of the world to find him. One day he got word that his mother was very sick. He began to think, "Suppose mother should die, I would never forgive myself," and he said, "I will go home," but then he thought, "Well, if I go home, she will be praying at me again, and I can't stay under her roof and listen to her prayers," and his proud, stubborn heart would not let him go. Months went on, and again he heard indirectly that his mother was very sick. His conscience began to trouble him. He knew he would never forgive himself if he didn't go home, and he finally determined. There were no railroads, and he had to go in a stage-coach. At night he got into the town. The moon was shining, and he could see the little village before him. The mother's home was about a mile from where he landed, and on his way he had to pass the village grocery, and as he went along he thought he would pass through the graveyard and see his father's grave. "What," he thought, "if my mother has been laid there!" When he got up to the grave he saw by the light of the moon a new-made grave. He felt the turf, and the earth was fresh and soft. He knew who had been laid there, and for once in his life the thought flashed

upon him, "Who will pray now for my lost soul? My mother and father lie there, and they are the only ones who ever prayed for me." "Young men," said he, "I spent that night at my mother's grave, and before the sun rose, my mother's God had become my God. But I can never forgive myself for murdering my mother, although Christ has forgiven me." My friends, that poor fellow had to reap what he had sowed.

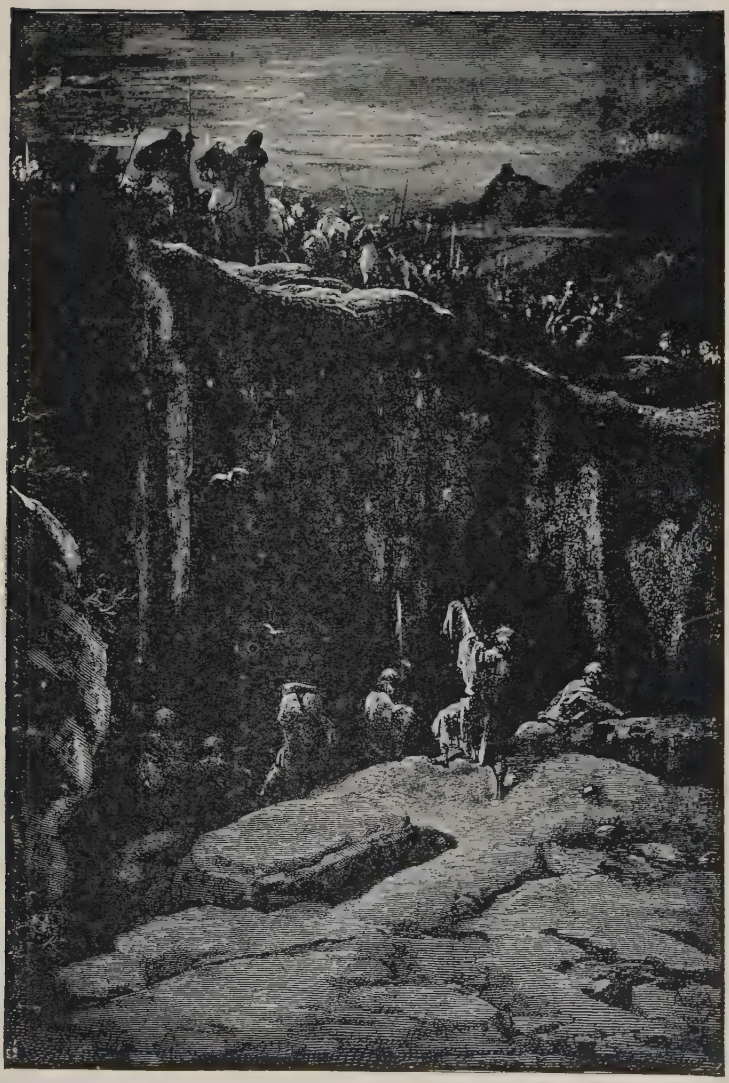
I may be speaking to-night to some young man whose mother perhaps just now is in her closet, wrestling in prayer for you. Bless God, boy, for that mother. Do not treat that mother contemptuously; do not deny her prayer to-night; do not make light of your mother's cries to God this night. God's best gift on earth to you is that praying mother. She is your dearest, most unselfish friend in all the world. Will you not heed her pleading prayer? Come out like a man; come to your mother's Savior, and take Him to be your God. May the God of heaven convict you of sin, and draw you to Himself, and this will be the best night you've had upon earth.

How many are there in this room to-night who have moral courage to stand up right in this tabernacle and say, "Pray for me"? How many in this room to-night would like to become Christians? How many are there in this room now who would like to have prayer for them, beseeching prayer, that God will save them? I am going to lead in prayer, and as many as would like to have prayer, personal prayer, to God, will just rise. You can just stand right up one after another. Never mind if there is but one of you; just remain standing. There's another who's got moral courage to rise to-night. Just

stand up, will you, and remain so while others join you. There, there, friends, don't get up as if you were ashamed or scared; rise up and show me and God that you are in earnest. I would like to see every man out of Christ rising right up here. There's another in the gallery, and another; well, keep rising; I would sit here all night and see you rise up in the galleries there and everywhere. Every man and woman in this assembly, every boy, who would like to be a Christian, will you just rise now, all of you?

HOW TO CONVERT INFIDELS.

It is a great thing to acquire an appetite for the word of God. If we can get a love for the word, we will get something that will last. I would like to find the first Christian feeding upon the word of God without growing. A great many Christians wonder why they don't grow. It's because they are not feeding. A good many souls are all dried up, all withered up, because they haven't been fed. I think David had this idea when he wrote the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. There must be something in the fact that the longest chapter in the Bible is about the Bible itself. I want to call your attention to nine passages, in the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm. Twenty-fifth verse, "Quicken me according to Thy word." Thirty-seventh verse, "Quicken Thou me in Thy way." Fortieth verse, "Quicken me in Thy righteousness." What does this nation need to-day, more than to be quickened in righteousness? It is not mere gush and sentiment this nation wants, so much as it is a revival of downright honesty. Fiftieth verse, "This is my comfort in my affliction; for Thy word hath quickened me." Eighty-eighth verse,



David Sparing Saul. I Samuel, xxiv.

"Quicken me with Thy lovingkindness." Ninety-third verse, "I will never forget Thy precepts, for with them Thou hast quickened me." One hundred and seventh verse, "I am afflicted very much; quicken me, O Lord, according to Thy word." One hundred and fifty-fourth verse, "Plead my cause and deliver me; quicken me according to Thy word." One hundred and fifty-sixth verse, "Great are Thy tender mercies, O Lord; quicken me according to Thy judgments." That is the way it goes, quicken me according to Thy word, according to Thy precepts, according to Thy way. That's what we all want to pray this morning. An old Scotchman made this remark, "David said, 'I have hid Thy word in my heart.' That was a good thing, in a good place, for a good purpose." Some people carry the Bible under their arms. Well, that's better than not to carry it at all. Some people have got a good deal of it in their heads. That's better. But when you get it in the heart, that is best of all. When a man gets the Bible in his heart, it is going to make a change in his whole life. The trouble with a good many Christians is they are good in spots. A man once said he had a good well, only it would dry up in summer, and freeze up in winter. Some Christians are just like that well, good at certain times. But when a man is feeding on the word of God, he is good all the time. I really think that instead of so many of the prayer-meetings we have, we ought to have more meetings for reading and studying the word of God. When I pray, I am talking to God; when I am reading the word, it is God speaking to me. David said the word of God was like fire in his bones. I don't believe a man or woman is fit for God's service till they catch fire in this way.

Now, it is getting to be very common, very fashionable in certain quarters, even among professed Christians, to hear men say, "I believe in the New Testament, but I don't believe in the Old." We hear that on the right hand, and on the left. I pray to God that we may be delivered from this idea. It is doing a thousand times more harm than all the lectures of infidels, to hear Christians say, "This and this isn't inspired." One minister said he had cut everything down to the four gospels. They contained everything, and he didn't see why he shouldn't do as St. Paul did, and go to the fountain-head. It wasn't long before that man fell into sin. Unsound in doctrine, unsound in practice. We want to believe the whole Bible. We want to take the whole of it, from Genesis to Revelation. It is most absurd to hear a man talk about believing in the New Testament, and not believing the Old. In the four gospels Christ quotes from twenty-two of the books of the Old Testament. I suppose, we get only a fragment of what Christ said. I believe that for years after the death of Christ, the air was full of the words which fell from His lips. And so I have no doubt that in His quotations from the Old Testament He quoted from every book. In His words, as recorded in Matthew, we find nineteen quotations, in Mark fifteen, in Luke twenty-five, and in John eleven different passages; not only just isolated verses, but great blocks taken out of the Old Testament and transferred into the New. So you see how absurd it is for men to say they believe in the New, and don't believe in the Old. Why, the New Testament is made up largely from passages from the Old. Over and over again you will hear Christ say, "This is done that the Scriptures might

be fulfilled." In Hebrews there are eighty-five Old Testament quotations. In Revelation there are two hundred and forty-five, more than in any other book. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," said Christ, "but My word shall not pass away." How absurd for any one to think the word of God is going to pass away! There never was a time in the history of the world, when so many Bibles were being printed as there are to-day. When Christ was speaking those words, I can just imagine I hear some infidel saying, "'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away!' Hear that Jewish peasant talk! I never heard such conceit in my life from any one." There was no shorthand reporter taking down His words, and they seemed to have been lost. But nearly nineteen hundred years pass away, and His words are going to the very corners of the earth, in two hundred and fifty different languages. There are about 1,400,000,000 people in the world, and over 200,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed by the American Bible society and the British and Foreign Bible society. Then there are societies in Germany, France, and other countries, exclusive of individuals, that are printing and circulating the Scriptures. In fact, there have been more Bibles printed in the last seventy years than there were in the previous eighteen hundred years. I consider that a greater miracle than any which Christ wrought when He was here on earth. I'm glad I live in the present day, and can see it.

A lady said to me lately, "I can't believe that Elijah was fed by ravens. Do you?" I have no more doubt that the ravens fed Elijah than I have that I stand here. The very things in the Old Testament that men cavil at

the most to-day are the things the son of man set his seal to when He was down here, and it is not good policy for a servant to be above his master. The Master believed these things. Some one says, "You don't believe the story of Noah and the flood, do you?" Yes; I believe that as much as I believe the sermon on the mount. Christ said that when He should come again, it would be as in the days of Noah, when men were eating and drinking, and the flood came and took them all off. "You don't believe Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt?" Yes; Christ said, "As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be in the coming of the son of man." *He* believed that story of Lot's wife; hadn't any doubt about it. "Do you believe that the children of Israel were fed in the desert on manna?" Christ said, "Your fathers ate manna." "Do you believe the Israelites were saved by looking on a brass serpent?" Christ said, "Even as Moses lifted up the brazen serpent." Men will stretch their necks, and look very wise, and say, "Why, you don't believe that story about Jonah and the whale?" Yes, I do. Christ said, "For as Jonah was three days in the whale's belly, so shall the son of man be three days in the bowels of the earth." "But," they say, "this was impossible. The whale is so constructed that it couldn't swallow a man." Well, what does the Bible say? "God prepared a great fish." If He could speak this world into existence, I think He could speak a fish into existence big enough to swallow a man. I have a good deal of sympathy with that old colored woman who said, if the Bible said Jonah swallowed the whale, she would believe it; God could make a man large enough to swallow a whale. There's no trouble about these things, dear

friends; no difficulty at all. One of these modern philosophers, discussing the story of Balaam, said he had examined the mouth of an ass, and it was physically impossible for an ass to speak. "Ah," said a friend "you make an ass, and I will make him speak." There's nothing more unreasonable than infidelity.

The best way to convert an infidel is to take him to the prophecies fulfilled. Look at the prophecies concerning Christ. "His name shall be called wonderful." Wasn't everything about Him wonderful? Born of a virgin, carried into Egypt, astounding the doctors when twelve years old in the temple. Everything about His three years' ministry was wonderful; the miracles He performed, His crucifixion with the sun darkened, and the veil of the temple rent, His resurrection. Isn't His name wonderful to-day? Nineteen hundred years have passed, and what crowds will flock to hear about Christ! No other name could have brought you into this little town. Nothing else brought you from all over the country but to be with Jesus. Yes; His name is called wonderful.

And so, my friends, what we want is just to take up the word of God, and let it speak for itself. I have been wonderfully blessed to-day, in reading about Babylon falling. Take the prophecies in regard to Nineveh, and see how they have been fulfilled. When I was in the British museum, a lady called my attention to certain relics from Nineveh. I looked at them with more interest through her specs. In Nahum, iii, 6, the Lord says concerning Nineveh, "I will cast abominable filth upon thee, and make thee vile, and will set thee as a gazing stock." Isn't that exactly what it is, with hundreds of thousands of people looking at these things in the British

museum taken up out of Nineveh? "They that look upon thee shall flee from thee, and say, Nineveh is laid waste." Isn't it what travelers are saying to-day? And then look at Tyre. In Ezekiel, xxvi, 5, the Lord says, "It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the middle of the sea." Mr. Corbin, correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, visited Palestine in 1868, and he has told me that one night, pitching his tent on the site of Tyre, what should he see but a number of men on a bare rock spreading their fishing nets? Taking out his Bible, he read this prophecy, and noticed how literally it was fulfilled.

It is true there are things in the Bible we don't understand, but we are not going to say, "I don't believe it, because I don't understand it." A man said to me once, "What do you do with that passage? How do you understand it?" "I don't understand it." "How do you explain it?" "I don't explain it." "What do you do?" "I don't do anything." There are lots of things I believe that I don't understand. There are a good many things in astronomy, a good many things about my own system, I don't understand; yet I believe them. And I'm glad there *are* things in the Bible I don't understand. If I could take that book up, and read it as I would any other book, I might think I could write a book like that, and so could you. I am glad there are heights I haven't been able to climb up to. I am glad there are depths I have not been able to fathom. It's the best proof that the book came from God. I suppose there are a good many things in the prophecies concerning Christ that no one could understand, till Christ came and fulfilled them. Just look at some of those prophecies. He was to be

born in Bethlehem, and carried into Egypt. When that announcement was made, how strange it must have sounded! But when the time came, God put the whole world in motion to bring Mary to Bethlehem, so that Jesus might be born there. Cæsar issued a decree that the whole world should be taxed. All this was done just to bring that virgin up to Bethlehem. I believe that God would have created a world rather than any prophecy should be unfulfilled.

Now, the question is, how are you going to read this book? When I was a young man, I thought I must be fed with ecclesiastical spoons. Sometimes I got sawdust; sometimes I got salt; sometimes I got bread. When my little boy Paul first learned to find the way to his mouth, he wanted everybody to know about it, and it was a great event in our family. Lots of men have been in the church forty years, and if you ask them what they believe, they will say, "What the church believes." "Well, what does the church believe?" "I don't know." I don't believe any child of God is going to grow till he has learned to feed himself. What may be good for me may not be good for you.

I have been wonderfully blessed, in studying the Bible, by taking up one book at a time. I used to try to read the Bible through in a year. I would as soon read a dictionary that way now. Sometimes I want something to stir me up; other days, I want something to comfort me. When you read right through, you don't get much comfort. It is a great deal better, it seems to me, to take a book at a time. Or take a character. Or take a type. How many antetypes there were of Christ; Adam, Abel, Enoch, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, and so on all

through the Old Testament. What a beautiful type Joseph is—hated, rejected, and then raised to a throne! You can't look into these things without getting fed. Another good thing is to take a subject. That's what we are trying to do in the boys' school; and that's how we are getting the boys grounded in the fundamental doctrines of the Bible.

Take "repentance," for example. Read up everything you can find about repentance. Take time. Suppose you spend a month; you couldn't spend it better. Get people's idea of repentance, and then see what the Bible says about it. Dozens of people have repented who don't know what repentance is. They think they have got to have some strange kind of feeling. A man I used to meet would say to me every time I spoke to him, "Mr. Moody, it hasn't struck me yet. A neighbor of mine has been converted, and he has been a changed man since; but it hasn't struck me." Lots of people think repentance don't come in that way. See what Bible repentance is. It isn't fear, it isn't feeling.

Then take up "conversion." Lots of people say, "I hate that word." In some churches there isn't much said about it, because people don't like it. But I have learned that sometimes the medicine people don't like may be the very best medicine for them. I don't like to take pills, but they may be the very thing I need. When people shrug their shoulders and say, "I don't like conversion," it is just the thing they want.

Take up the Scripture doctrine of the necessity of being born again. Lots of people think they can go to heaven on a good moral character. Look at the parable of the prodigal son. I would rather be the younger brother

than the other. The elder brother had what the world calls a good moral character, and yet I think he was about the meanest case in the whole Bible. He wouldn't rejoice when his younger brother got home, and didn't like it when his father had mercy on him. What caused joy in the father's heart caused envy in his. When he heard music and dancing, he wouldn't go in, and just marred that beautiful scene. Many churches are in the position of that elder brother, and don't believe in conversion. I wonder what some of these people will do when they get to heaven, and some converted thief is brought in. I suppose they'll say, "Don't come near me. I don't want to be near you." Or when they meet Mary Magdalene, what will they do? I just think they will have to have a little corner in heaven, somewhere off by themselves. They can't sing the song of Moses and the lamb; the song of redemption. A man must be made meet for the kingdom of God, before he will want to go there. Put a man in the presence of God, before he is made meet for that presence, and he won't want to stay; it would be hell there for him. A man must be born of the spirit—born again—regenerated. We are hearing a good deal about reform, but what we want is regeneration.

Then take up "Faith." We have got false ideas about faith. I used to think that God was going to give me all the faith I wanted right away. I was going to do wonders. God was going to give me faith enough to remove mountains, turn the world upside down. "Faith cometh by knowledge." The more you know about people the more faith you will have in them, if they deserve it. You will have faith in a good man, if you have known him two

years; but you will know him a good deal better after ten years; and you will have more faith in him. Faith grows. And the way to get acquainted with God is by studying His word.

Take up "Justification" and "Pardon." Lots of people don't know there is any difference between the two things. But there is a great deal of difference. Suppose I commit some crime, and I am convicted, and then the governor pardons me. I come back to this town a pardoned man. But suppose the judge says there is nothing against me; I come back in a different position. There is a good deal of difference between justification and pardon. What you want is to read up these subjects. It is a great thing to be a justified man, God-justified. And I think that brings light upon that eighth chapter of Romans. Who shall condemn one of God's elect? God justified me, and is He going to let any one turn round and bring something against me? That would be a queer God, wouldn't it, a queer judge? These great doctrines ought to be studied.

Take "Sanctification." I hear a great many people talking about sanctification; but I think we ought to go more to the Bible to see what it says, and let the word of God speak for itself. When I was converted, I thought I was going to have no more trouble with the old nature. But I soon found that the old nature was there. I had just as bad a temper as if I hadn't been converted, and I would say, "Why, that is the old temper coming back." By-and-by I learned that when a man is converted he has got two natures, the carnal nature and the spiritual nature. He has got a higher nature, and a lower nature. He has got the old man yet. Do you

think he is dead? Judicially he is, but in reality he ain't. If he was, you wouldn't have to watch him, would you? If a man is dead, he ain't going to run away, is he? We have to keep watching the old man, and putting him in subjection all the time. I don't know any doctrine that needs more to be preached in our churches than this, that there is danger of the old man coming back.

I haven't got time to speak of the doctrine of the resurrection. I've got more comfort out of that doctrine than out of any other in the whole Bible. I look forward to the time when I am going to have a resurrected body. My Savior is going to give me a body like His glorious body, that cannot faint, and cannot die. It is going to be just like His. I do not know anything that will take a man out of the world much quicker than this idea. You must look in the New York papers to see how bonds and stocks are. It takes a man right out of the current of the world. Then there is the controversy about the millennium. Some say Christ is coming at the beginning of the thousand years, and others that He is coming at the end of it. Let the Bible speak for itself. Don't listen to what this man and that man says about it, but study the Bible. And as Bishop Stevens, of Philadelphia, used to say, "Don't study it with your little red light of Methodism, or your little blue light of Presbyterianism, or the light of the Episcopal church, but just the light of Calvary." Come without prejudice and say, "Whatever this book teaches, I must receive." Don't say, "Well, I don't believe He is coming anyway for a thousand years."

Take up the doctrine of "Assurance." A good many people honestly believe that it is presumptuous to say they are saved; that they have passed from death unto

life; that they are going to have a place at God's right hand. But this book teaches very clearly that we can know we are saved. If we want light we can get it. We can know we have passed from death unto life if we are in earnest about it. There are twenty-one chapters in the gospel of John, and they all speak of believing. "Believe" is the key of that gospel. It just runs right straight on in the whole book. But turn over into John's first epistle, and you will find that the key to that epistle is "Know." Forty-two times that word occurs in these few chapters. "These things are written that ye might know." I don't believe it is the mind of God we should go through the world in darkness, not knowing whether we have been saved or not. I think the best book on assurance is the first epistle of John. If you are in doubt about your own salvation, read it, and you will know. I think Christ taught this doctrine very clearly when the disciples came back to Him after He had sent them out by twos. They were greatly rejoiced because they had had such wonderful power, but He seemed to check them, and said, "I will give you something to rejoice for. Rejoice that your names are written in heaven." He wanted them to know it. Do you think Paul, amid all his difficulties and persecutions, would have gone right on if he hadn't known his name was written in heaven? Do you think those martyrs would have gone to the stake, if they had had any doubt about their salvation? It is the privilege of every child of God to walk in the light; to say, "Abba, Father! Heaven is my home. God is my Father, Jesus Christ is my Savior." I have just touched some of these great doctrines.

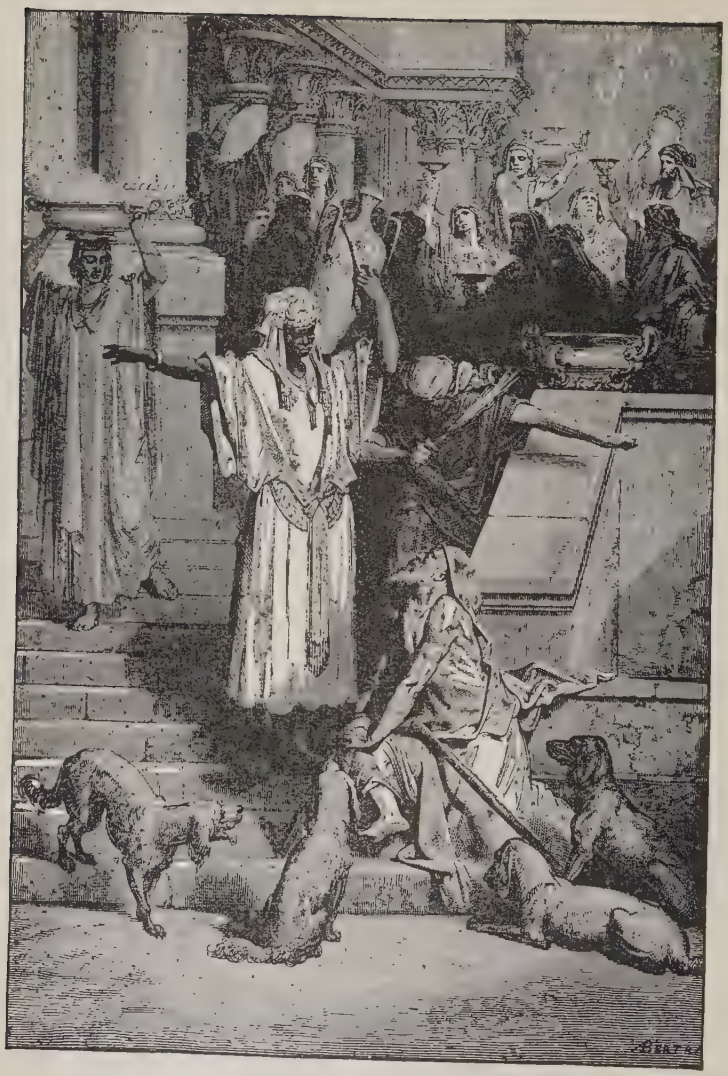
In closing, let us take the book, and let us believe it

from beginning to end—every word true—and the words we can't understand, let us believe them. You that are working in the vineyard, feed on the word of God. I believe the reason the people won't come more than they do into our churches, is because we don't feed them enough on the word of God. They have been fed on sawdust long enough. For men who have nothing but essays it is hard to get pulpits, and it will be harder. The reason there are so many pulpits vacant, is that there aren't men enough willing to give the word of God. Go into one of our city parks in winter to feed the birds, and throw down a handful of sawdust. You may deceive them once, but you won't a second time. But throw down crumbs, and they'll sweep them up. So in the churches, give people the word of God, and they will know the difference. A man once made an artificial bee, and thought no one could tell the difference between that and a real bee. But another man said he could show the difference. He put the two bees down on the table, and then put a drop of honey before them. The real bee went for the honey. There are a great many artificial Christians, and they don't want the word of God. They'll go somewhere else. Well, let them go. For every one that goes, five will take his place. What we want is to give people the word of God, in season and out of season. I think we have got to have more expounding. A great many churches have mere exhortations all the time, and it gets very tiresome. There's got to be expounding as well as exhortation. I have got an idea that the Sunday morning services ought to be given to expounding, and the afternoon or Sunday night given to exhortation or preaching. I believe that is the reason

the Scotch people have got the advantage of us Americans. I don't believe there is any place in the world where error has such a slim chance of getting a hold as in Scotland. The Scotch are a most wonderful people. You've got to be careful in preaching to them, or the first thing you know some old woman will come up with her Bible under her shawl, and say, "Here; you said so and so. The Bible says so and so." If you make a misquotation, a Scotchman will straighten you right up; but you might make forty misquotations in an American church, and nobody would know the difference. We would have better preaching if people would open their Bibles, and see whether a man is preaching the word of God. In Scotland a minister doesn't think of preaching till everybody has found the text. Go to Dr. Bonar's church, in Glasgow. One of the most impressive scenes is to see twelve hundred or thirteen hundred people, and not a soul but has got a Bible. The old doctor will wait till every one has found the place, then he will tell them what the passage in that place means, and then he goes on to another verse. When I was in London the last time, a solicitor—a lawyer—from Edinburgh came down to London to spend a Sunday there. After I had got through preaching, and had gone back to my little room, he came and said, "I was at Glasgow to hear Dr. Bonar." I said, "I wish you would tell me what he preached about," and he went on and told me. The subject was that passage in Galatians, in which Paul tells of his going up to Jerusalem to see Peter. The doctor, said my friend, just let his imagination loose a little in describing what took place between Paul and Peter. He could imagine that one day Peter said, "Paul, will you take a walk to-

day?" "Yes." So arm-in-arm they walk, talking about the kingdom of God. A little while, and they enter the garden of Gethsemane, and Peter says, "There is the very spot where Christ prayed. John fell asleep there. James right there. I was right there, asleep. I didn't know what He was passing through, though I had never seen Him so sorrowful. When I awoke, an angel stood right there, and there was Christ, sweating great drops of blood, the blood running down His face, passing through that last agony." The next day Peter turns to Paul, and says, "Will you take another walk to-day?" That day they go out toward Calvary, and all at once Peter stops, and says, "There, Paul; this is the very spot where His cross was. It isn't quite filled up yet. One bleeding thief was hanging there, and the other there. Mary stood right there, John there, and James there. I was on the outskirts of the crowd. I couldn't bear to get near Him that day. I couldn't catch a glimpse of His eye, but just looked on Him." The next day Peter turns to Paul, and says, "Paul, shan't we take another walk to-day?" "Yes; I would be very glad." They go out toward Bethany, and suddenly Peter says, "There, Paul; this is the very last spot where I saw Him. We were talking with Him, and all at once I noticed His feet didn't touch the ground, and the last I ever saw of Him, He was up in the air; and while I stood there, two men —might have been Moses and Elias, I didn't know—appeared and talked to us." Now, don't you think people like that kind of preaching? It will warm up these cold hearts of ours to hear about Christ. Don't you think that literally took place? Nineteen hundred years have passed away, and we go to Jerusalem and try to find these

spots; and tell me that while Paul was the guest of Peter, he wouldn't take him and show him the very spot where the Lord and Master had gone away to heaven? I haven't any doubts about it. And what we want is just to take the Scriptures and make them real. That's what we want—to hear about Jesus Christ—and any minister that can feed his people and tell them about Christ is the man I want to hear. That's what we want in our churches. God help you that are preaching to preach the word of God. Make it as plain as you can. If we had more of the word of God, there would be fewer defalcations and scandals inside the church. It seems to me, the time is coming when there should be a change in the churches of God in this land.



LAZARUS AND THE RICH MAN. Luke, xlv.

EXCUSE-GIVING.

Luke, xiv, 18-20.

I WILL call your attention to-night to the three men I have just read about. The first said unto him, "I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it; I pray thee have me excused."

To-night I have an invitation for you to a feast, not an ordinary, but a royal feast. The same invitation that was extended to these three men nineteen hundred years ago nearly is extended still to you. And you will notice that those three men all with one consent began to make excuses. Now these three men didn't have an excuse, so they made one; there is a difference between having and making excuses. The first had bought a piece of ground and wanted to see it, just at supper-time; he hadn't made a partial bargain and was afraid some one would step in, and he would lose the land; I will venture to say he had gone over every rod of it lengthwise and across—men don't buy land without going to look at it; but he made that excuse. He could have accepted the invitation and gone to look over the land, too; he had plenty of time, but he wanted some excuse.

The second man had bought five yoke of oxen and must

prove them. Why didn't he prove them before he bought them? He had plenty of time to prove them; we know that he never took the oxen out of the stall that night. He had plenty of time to accept the invitation and then go and prove his oxen, but he didn't want to go, so he hid behind the five yoke of oxen.

The third man's excuse was more absurd than the other two. "I have married a wife and therefore I cannot come." Why didn't he take his wife along with him? It would have been just the place for a young bride; young brides like to go to a feast. But the fact is the man didn't want to go and hadn't the honesty to come out and say so.

I have no doubt there are hundreds of men who think they could conjure up a good deal better excuse than these three men. Now, I challenge you. If any of you men have a better excuse, get up and give it. These excuses look very absurd when you come to look at them, but your own wouldn't look any better.

One of the popular excuses now is this old book. You talk to a man now, especially a young man, and he says, "I cannot become a Christian because there are so many things in that old book that I cannot understand." Well, I want to say in the first place you don't know anything about it. There are very few men who have read the Bible anyway. Of all the skeptics I have seen, I have never seen but one who claimed to have read it through, and I doubted him, because he could not give but one verse in the Bible, and that was, "Jesus wept." You know it is very easy for men to talk about what they don't know anything of.

As for the mysteries in that book, I am glad they are

there. I am glad that there are heights and depths that I have never been able to fathom, and length and breadth that no man has ever been able to find out. If I could take that book up and understand it all, it would be pretty good proof that it did not come from God.

It is easy to talk against this book, but did you ever think how dark this old world would be without it? Millions of men have gone down to the grave because of their loyalty to it. They have tried to stamp it out, but God has raised up witnesses for it. I thank God I live where this Bible is read. Anarchy, nihilism, socialism, would sweep this whole country, your property and your life would not be safe, if it was not for this old book.

If you do not like the Bible, it is because it condemns your sins. So if you see a man to-morrow talking against the Bible, you may know he gets hit. Throw a stone among a group of dogs, and the dog that gets hit goes off yelping every time.

But there is a Scotchman over there; he says, "Mr. Moody's excuses don't touch me at all. I don't know as I am one of the elect. If I am elected to be saved I will be saved, and if I am not I won't. I have nothing to do with it." Now, you have nothing more to do with the doctrine of election than the government of China. There is not one line about election put before the unbeliever; your word is "whosoever." Why don't you carry the same argument into temporal things? To-morrow don't go to business; if God has decreed you shall succeed in business, you will; if not, you won't.

I don't know that I am right in my theory, but I imagine that when Christ appeared to John in Patmos in

the spirit on the Lord's day he said, "John, I want you to write some messages to the churches," and he went on to write them, and then He said, "Before you seal up the book put in an invitation so broad that the whole world may feel invited;" and so the last invitation let down into this thirsty world is, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Now, there is a young man up in the gallery who says, "Mr. Moody don't touch my difficulty; I tell you the reason I don't become a Christian. You want me to put on one of those long faces, look right straight up and down and have no more pleasure until I get to heaven. I am going to have a little fun in this world, and then I am going to make sure of heaven before I die. I will make all I can out of both worlds. I propose to give loose rein to my passions and lusts and have a good time." Now, I believe the biggest lie ever uttered in hell is that the devil is an easy master, and God a hard one. I would like to drive that back into perdition; and I testify now that my God is not a hard master, and the devil an easy one. I take up that old book, and I read, "The way of the transgressor is hard," and looking around me I see that it is hard. Go down to yon prison and ask the prisoner if it is not hard. Go with me to the gambler, the drunkard, the forger who has lost reputation, and ask them if the way of the transgressor is not hard. Then go and ask those who have been serving God for the last twenty years and see if they find the service of God is hard. I have tried both masters, and I want to say now my God is not a hard master. Take the most faithful

follower of the devil in this city for the last five years, and take one who has followed Jesus Christ most faithfully, and let the two stand on this platform, and their very faces would tell the story. Look at that man, debauched, vile, low; he has had delirium tremens, feels snakes at times creeping up around him, and say the devil is an easy master. I suppose there are a good many men here who have served both masters in the last ten years; at some time you changed masters, gave up the service of the world and the devil and began to serve Christ. I would like to have those men who have found God is not a hard master ring out "No" to-night. [Shouts of "No."] Do you think we are lying? Don't we know? Haven't we served the god of this world, and haven't we served the God of heaven? "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." There is a joy in the service of Christ that the world knows nothing of, and you never will until you taste it. I wish I could describe it. It seems to me I could get you to change masters to-night if I could. If I could only get you to taste of this sweet consciousness that your sins have been put away, not a cloud between your soul and God! How many times your conscience rises up and lashes you! This is something that the true child of God knows nothing of.

There is a man down there in the middle of the hall who says that if he is ever converted he won't be converted in a meeting like this; too much excitement; if he is really honest, and he doesn't want to be converted here because there is so much interest, I will find him some church that doesn't believe in revivals, where everything is cold and dead; if there is too much excitement here, go to a graveyard and be converted. There is no excitement

there. It is only an excuse. If I stood at that door, and every one of you had to pass out through it, and I asked every one of you a personal question, why you did not become a Christian to-night, I think many of you would give this excuse; you would say, "Mr. Moody, it is very kind of you to take such a personal interest in me, but the fact is I promised my wife I would be home to-night at nine o'clock; I will see you again." I have had men promising to see me again for thirty years. What have you done with all the time God has given you for the last 365 days? Some of you have spent five years learning a trade. I will venture to say I am speaking now to some men who have never given five solid minutes to the consideration of their soul's salvation. Thank God it doesn't take time, it takes decision, and I pray God you may make that decision to-night.

Here is a man at my right in the balcony who says, "I am glad Moody is giving it to them to night. I have been watching some men to-night, and I have seen him hit them, but he hasn't touched me. I have got a good excuse. You know there is a man who belongs to a church here to-night who cheated me out of forty dollars ten years ago. Hypocrites! hypocrites! that is my excuse." Now, I want to tell you something—don't forget it—if you meet a man howling about hypocrites, you just look out for him; he doesn't live far from one himself. Most people have the idea that a man has got to join a church to be a hypocrite; my friends, I will find a hundred in the world while you find one in the church. I admit they are there; when Christ chose His apostles, and I think He was about as good a judge of men as ever lived, one proved to be a hypocrite, and the wheat

and tares will grow together till the general harvest. If you carried that out in temporal things, I would like to know where it would land you. If you are a doctor or lawyer or merchant, why don't you get up and get out of your profession because there are hypocrites in it?

When you put a foreign label on your goods made here at home, and tell your clerks to tell your customers they are imported, and when you sell goods that are half cotton for all wool, you are a hypocrite. Suppose there are hypocrites in the churches. "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me?" We don't ask you to follow church-members, but to follow the Son of God, and He was no hypocrite. There is another man down there who says, "My trouble is altogether different; I can't believe." Man, put your finger on a promise God has ever made that He hasn't kept. It is easier to pull the sun out of the heavens than to break one of God's promises; man and the devil have been trying for the last six thousand years, but they cannot be broken.

A man once said to me, "It is all nonsense that a man is going to be affected by just what he believes; how is that going to change his course of life?" I said, "If that is your difficulty, I can make you believe in about three minutes. You say a man is not affected by what he believes, that that doesn't change his course of action. Suppose a man opens that door and sings out, 'The building is on fire.' If you and I believe it, what will we do? Go out of that window head first." "O," said he, "I never thought of that."

No man can believe that book without purifying his

soul. That book says no adulterer, no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

There is nothing unreasonable about that. We are going to get up where Adam tumbled down; that is all.

But here is a man who says, "The trouble with me is, I do not feel so solemn to-night as I did last Sunday night; there's been altogether too much laughter. I would like to become a Christian, but I don't feel like it."

These men were invited to a feast. Suppose they sent back word to the king that they didn't feel like going. Now, God invites men to a feast, and they talk about not feeling like going. Man, let your feelings go to the four winds. I don't think the prodigal did much feeling till he got his feet under his father's mahogany table. He began to feel then. The question is, do you want to come? If you do, come along.

Now, I am going to give two excuses that men won't give. The first is a lack of moral courage. Men are cowards. How many men in this house to-night would become Christians, if it were not for public sentiment? "If I should become a Christian to-night, what would they say to me down at the store, at the boarding-house, in the saloon, where they have been making fun of Moody and the meetings?" I tell you what they would say. "Up to hear Moody last night, eh? Did Moody catch you? Did you get converted? Did you get pious? Did you get religion?" And you would say, "No, sir; I don't believe in him; big humbug; I wasn't there." Let men act up to their convictions, and we would show you a meeting. The question is, is it right to serve God? If it is, take your stand and let the devil howl, and let his agents talk and sneer as much as they have a mind to.

I pity in my heart a man who may be laughed out of a principle, a man who will let a saloon-keeper or a gambler or a harlot keep him from what is right. God have mercy on such a man!

The next excuse that a man won't give is some darling, besetting sin; you know it comes right up before you now. If you become a Christian, you have got to give up that sin; it may be the harlot, it may be to make restitution of some money you have taken from your employer, it may be you have got to treat your wife and family better. O man, may God give you courage to-night to give up that sin! It is no fiction, my friend; it is a real invitation. Life is very sweet to me; I can conceive of no sweeter work than that I am engaged in. I have liberty and freedom, God has given me a lovely family, but dear as my family, sweet as my work is to me, I would rather have some man leap up on this platform and hurl me into another world and just sit down in the kingdom than to have the wealth of the world rolled at my feet, and miss that appointment. "Blessed is he that shall be at the marriage supper of the lamb." If your excuse will not stand the light of eternity, throw it to the four winds. But, you say, you don't like to be in a hurry about a thing like this, you must consider. Man, let me ask, have you not considered it? Was this question sprung on you to-night, for the first time? These three men were invited, and were expected to give an answer. Christ said, "None of those that were bidden shall taste of my supper." God will take you at your word and will excuse you, and if God does excuse you, you will be gone for time and eternity. Think of the blessed company that will be there. Suppose we were going to write out the excuse to-night:

"To the King of kings, to the Lord of glory:

"I received a pressing invitation from one of your ministers to be present at the marriage supper of your only begotten Son: I pray Thee to have me excused"

Who would sign that? I don't believe that there is a man in this house that could be hired to do it. It is a solemn thing to look into this house to-night and see so many young men here between twenty and thirty years of age, so many streams going to flow out from this meeting, but I tell you what is a more solemn thing, to think that inside of fifteen minutes many a man that is almost holding his breath now, listening to things that pertain to his eternal destiny, will be in the street, some cracking jokes about the preaching, and turning the whole thing into a jest. I beg of you to-night, do not make light of this invitation. I can imagine some of you saying, "My father and mother were godly people; they are in glory now; I may be pretty wild, but I never got so wild as to make light of religious things." You do make light of it, if you go out without answering this invitation.

Let us see if we can all sign this:

"To the King of kings, to the Lord of glory:

"While sitting in a religious meeting, I received a pressing invitation from one of your servants to be present at the supper of your only begotten Son. I hasten to reply. By the grace of God I will be there."

Who will sign that? Who has the courage to speak out and say, "I will?" It may be a sainted mother is watching, and listening to see if her boy is coming. Let the

answer go up to that sainted mother, "Mother, I am coming." O man, you can make joy in heaven now if you say, "I will." If you confess Christ before men, He will confess you before the Father and the holy angels.

THE WORK OF THE SHEPHERD.

I WANT to call your attention to the work of the shepherd. The work of a shepherd is to feed and to care for his flock. Some one asked a young convert how he knew Christ was divine. He says, "Because He has saved me, and because He keeps me." A pretty good proof, it seems to me. I see a person in the house that is troubled about the divinity of Jesus Christ. I was once talking with an atheist in my town, and I got him to read the New Testament. He came back in a few days and said, "Mr. Moody, I have taken your advice, and read the life of Jesus Christ, and I have come to the conclusion that John the Baptist was a greater character than Jesus Christ. Why don't you preach John the Baptist?" "Well," I said, "you go through the country and preach in the name of John the Baptist, and I will follow, and preach in the name of Jesus Christ, and I venture to say that I will have more followers than you." "O, well," he said, "of course you would, because people are very superstitious." "No; when they buried John the Baptist they buried him, and he hasn't got up yet. But when they buried the Son of God they could not hold Him. He rose again. We don't worship a

THE MARTYRDOM OF STEPHEN. Acts, vii, 54-60.

dead Christ; He is a glorified Christ." If Christ hadn't risen, do you believe this audience would be here this afternoon? Never! Gathered around a dead Jew, who was buried in the sepulcher at Jerusalem! Do you believe His name would give power, and quicken?

Now, I want to get your attention. Let's come to the work of the shepherd. In the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel, there are two things that he tells us the shepherd will do. I haven't got time to take them all up, but will just read a few things that the shepherd has promised to do. Thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel, eleventh verse.

Now, of course, I have only just time to touch upon the things he says he will do. "I will seek them out." Christ, when He came, said He had come to seek and save that which was lost. That is His work. It is the work of the shepherd to seek the lost. Who ever heard of a sheep seeking out a lost shepherd? A great many people say they cannot find Christ. He is seeking you out to find you. And not only does He find you, but He keeps you. That is what He came from heaven to do, to seek and save the lost.

I remember, when we were in London, they found one old woman who was eighty-five years old, and not a Christian. After the worker had prayed, she made a prayer herself, "O Lord, I thank Thee for going out of Thy way to find me." He is all the time going out of His way to find the lost. At one time He went up to the coast of Tyre. There was a poor woman groping in the darkness, and the Shepherd went and found her. "I will feed them in a good pasture." Now, I tell you He has a good many lean sheep, but some old divine says He has none

in His pasture; they have got out. If they will go into forbidden places they will get lean. You get your leanness by going after the world and worldly things. But He "feeds them in a good pasture."

"I will deliver them." That is His work. Now, He not only saved the children of Israel, but He delivered them. He not only saves us, but delivers us. I thank Jesus Christ that He is a deliverer. I don't believe He saves us, and then leaves us in prison. "I will deliver them."

"I will gather them from the people." Separate them. That is what we want, separation. And if we are going to have real Holy Ghost power here, we must be separated. There must be a separation. That is when God's people have power, not when they are in sympathy with the ungodly. Remember, we are His witnesses. We want to keep that in mind. A friend of mine was walking up the streets of Philadelphia some years ago, and he saw a church-member in a saloon playing cards. He took a card from his pocket, and wrote upon it, "Ye are my witnesses." He called a little boy to him and said, "You see that man sitting at the end of that table, playing cards?" "Yes." "Well, just take that card to him, and I will give you five cents." He gave him a nickel, the boy slipped in, and he slipped over to the other side of the street. The man read, "Ye are my witnesses." He sprung up and said, "Hello, my boy, who gave you that?" "Don't know." The man had gotten away. Yes, we are His witnesses, and we don't want to be found in a place like that.

"I will bring them to their land." That is what He wants, to bring them out of the world to His own land.

"I will bind up that which was broken." Yes, every broken heart, every bleeding heart, He will bind up. That is what God sent Him into the world to do. There is not a broken, bleeding heart here to-day, but that Christ can heal it.

"I will strengthen." People say that they haven't any strength. That is all right. We don't want any of our own strength; we want His strength. He has plenty of strength, and all that you need. The weaker we are, the better for us, for then we lay hold of God's strength. He will put strength into every one of His sheep, if they will let Him.

"I will save my flock." I want to tell you, my dear friends, if your religion isn't saving you from sin, and keeping you day by day from it, it is a sham; it is not the religion of Jesus Christ. "His name shall be called Jesus, because He shall save His people from their sins." He comes to us in our sins, but saves us from our sins. That is the only test that is worth having; that Christ is saving you from sin.

"I will set up one shepherd over them." You may have your different churches, but we have only one Christ after all. Do you know that? All these miserable sectarian walls have been built up by men. The Catholics have the same Christ as the Protestants—one shepherd, one Christ. The quicker we recognize that fact the better. We must get nearer and nearer together, if we are going to have power. If we are going to get nearer the shepherd, we have got to get nearer together.

"I will make them a covenant of peace." He brought peace. People are trying to make it. He made it by the blood of the cross, and all we have got to do is enter into it.

"I will cause evil beasts to cease out of the land." When a man is at peace with God, he is at peace with every one. He can have a beautiful, peaceful, joyful Christian life, if he will only walk with God. That is what we want, is just to have this victorious life.

"I will cause the showers to come down." That is just what we want here. Isn't it? If you want the real fruit, just pray. He is able and willing and anxious to do it, and it will bring great honor and glory to His Son, if the tide comes in here, and a wave goes out from this city that will go away across this continent. Why not? Let us expect great things, and we shall not be disappointed.

"I will raise them up a plant of renown." Thank God. He has been raised up. Christ has come since that was prophesied.

"I will satisfy them." I want to say that there is only one thing that will satisfy a longing heart, and that is Jesus Christ. The world will not satisfy. A proof of that is that the man who has the most of this world's goods gets the least out of it. Isn't it so? You never saw a millionaire in your life that was satisfied. When he gets one million, he wants three; and when he gets three, he wants ten, and so on. Why, I remember myself, when a millionaire was considered quite a rich man; but he is nothing now. He must have a hundred million. I pity him, don't you? I do. I just pity them, because they are not satisfied. The fact is, when God made your heart and mine, He made them a little too big for this world. That is just what Christ undertakes to do, to satisfy. You know sheep never lie down until they get enough to eat and drink. And so it says, "I will make them rest." He will just satisfy them so that they rest.

That is just what we want. We want rest for ourselves, before we can work for others. If we are restless and agitated, and don't get rest for our own soul, we are the last ones to help any one else. He instructed us, and kept us as the apple of His eye. He keeps. Wonderful shepherd! He is able to keep every one of His sheep. People are always talking about not being able to keep Christ. Man, let Christ keep you. I remember when my little girl was about four years old, she was always teasing for one of those black and white muffs, and she kept on teasing and teasing, and one day her mother brought her home a black and white muff. She came to my room and said, "Come, papa; let's go and take a walk." I was very busy, and said I could not go. But you know when you have an only daughter, she can do about as she wants to with you. She knew she would get me. And we went out. It was icy, and I said, "Emma, you had better let me take your hand." But she wouldn't let me, and she strutted down the street. She wanted to walk as her mother did, and show off her new muff. We went along, and finally she fell and hurt herself a little. I said, "Now, Emma, you'd better let me take your hand." "No, no;" she wouldn't. Very independent! But by-and-by down she went again, and she said, "Papa, I wish you would let me take your little finger." "You'd better let me take your hand." But she wouldn't; she only wanted my little finger. So I gave her my little finger. Down she went again, and she hurt her that time. "Papa, just take my hand, please." I put my big hand around her little wrist, and when her feet went from under her again, she didn't go down. That is the way the shepherd does; He keeps.

Give the whole thing up; your trying does not amount to anything. Trust Him to hold and keep you. The shepherd will keep all that commit themselves to Him. Just say, "Lord, I cannot stand without your help. The temptations are so numerous that I cannot help myself, but I have put my hand into the hand of the Eternal God, and I believe He will hold me." Thank God for the promise that He will keep us! Let that sink down into your soul. He will keep all who commit themselves to Him. Just trust Him now to keep you. Remember that it is His work to keep you, and if you go astray, it is His work to bring you back. The shepherd goes and gets the sheep, and puts it on his shoulder and brings it back. That man who had the hundred sheep didn't say he would let the sheep find its way back. He went out to find it. He went out and searched until he found it, and when he found it, he didn't beat, nor maul, nor kick it, but just kindly put it on his shoulder and carried it home. There was a young minister I heard about some time ago, who went to take charge of a church that had been under the care of an old pastor; and he went to scolding the people, and he kept that up for six months. One day one of the old deacons asked him home to dinner with him. After dinner, the old deacon asked him if he had read the twenty-first chapter of John. "Read it! I hope I have read every chapter in the Bible. Read it! Why, of course I have." So, the old deacon got his Bible, and began to read it. He got down to where the Lord is sifting Peter and testing him. "Peter, lovest thou Me more than these? Beat my sheep." "Peter, lovest thou Me more than these? Maul my sheep." "Lovest thou Me more than these? Wallop

my sheep." "Why," said the minister to the deacon, "that isn't there." "Well, I thought I would read it to you, as you have been at us for the last six months and see how it sounded." You never made a sheep fat in that way. Feed them well, if you want them to work and grow fat. I tell you I honestly believe we have too much preaching in the exhorting line. Exhort! Exhort! Exhort! I believe that the church needs to be fed; and where there is one sermon preached to the unconverted, I wish we had one hundred preached to the church-members. They watch the church-members and say, "Look at that man and woman; they are members of the church. If that is religion, I don't want any of it." And I don't blame them. Do you? Now, what we want is to keep that in mind. Feed them. That is what the good shepherd will do. Why, a man said he would take a fat sheep and make it lean in a week. There was a bet on that statement, and they put up the money. They took a sheep and put it in a cage, and then they went and got a dog. That dog kept barking at the sheep and worried it so that it was quite poor in a week. There are lots of sheep that are scared. "And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of my hand." Never. Twenty-eight times in this chapter He uses the pronoun to tell what He will do for His sheep. Some old divine has said that all of God's sheep have three marks. You know in California, and some of those places where they have a great many sheep, they have their marks and register them, just as some business men register their trademark. First, they hear; second, they know his voice; and, third, they follow. That is the way you can

tell a true sheep. They know God's voice, and they don't try to follow; but they do follow. You can tell a sheep from a goat in that way. Tenth chapter of John, third verse. Now, if you want life to your soul just listen to the word of God, let the word of God sink down into your soul. "Verily, verily; I say unto you"—put your name in there.—"he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but has passed from death unto life." You can come into the open fold through that door this very hour if you will. There is not an unsaved one here who may not enter the fold of God now if he will.

They knew his voice. A great many people cannot tell the voice of God from the voice of a false shepherd. There was a friend of mine at Mt. Vernon some time ago, and two shepherds came down to the water, and he said he thought there were fully ten thousand sheep. These shepherds were talking, and he wondered how they were going to get their sheep separated. One shepherd got up and put on his turban, and then he spoke to the sheep, and they knew his voice. All his sheep followed him. He didn't drive them. The other one called his sheep, and they followed him. This friend of mine said to the shepherd, "Do all these sheep know you? Does every one of your sheep know you?" "Why, yes." "Can't you deceive them?" And the old shepherd laughed at the idea; he thought it was too absurd for anything. And my friend said, "Now, just let me try it. Let me have your frock and turban, and you go behind a tree." He called out just as the shepherd had told him, "Mena, Mena!" The sheep scattered in all directions. They

knew it was a strange voice. Then he said to the shepherd, "Won't they follow a stranger?" "Well," he said, "a sick sheep will follow a stranger, but not a healthy one." (Why, you see the point, don't you?) Have you any unhealthy sheep around here? I tell you the true sheep know a true shepherd. I got up in Scotland once and quoted a passage of Scripture a little different from what it was in the Bible, and an old woman crept up and said, "Mr. Moody, you said——." I might make forty misquotations here, and no one would tell me about them. Like two lawyers, one said in court that the other didn't know the Lord's prayer. The other said he did. "Now I lay me down to sleep." "Well," he said, "I give it up. You do know it." Didn't either one of them know it, you see.

Now, they do follow. Mark ye. They don't try to follow, I wish we could abolish that word "try." I really believe I have had more than twenty-five people here tell me they were "going to try real hard to be Christians." My friends, that does not amount to anything. That is a very slippery rock to get on. Try, try, try. I have heard persons say, "You know the Bible says try, try, try again." They thought that was in the Bible. You cannot find a place in the Bible where you are told to try. Just follow Him. Let that word "try" be banished, and put in the word "trust." God will always help a man or a woman that wants to follow His Son. Now, people are looking after happiness, peace and joy, after the fruits of the spirit. My dear friends, you get done looking after these things and look to Christ, and you will have them. You don't have to look for these things. I don't know but I have used this illustration before, about

trying to catch your shadow. I remember when I was a boy I used to try to jump over the shadow of my head, but I never succeeded in getting over it. Then I would try to outrun it, but I never could. I remember coming down the mountain side one night, and a boy was trying to catch me. I looked around and saw my shadow running after me. Well, the sweetest lesson I have learned since I have been in Christ's school is just to face the great shepherd, and the shadow follows. Look for Christ, and you will not be in the dark. Now, if there is a man or woman here that is in the dark to-day, I will tell you why. It is because you have got away from the Shepherd, because you are afraid of Him. Just get near the Shepherd if you want food, light, peace and joy. Don't try to follow, but just follow. When you were a boy and went to school, it wasn't a matter of feeling, but obedience. What you want is will. The thing we are told to do is just to follow, and if we do we are not going to be allowed to walk in the dark. Tenth chapter of John, third verse, "He calleth them by name." I get a good deal of comfort out of that fact—that the Shepherd knows me by my name. Why! He, Saul of Tarsus, knew all about Him. He knew little of Samuel. See! The Shepherd knows us by name. A friend of mine was in Syria, and he found a shepherd that kept up the old custom of naming his sheep. This friend of mine said he wouldn't believe that the sheep knew him when he called them by name. So he asked the shepherd if the sheep were all named, and if they all knew their names. "I wish you would just call one or two." The shepherd said, "Carl." The sheep stopped eating and looked up. The shepherd called out, "Come here." The sheep

came and stood looking up into his face. He called another and another, he called about a dozen sheep, and there they stood looking up at the shepherd. "How can you tell them apart?" "O, there are no two alike. See, that sheep toes in a little; this sheep is a little bit squint-eyed; that sheep has a black spot on its nose." My friend found that he knew every one of his sheep by their failings. He didn't have a perfect one in his flock. I suppose that is the way the Lord knows you and me. There is a man that is covetous; he wants to grasp the whole world. He wants a shepherd to keep down that spirit. There is a woman down there who has an awful tongue; she keeps the whole neighborhood stirred up. There is a woman over there who is deceitful, terribly so. She needs the care of a shepherd to keep her from deceit, for she will ruin all her children. They will all turn out just like their mother. There is a father over there who wouldn't swear for all the world before his children, but sometimes he gets provoked in his business and swears before he knows it. Doesn't he need a shepherd's care? I would like to know if there is a man or woman here who doesn't need the care of a shepherd. Haven't we all got failings? If you really want to know what your failings are, you can find some one who can point them out. God would never have sent Christ into the world, if we didn't need His care. We are as weak and foolish as sheep.

I wish I had time to dwell on the tenderness of the shepherd. I find that Satan takes the advantage of some people in this way. A child dies, is taken from a home, and Satan says, "Ministers tell about the tenderness and kindness and love of the Shepherd; don't you see how he

has wounded you?" My dear friend, don't let Satan get the best of you. A friend of mine in New York (I was going to say the best man I ever knew) sat right by me and worked as no other minister did. He had four beautiful children, and scarlet fever just came in and swept them all away. The poor man tried to get comfort. He couldn't find it, and he went off to Europe, traveled all through Great Britain, couldn't get rest, and finally went off to Syria. One day he and his wife went down to the stream; they saw a shepherd come down with a flock of sheep. The shepherd went into the stream and called the sheep after him. They looked down at him very wistfully, but couldn't follow because they had little lambs.

Finally the shepherd came out of the water and picked up a little lamb, and put it into his bosom. The two old sheep that had lost their little ones, instead of looking at the water in fear, began to look up to the shepherd and bleat. They followed him close into the stream because their loved ones were there.

By-and-by he got them all over into a greener pasture, into a better place, and when he got them safely over, he took the little lambs out of his bosom. The father and mother stood there and watched, and they said, "That is what the great Palestine Shepherd has done with our little ones."

He has taken them across the stream into greener pasture, home to a better place.

They are back in New York at work for other children. My friends, don't let Satan get the advantage of you. A titled lady was telling me some time ago, when I was in England, that one day she was out riding, and she saw a

shepherd who had some dogs driving sheep. If the sheep stopped to drink out of the pools in the streets, he would have the dogs after them. She kept saying, "O, you cruel man!" But by-and-by he came to a beautiful park, opened the great iron gate, and let all the sheep in there where the grass was knee high, beautiful, sweet, fresh grass, and a beautiful river running right through the park; and she said he wasn't so cruel after all. He was only trying to get them to a better place. My dear friends, our loved ones are passing away, but they are going to a better field. There is a passage here I would just like to read to you. Hebrews, xii, 5: "And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children. My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

THE CENTURION AT CAPERNAUM.

I WANT to call your attention to the centurion that we have just read about at Capernaum. He is one of those nameless characters that shine very brightly upon the stage of history. For some reason the Holy Ghost hasn't given us his name. There are quite a number of nameless characters that have shone very brightly in this world, in the Scripture. A good many of us would like to know who that woman at the well was; she is one of those characters we would like to meet when we get to heaven. We would like to know the name of that woman whom He met way up on the coast of Tyre; that blind beggar that takes up more room than any other character in the Bible, just because he had courage to speak out his convictions and stand boldly for Christ; that little maid that told Naaman, or the wife of Naaman, about the prophet Elisha, and set two kingdoms in commotion. Her name has not been given us. And here is another character, this centurion, who shines brightly, a light in the dark places. I tell you, the brightest and purest pearls come from the darkest caverns of the ocean. And here is a pure gem, a diamond shining in that little town. Such a man as this centurion, not only in Capernaum, but in the Roman army.

JESUS AND THE TRIBUTE MONEY. Mark, xii, 13-17.

Now, if there was a class of people that the Jews despised, it was the gentiles, and the one gentile nation they detested the most was the Romans, unless it should be the Samaritans. Yet this man had lived so in Capernaum that he had won their favor and esteem; he had commanded the respect, not only of his own soldiers, but of those Jews that would naturally have hated him. He went to Christ and wanted Christ to heal his servant, because he loved the nation. They thought because he had built them a synagogue that he was one of the grandest of men, and it looks as if God left all His work to go and heal this centurion, because he was worthy. Perhaps they said, "The very synagogue I occupied last Sunday was built by this centurion. Now, come, because he is worthy." Didn't do it on the ground of grace, they did it on the ground of his worthiness. Now, if you will just follow the whole scene, you will find that Christ wanted to teach another lesson. I remember being in Scotland a few years ago, and on my way to the church, a friend said, "I hope you will not bear very hard on whisky. The steeple on the church where you are going to preach was built by a distiller, and it would hurt his feelings if you should say anything about whisky." That was just the way to keep me from saying anything about it, you know. I had to give my opinion about steeples that were built with whisky money. There are a good many who have an idea that distilling is all right, if they will only give their money to the church. That will cover a multitude of evil, and make it all right. These Jews thought this centurion was all right, because he had built then a synagogue. Now, a man may build a synagogue, and still be a black-hearted villain. But not so with this centurion; I don't think it was because he

had built a synagogue that his name shines so bright in history. I will tell you what I think. He wanted Christ to come and heal his servant, and I suppose that servant was a slave. A different set of people we have now! Most of us, if we have a servant, and he gets sick, we just get him home as quickly as possible, or to some hospital. Perhaps we get a free bed, if we can. We get him off our hands, because we don't want to be bothered with a sick servant. We have paid them their wages, and we think that is the end of our responsibility. Not so with the centurion. It wasn't his son, nor his daughter, nor his wife, nor mother. It wasn't some member of his family, not any one that was bound to him by the tie of nature, but a servant, and he was dear to him. Ah, my dear friends, there is a lesson. I don't believe this nation has ever seen a better day to show our friendship toward those who are down. The gulf has been becoming deeper and darker for twenty years, and now we have a good opportunity to bridge the gulf. Let us follow in the footsteps of that good Samaritan. Let the millionaires look very carefully now after the men who have been piling up their wealth for them. Follow the footsteps of this good Samaritan, and see what will come out of it. He won the esteem of every servant he had. Do you tell me that if that servant was very dear to him, the centurion was not dear to the servant? I was in California some time ago, and quite a number tried to tell me that the Chinaman hadn't a soul, and that a Chinaman wasn't capable of loving. I said, "It is utterly false. There is not a son or daughter of Adam on earth, that isn't capable of loving." Before I left California, they told me of a man who got a Chinaman just as he came

to this country, and took him into his family and treated him kindly, and by-and-by the Chinaman became his body-servant. At last misfortune overtook his master. He died, and left his widow without any means of support. The poor Chinaman had worked hard and long, day and night, to get back to China. Every company that brings a Chinaman to this country has to sign a contract that they will bring him back dead or alive. Sometimes they scrape the flesh off the bones, and send them back to be buried in their own country. This man had been working and toiling hard to get money to go back, but when he found that his master had left his mistress without money, he took the thousand dollars and insisted upon her taking it. And yet they say a Chinaman cannot love! My dear friends, you cannot expect anything better from the world, but when you find those who profess to be Christians, what is going to become of the cause of Jesus in the world? I wonder if you are looking after those who serve you. Are any of them unfortunate just now. Are they in need? Your soup-houses may be all right, but I wouldn't like to have a servant of mine go to a soup-house. Would you? I wouldn't like to have a man who is toiling for me degrade himself, by going to a house to beg for soup.

My friend, Professor Drummond, went off into the heart of Africa, and when he returned he told me he believed the Africans, as a nation, were not capable of loving; he believed they understood a knock over the head better than kindness. I believe that is utterly false, and I believe if we walk on that line, we are never going to reach this world. There was a lady in New York who was brought up in the south, and she told me that when

the war came on, a man went into the army, and left his wife with two daughters, and an old colored woman that had been a slave all of her life had two daughters. The man was killed in the army, and a good deal of his property was swept away. When the old colored woman heard about it, she refused to take her liberty because her mistress had nothing. The mistress soon after died, and then the poor old colored woman took care of the two daughters. When the old colored woman was dying, she called her daughters to her, and said, "I want you to take good care of those two daughters. They have never been taught to take care of themselves; the mistress is gone, and now I am going too. When I am dead and gone, I want you to be careful to see that they don't come to want." Those two colored daughters cared for those two white sisters, and when they got so reduced that they could not get a living, they went out and got ten dollars. They wanted to give five of it to those white girls. The lady said, "I won't send it to them. You can if you want to." And one of the colored girls said, "Why, they wouldn't take it from a nigger. I don't want to disgrace them by asking them to take it from me." She insisted upon the lady sending it to help those two white girls. Now, I say those colored girls belonged to the nobility of heaven. You don't want to look down upon those people. I have great admiration for that centurion who thought a good deal of his servant, and I tell you that kind of thing will kill out anarchy, kill out nihilism, sweep them from the face of the earth. No, it is one thing to come out here and say "amen," and another thing to carry it out in your home. You just want to watch that you don't get into the place of

some Pharisee. You treat men as they should be treated, and see if you don't win their esteem and respect. I was once reading, in history, about a heathen king. He received a mortal wound, and sent for his faithful body-servant. When the servant came, the soldier said, "Go tell the dead I am coming." And the servant pressed his knife through his heart, that he might go and tell the dead his master was coming after him.

As I said before, now is our day. The workingmen are seeing hard times, and if there was ever a time for the church of God to show kindness, it is at present, if we haven't lost them, for they are far from the church to-day; they have been taught to believe that the church doesn't care for them. The great mass of the workingmen of this country have been alienated from the church of God.

Now is the time to look well after your servants, your clerks, and those whom you employ, and see if you cannot help them now that they are down. A little act of kindness will go a great deal further than the sermons just now. We want good Samaritans just now to go and pick up those men who have been slain, as it were, by this financial panic that is sweeping over the land. Did the world ever see such a day? Take up your morning paper. About a million dollars in the banks of New York, and it is a drug at one per cent. Yet men are starving for the want of work. Starving! May God deliver us. It would be a good thing for us to get on our backs, so that we can just look up to heaven. A man said to me the other night when I was talking on this subject, "Your old gospel won't put bread into the mouths of the people." My friend, don't you believe it. That is just what will. You want to remove the cause

of this trouble, and I believe the gospel of the Son of God is the only thing that will do it. If men will stop drinking whisky, it will buy bread for their children, won't it? If they will stop their gambling, don't you think it will put some money into bread, and the family will have something to eat? If they will stop this cursed adultery, don't you think the wives and children will be looked after? This man was a leper. How many of your servants have a disease a thousand times worse than the leprosy. A kind act may turn them into the kingdom of God, and it would be a grand day if we could see a revival of righteousness going over this land as it did in 1857. Then there was a sweep of salvation that went sweeping away across the continent, and brought five hundred thousand into the church of God. And so out of this financial crash that is upon us, and out of this great panic, let every business man and every woman that has servants look well now, and see if you cannot win them. Don't send them off to any charitable institution, but just take care of them yourselves. Don't go and blow a trumpet, and say that you have done so much for your servants; but do it kindly and quietly. I don't suppose this centurion ever thought of what he had done for his servants. He wanted his servant healed, and so he sent these men, these Jews, for Christ to heal them. There is a double staff. That man was full of faith, and full of humility. If you want to be successful in working for God, that is just the thing. It isn't often that the two meet in one man. Did you know it? But this man had exalted thoughts of God, and very low thoughts of himself. Now, I want to call your attention to a fact. If you find a man that has very high thoughts of himself,

he will have very low thoughts of God. I met a man in the inquiry-room the other night, who thought he was the very best man in town, and he thought God was the most insignificant being that there ever was. This centurion was little in his own sight, he was insignificant. He was centurion in the Roman army, but this man never thought of himself. He thought that the Jews were better than he, so he sent them to get Christ to come and heal the servant. Thank God for humility and faith! His faith was as bold as a lion, his humility as meek as a dove, as meek as a lamb, and he had power. And he shines on and on, and has been shining for eighteen hundred years. He is going to shine on forevermore. Why? Because he wasn't low and mean and selfish. Now, I have heard all kinds of men and women praised, but there is one character that you never heard praised. Can you think of the man or woman who is never praised? Do you know who it is? It is a supremely selfish man or woman. Take A. T. Stewart, for instance. Did you ever hear of any one praising him? One of his clerks got sick and couldn't come to the store for two, or three, or ten weeks; his wages were cut right off; he wasn't responsible. Who is my brother? "Am I my brother's keeper?" He didn't feel any responsibility for any man that helped him make his great fortune. Why, I was in New York when he was dying, and there was a sort of a jubilee all over the city. They were glad the old miser was going. They were telling stories right there in his marble palace. His wife might have mourned, but if she did she was about the only mourner he had. What a glorious opportunity he had to become immortal, live forever! I pity these men that hold on with a tight grip to every-

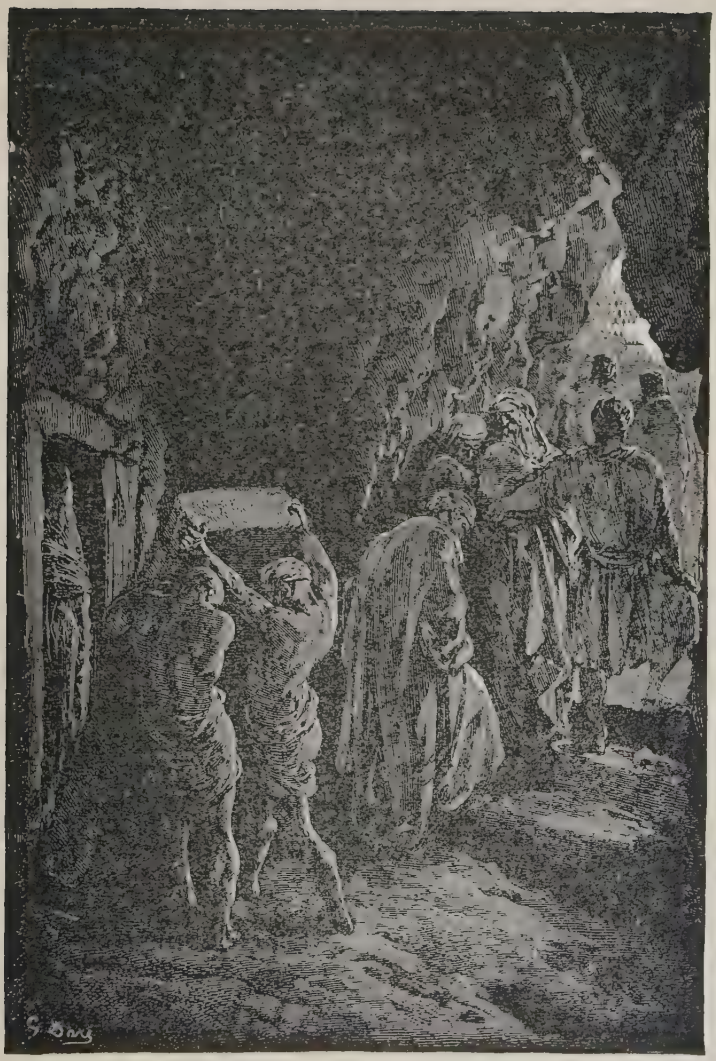
thing they have. I heard of a man once that was always telling his servant that he was going to do a great thing for him, "I am going to remember you in my will." Sambo got his expectations up very high. When the man came to die, it was found that all he had willed Sambo was to be buried in the family lot. That was the big thing, you know. Sambo said he wished he had given him ten dollars, and let the lot go. If you want to show kindness to a person, show it to them while you are living. I heard a man say that he didn't want people to throw bouquets to him after he was dead, and say, "There, smell them." Now, this is the time for action. This man acted. He was going to try to save the life of that servant. That is what we want to do. I have got so tired and sick of this splitting hairs over theology, and men talking about higher criticism. Man, let us go out and get these fallen men up. Lift them up toward God and heaven. We want a practical kind of Christianity. I was in England some time ago, and they had a great corps of bishops, and the highest ecclesiastical men having a discussion which lasted for days, to see whether they should wear a black or white gown. Man, throw aside your gown, and give them the gospel. That is what they want. This man's servant was dying, and he went to work to save him. You have servants that are dying without God, and without hope. Don't think because they work for you eight or ten hours a day that your responsibility ends there. I believe God will hold you responsible. You business men can reach those men who are employed by you a good deal better than the ministers. As I said the other day, we are living in altogether different days from what our fathers did.

Those old days have gone now. We treat our servants just about as we do a sewing-machine. If they do their work well, all right, but if they don't, we kick them out. They may go to ruin, become defaulters, and bring a stain upon the whole family, and it is nothing to you. It is a good deal to you. That centurion looked after his servant. Look after your servants. See that they don't work seven days in the week. Don't make a man do what you don't want to do yourself.

But my time is up. I would just like to have you take this centurion into your heart and see if you are like him. Perhaps you have built a synagogue. You may stand well abroad, but how do you stand at home? Do you stand well there? This man stood well with his servants, he stood well abroad, just because he was a real, true man, although he was a gentile and a Roman.

OUR VICTORY OVER THE WORLD.

I WANT to talk to-day about the overcoming life. When a battle is fought, we are all anxious to know who the victors are. In the first Epistle of John, fifth chapter, fourth verse, we read, "For whosoever is born of God overcometh the world." That is our starting-point. If we are going to get victory over the world, we have got to get it through Christ. I wouldn't think of talking to unconverted men about overcoming the world, for it is utterly impossible. They might as well try to cut down the American forests with their penknives. I want to say to Christian people that I think a good many of us make this mistake; we think the battle is already fought, the victory already won. They have an idea that all they have to do is to put the oars down in the bottom of the boat, and the current will drift them into the ocean of God's eternal love, but we have got to cross the current. We have got to learn how to watch and fight and how to overcome. I think a great many Christian people make this mistake; they think the battle is already fought. It is only just commenced. The Christian life is a conflict and a warfare, and the quicker we find it out the better. Don't let any man think he is going to overcome his enemies without putting forth his strength with God's



THE BURIAL OF SARAH. Genesis, xxiii.

power. There is not a blessing in this world that God has not linked Himself to. All these great and higher blessings God associates Himself with. When God and man work together, then it is that there is going to be victory. We are co-workers with Him. You might take a mill and put it forty feet above any river you have here in this country, and there isn't capital enough in the world to make that river turn that mill; but get it down about forty feet, and away it works. We want to keep in mind that if we are going to overcome the world, we have got to work with Him.

Again, in that same epistle, fourth chapter, and fourth verse, "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is He that is in you than He that is in the world." Now, let us keep that in mind; He was the only man that conquered this world. With that life we can overcome the world, and every man has been a failure away from God. When Abraham got his eyes from God, he was weak like other men and denied his wife. It is a very singular thing just to notice how the men in the Bible, if they have fallen, have generally fallen on the strongest points of their characters.

Abraham was noted for his faith, and he fell there; but he lost faith and denied his wife. Moses was noted for his meekness and humility, but he lost his temper, and God kept him out of the promised land. Elijah was noted for his power in prayer and for his courage, and he became a coward. Queen Jezebel scared him nearly out of his life. Peter was noted for his boldness, and a little maid scared him nearly out of his wits. And so you can run right on through the Scripture. Men very often fall on the strongest points of their characters. I suppose

that is because we are not on the watch. If we are going to overcome, we have got to watch as well as to pray.

Then we overcome by faith, the twentieth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Galatians: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." The life that I now live is the life of faith, we stand by faith.

Then, in the twentieth verse of the eleventh chapter of Romans: "Well; because of unbelief they were broken off, and thou standest by faith." So that we live by faith; we stand by faith.

Then we read in Corinthians that "we walk by faith;" and in Ephesians, "We fight the good fight of faith." We walk by faith, not by sight. The most objectionable characters we meet are those who are trying to walk by sight, not by faith. Take Jacob; he tried to walk by sight; and then take his son Joseph. Joseph walked by faith, and see what a victorious life he had. He was a mighty giant just because he walked not by sight, but by faith. Lot walked by sight, and it led him astray. Abraham looked beyond, and he saw the fountain whose builder and maker was God. He did not fall in Sodom like Lot. Why? Because Abraham walked by faith, and Lot walked by sight.

Now, I want to call your attention to three passages of Scripture; the first you will find in Genesis, third chapter and sixth verse, "And when the woman saw it was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of

the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat." Now, there are three things good for food; the lust of the flesh, pleasant to the eye (that is the lust of the eyes), third, to make one wise (that is the pride of life). My friends, you will find all faith reaches right along on these three lines. Turn over into John's epistles and see what he says about any man leaving the world. Now, if you will turn over into Matthew's gospel, fourth chapter, you will read these words, "Then was Jesus led up by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights He was afterwards an hungered." See! the devil assailed Him on His weak point. He was hungry. The tempter said to Him, "If thou be the Son of God, command these stones be made bread."

But He said, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Then the devil taketh Him up into the holy city, and sitteth Him on a pinnacle of the temple, * * *." Now, he took Him up into the temple, that beautiful temple, the most beautiful thing on the earth, and the second Adam overcame the lust of temptation. Now notice, there is the tree of life. The devil took Him up into these mountains and showed Him all the kingdoms of the earth. The tree of life is a third temptation, but He overcame the third temptation. Now, the difference between the two Adams is right here; the first Adam was overcome by the tempter, and the second Adam overcame the tempter. That is the question for us to settle, whether we will overcome the world, or let the world overcome us. When the war broke out we had some

politicians who told us the war would be over in about ninety days, and men went into the army with a whoop. But you know it lasted four or five years. What was the trouble? We underestimated the strength of the enemy; and that is where we were overcome over and over again. I believe that a great many Christians are overcome because they don't know what a terrible fight we have. Now, it is no sign because a man is a Christian that he is going to overcome the world, unless he resists temptation when it comes. Don't let any man or woman think all he has to do is to join the church. That will not save you. The question is, are you overcoming the world, or is the world overcoming you? Are you more patient than you were five years ago? Are you more loving than you were five years ago? Are you more amiable, have you more patience? If you haven't, the world is overcoming you, even if you are a church-member. That epistle that Paul wrote to Titus says that we are to be sound in patience, faith and charity. We have got Christians, a good many of them, that are good in spots, but mighty poor in other spots. Just a little bit of them seems to be saved, you know. They are not rounded out in their characters. It is just because we haven't been taught that we have a terrible foe to overcome. The worst enemy you have to overcome, after all, is yourself. When Captain T—— came out in London he was a great society man, and he became converted. After he had been a Christian some months he was asked, "What have you found to be your greatest enemy since you began to be a Christian?" After a few minutes of deep thought, he said, "Well, I think it is myself."

"Ah!" said the lady, "the King has taken you into His presence, for it is only in His presence that we are taught these truths." "I have had more trouble with D. L. Moody than with any other man who has crossed my path. If I can only keep him right, I don't have any trouble with other people." There is the trouble. A good many of you have trouble with your servants. Did you ever think that the trouble lies with you instead of the servants? If one member of the family is constantly snapping, he will have the whole family snapping. It is true, whether you believe it or not. You speak quick and snapping to people, and they will do the same to you.

Now, if we are going to overcome ourselves we have got to begin inside. God always begins there. We have got enemies within and enemies without. Now, take appetite. Let a man that is given to strong drink (that is the enemy inside) look to God for help, and He will give him victory over his appetite. Now, you want that power broken in you. Jesus Christ came to destroy the works of the devil, and He will take away that appetite if you will let Him. Here is another man (or perhaps a woman) that is downed by lust. The Lord will give you victory over that; but you have got to look to Him for it. You may have a bad, irritable temper. I have had people say to me, "Mr. Moody, how can I get control of my temper?" If you really want to get control, I will tell you how. Do you want to get it? Well, you won't like the medicine. Now, I will tell you so that you can get complete control inside of a few weeks. When a person treats that as a sin and confesses it, they will get rid of it. People look upon it as a sort of a misfortune,

and one lady told me she inherited it from her father and mother. Supposing you do. That is no excuse for you. When you get angry again and speak unkindly to a person, and when you realize it, you go and ask them to forgive you. You won't get mad with that person for the next twenty-four hours. You might do it in about forty-eight hours, but go the second time, and after you have done it about half-a-dozen times, you will get out of the business, because it kind of makes the old flesh burn. You just try it and see if you don't overcome that temper of yours. A lady said to me once, "I have got so in the habit of exaggerating that my friends accuse me of exaggerating so that they don't understand me." She said, "Can you help me? What can I do to overcome it?" "Well," I said, "the next time you catch yourself lying go right to that party and say you have lied, and tell them you are sorry. Say it is a lie; stamp it out, root and branch; that is what you want to do." Christianity isn't worth a snap of your finger if it doesn't straighten out your characters. I have got tired of all your mere gush and sentiment. If people can't tell when you are telling the truth, there is something radically wrong, and you had better straighten it out right away. Now, are you ready to do it? You will soon get out of the business if you will do it. Bring yourself to it, whether you want to or not. Do you find some one has been offended by something you have done? Go right to them and tell them you are sorry. You say you are not to blame. Never mind; go right to them and tell them you are sorry. I have had to do it a good many times. An impulsive man like myself has to do it a good many times; but I sleep all the sweeter at night when I get things

straightened out. I have sometimes had to get off the platform and go down and ask a man's forgiveness before I could go on. A Christian man ought to be a gentleman every time; but if he is not, and he finds he has wounded or hurt some one, he ought to go and straighten it out at once. I tell you, you will get out of that kind of business after you have asked forgiveness a few times, because you don't like to do it. You know there are a great many people who want just Christianity enough to make them respectable. They don't think about this overcoming life that gets the victory all the time. They have their blue days and their cross days, and the children say, "Mother is cross to-day, and you will have to be very careful." We don't want any of these touchy blue days; these ups and downs. If we are overcoming, that is the effect our life is going to have on others, they will have confidence in our Christianity. A lady came to me once and said, "Mr. Moody, I wish you would tell me how I could become a Christian." The tears were rolling down her cheeks, and she was in a very favorable mood, "but," she said, "I don't want to be one of your kind." "Well," I said, "have I got any peculiar kind? What is the matter with my Christianity?" "Well," she said, "my father was a doctor and had a large practice, and he used to get so tired that he used to take us to the theater. There was a large family of girls, and we had tickets for the theater three or four times a week. I suppose we were there a good deal oftener than we were in church. I am married to a lawyer, and he has a large practice. He gets so tired that he takes us out to the theater, and," she said, "I am far better acquainted with the theater and theater people

than with the church and church people, and I don't want to give up the theater." "Well," I said, "did you ever hear me say anything about theaters? There have been reporters here every day for all the different papers, and they are giving my sermons verbatim in one paper. Have you ever seen anything in the sermons against the theaters?" She said, "Why, no." "Well," I said, "I have seen you in the audience every afternoon for several weeks and have you heard me say anything against theaters?" No, she hadn't. "Well," I said, "then what made you bring that up?" "Why, I supposed you didn't believe in theaters." "What made you think that?" "Why," she said, "do you ever go?" "No." "Why don't you go?" "Why, because I have got something better. I would sooner go out into the street and eat dirt than do some of the things I used to do before I became a Christian." "Why," she said, "I don't understand." "Never mind," I said, "when Jesus Christ has the pre-eminence you will understand it all. He didn't come down here and say we shouldn't go here and we shouldn't go there, and lay down a lot of rules; but He laid down great principles. Now, He says, if you love Him you will take delight in pleasing Him." And I began to preach Christ to her. The tears started again. She said, "I tell you, Mr. Moody, that sermon yesterday afternoon just broke my heart. I admire Him and I want to be a Christian, but I don't want to give up the theaters." I said, "Please, don't mention that again. I don't want to talk about theaters, I want to talk to you about Christ." So I took my Bible and I read to her about Christ. But she said again, "Mr. Moody, can I go to the theater if I become a Christian?" "Yes," I

said, "you can go to the theater just as much as you like, if you are a real true, Christian." "Well," she said, "I am glad you are not so narrow-minded as some." She felt quite relieved to think that she could go to the theater and be a Christian. But I said, "If you can go to the theater for the glory of God, keep on going, only be sure that you go for the glory of God. If you are a Christian you will be glad to do whatever will please Him." I really think she became a Christian that day, the burden had gone, there was joy; but just as she was leaving me at the door, she said, "I am not going to give up the theater." In a few days she came back to me, and said, "Mr. Moody, I understand all about that theater business now. I went the other night. There was a large party at our house, and my husband wanted us to go, and we went; but when the curtain lifted, everything looked so different. I said to my husband, 'This is no place for me, this is horrible. I am not going to stay here, I am going home.' He said, 'Don't you make a fool of yourself. Every one has heard that you have been converted, and if you go out it will be all through fashionable society. I beg of you don't make a fool of yourself by getting up and going out.' But I said, 'I have been making a fool of myself all of my life.'" Now, the theater hadn't changed, you know, but she had got something better, and she was going to overcome the world. When Christ has the first place in your heart you are going to get victory over the world. If you want to get victory, give Christ the first place in your heart. Just do whatever you know will please Him.

When I was in the old country I went to a place where there was more whisky distilled than in almost any other

place in Scotland, and I opened upon whisky the best I knew how. A young man who had had a large distillery left him by his father came to me and said that if I could show him one passage of Scripture that condemned the distilling of whisky he would give it up. I said, "I could give you a good many."

But I just gave him one: "All that ye do, do it for the glory of God." I would like to have you distill one hundred barrels of whisky and then pray to God to bless them to your fellowmen. The idea of a man praying to God about whisky. Now, we don't want to go anywhere where we cannot pray, if we are Christians—and I am talking to Christian people—anything that is contrary to that, just give it up. I think a good many people now want a Christianity without the cross. They want a cross, but they don't want to pass through Gethsemane, they just want to get upon the Mount of Transfiguration without taking up the cross. There is only one royal way, and that is by the way of Calvary. We have got to deny ourselves some of these things if we are going to be victorious Christians.

There is somebody who is covetous. There is more said in the Bible against covetousness than against intemperance. We think that a man that gets drunk is a horrid monster, but a covetous man will often be received into the church and be put into office, who is as vile and black in the sight of God as any drunkard. Mr. Durant told me he was engaged by Goodyear to defend the rubber patent and he was to have half of the money that came from the patent if he succeeded. One day he woke up to find that he was a rich man, and he said that the greatest struggle of his life then took place as to whether

he would let money be his master, or he be master of money, whether he would be a slave to money, or make it a slave to him. At last he got the victory, and that is how Wellesley was built.

Are you jealous? Go and do a good turn for that person you are jealous of. That is the way to cure jealousy; it will kill it out. It will give it a blow right over the head. It is a horrid monster. It is a devil; that is what it is. Are you jealous? Are any of you ladies jealous of any other lady? Make them a present; do them a good turn. There were two business men, merchants, and there was great rivalry between them. One of them was converted, and there was a great deal of bitter feeling between them. The man who had been converted went to the minister and said, "I am still jealous of that man, and I do not know how to overcome it." "Well," I said, "if a man comes into your store to buy goods, and you cannot supply him, just send him over to your neighbor." O, he said, he wouldn't like to do that. "Well," I said, "you do it, and you will kill jealousy." He said he would, and when a customer came into his store for goods which he did not have, he would tell him to go across the street to his neighbor. And by-and-by the other began to send his customers over to this man's store. Give it up. You can't just fold your arms and say, "Lord, take it out of me," but just go and work with Him; and that is the way with pride. My dear friends, we haven't much to be proud of. People have an idea that it is just the wealthy, those who have a good deal of money, who are proud. You go down on some of the back streets, and you will find that some of the very poorest are as proud as the richest. It is in the heart, you know.

People that haven't any money are just as proud as those that have it. We have got to crush it out. It is an enemy. You needn't be proud of your face, for there is not one of you but that after ten days in the grave the worms would be eating your body. There is nothing to be proud of, is there? Let's ask God to deliver us from pride.

I haven't got time to take up these outside enemies. Custom is an enemy. Some one says, "I move in society where they have wine parties. I know it is rather a dangerous thing, because my son is apt to follow me. But I can stop just where I want to; perhaps my son hasn't got the same power as I have, and he may go over the dam. But it is the custom in the society where I move." Once I got into a place where I had to get up and leave. I was invited into a home in the old country, and they had a late supper, and there were seven kinds of liquor on the table. I am ashamed to say they were Christian people. A deacon urged a young lady to drink until her face flushed. I got up from the table and went out. I felt that it was no place for me. They considered me very rude. That was going against custom; that was entering a protest against such an infernal thing. Let's go against custom.

It may be that we have got to overcome in business. Perhaps it is business morning, noon and night, and Sundays, too. When a man will drive like Jehu all the week and like a snail on Sunday, isn't there something wrong with him? So, my friends, that is the question for you and me to settle. Shall we overcome the world, or shall the world overcome us? Now, look at yourself. Are you getting the victory? Are you growing more even

in your disposition; are you getting mastery over the world and the flesh; the lust of the eye; the lust of the flesh; the pride of the life?

I just want to call your attention to the eight overcomes in Revelation, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

The second overcome, "He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death." There is no second death for any true believer. There will be no death for us, but we are going to live on and on, we are going to live on forever. I pity any real, true Christian that is living under the bondage of death. You may die, but you are going to live beyond. You must put off the mortal to put on immortality.

The third overcome, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth save him that receiveth it." Every time we overcome some temptation, we get strength to overcome another. When Daniel overcame first, it gave him strength to overcome the next time. He went on surmounting until he stood victor in the evening of life.

Fourth, "He that overcometh, and keepeth My works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers; even as I received my Father. And I will give him the morning star." I honestly believe we are down here in school, in training; and if we cannot overcome, we are not fit for God's service. I don't know where the kingdom's are,

but if we are to be kings and priests, we must have kingdoms to reign over. I believe God is just taking men and women and training them.

The fifth overcome, "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life, but I will confess his name before My Father and before His angels." He that overcomes shall not be a stranger in heaven. Do you suppose Jesus was a stranger in heaven? Was Daniel a stranger there; was that hero of faith, Joshua, was he a stranger in heaven?

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of My God, and the name of the city of My God; and I will write upon him My new name." Think of it! God writing His name upon us. "I will write upon him the name of My God." God looks down and says, "That is My man, My woman. They are fighting My battles, they are witnesses for Me."

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne." I tell you, you begin to climb now. Just take that in. Above the angels, above the archangels, above the seraphim, above the cherubim, away up, up, on to the throne with Himself, and there we shall be forever with Him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne." Man, it is only a few days or weeks, or months for some of us to overcome, and then all is eternity to live in.

I think the last one is the best, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."

You ask me how much I am worth to-day? I don't know. I don't know anything about it. I am a joint heir with Jesus Christ, and you must find out how much He is worth in order to find out my wealth.

We are not only to be called heirs but, joint heirs, and all Christ has I have. All that God does for Christ, Christ does for me. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son." My friends, let us go out and overcome the world. Don't let any of these mean, low, contemptible things overcome us. If I wanted to find out whether a man or woman was a Christian, I wouldn't go to these ministers. I would go and ask the wives. I tell you, we want more home piety just now. If a man doesn't treat his wife right, I don't want to hear him talk about Christianity. We want a Christianity that goes into our homes and everyday lives. Some men's religion just makes me sick. They put on a whining voice and a sort of a religious tone, you know, and talk so sanctimoniously on Sunday that you would think they were wonderful saints. But Monday they are quite different. They put their religion away with their clothes, and you don't see any more of it until the next Sunday. You laugh, but let us look out that we don't belong to that class. My friends, we have got to have a higher type of Christianity, or the church is gone. It is wrong for a man or woman to profess what they don't possess. If you are not overcoming temptations, the world is overcoming you. Just get on your knees and ask God to help you. Your ministers may

preach like Gabriel on Sunday, but that won't do any good if you live like Satan during the week in your homes. My dear friends, let us go to God and ask Him to search us. Let us ask God to wake us up, and let us not think that just because we are church members we are all right. You are all wrong if you are not getting victory over sin.

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM. Mark, xi, 1-10.

FORGIVENESS AND OBEDIENCE.

I AM going to talk about a subject that you will not like very well, but I found out a long time ago that the medicine we don't like is the best medicine for us. If there is anything that throws a sort of coldness over a meeting it is to talk obedience. You can talk about love and heaven and all those things, and people get so warmed that they shout; but when you talk about obedience, there is a sort of coldness over the meeting. Like a man I heard of during the time of slavery. He was preaching with great power; he was a slave, and his master heard of it, and said, "I understand you are preaching, and they tell me you are preaching with great power." "Yes," said the slave. "Well, now," says the master, "I will give you all the time you want, and you get up a sermon on the commandments and preach on the commandments, and bear down on their stealing, for there is a great deal of stealing on the plantations." The man's countenance fell at once. He said he wouldn't like to do that; that there wasn't the warmth in it there was in some things, and I have always noticed those kind of things, when you come right down to them. People don't like to be told about them, you know. They don't

like anything said about it, you know, because it comes a little too near home. Once I heard about a young minister who took the place of an old pastor, and he began to bear down pretty hard upon the people. A man came to him, and said, "Now, look here, young man, if you expect to hold this pulpit, you have got to stop that kind of preaching, for the people won't stand it." There are a good many people that are delighted when you talk about the sins of the patriarchs, and the sins of those Bible characters, but when you come here and touch upon the sins of this city, that is another thing. They will say, "I don't like his style." No; nor his matter either, and perhaps you won't like this subject of obedience. But I tell you, we are told that without faith it is impossible to please God, and you will find that it is impossible to please God without obedience. Your faith don't amount to much without obedience. Fifth chapter of Hebrews, ninth verse, "And being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." Eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him; not all them that feel Him, talk to Him, all those that say, "Lord, Lord," but those that obey Him. Eternal salvation means eternal safety. Did you ever notice all but the heart of man praises God? If you look right through history, you will find that everything but the heart of man obeys God. In the beginning God said, "Let there be light, and there was light; let the waters bring forth, and the waters brought forth abundantly." And one of the proofs that Jesus Christ is God was that He spoke to nature, and nature obeyed Him. At one time He spoke to the sea, and the sea recognized and obeyed Him; He spoke to the fig-tree, and instantly it

withered and died. It obeyed literally and at once. As I told you last night, he spoke to devils, and the devils fled; He spoke to the grave, and the grave obeyed Him and gave back its dead. But when He speaks to man, man will not obey Him; that is why man is out of harmony with God, and it will never be different until men learn to obey God. God wants obedience, and He will have it, or else there will be no harmony. In the first epistle of John, second chapter, seventeenth verse, we read, "And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever, he shall never die." He says in another place that if we keep His sayings, we shall never die. People say, "Well, don't you think it very unreasonable in God to punish Adam because he transgressed once?" Some years ago a superintendent telegraphed to a man not to turn the bridge until a special train passed. They waited and waited, and the man stood firm; until one man overpersuaded him, and he opened the bridge. He thought they would have time to let the boats pass, and swing the bridge back before the train came. But he hadn't got it more than opened before he heard the coming of the quick train. He hadn't time to get the bridge back, and there was a tremendous accident, and lives were lost. The man went out of his mind and was sent to a madhouse, and his cry for years, until death released him, was, "If I only had; if I only had." If he only had what? If he had only obeyed, those lives would not have been lost. Why, not long ago a switchman just turned the switch at the wrong time, and twenty men were hurled into eternity, and a good many maimed and hurt

for life. He only just disobeyed once. People don't seem to think there is anything in disobedience that needs to be punished. Men think that it is hard because He is going to punish disobedience. Now, if we want to get near God, the quickest way to get near Him is obedience. Matthew, xii, 46, "While He yet talked to the people, behold, His mother and His brethren stood without desiring to speak to Him. Then one said unto Him, behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak to Thee. But He answered and said unto him that told Him, Who is My mother? And who are My brethren? And He stretched His hands toward His disciples and said, Behold My mother and My brethren, for whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, sister, and mother."

Now, if you want to get near God, just obey Him; that is the quickest way to get near Him. Obedience is a matter of the heart. It isn't a matter of feeling; and the truest sign that we love God is that we obey Him. You couldn't have a better sign than that. Now, you notice. He takes those into the nearest communion with Himself that just obey Him. It isn't a matter of just feeling or picking out things we like to do, but it is doing what He commands us to do. And the man or woman that is nearest to God is the man or woman that is just obeying Him. They are nearer than His own mother if she didn't obey Him. There is no friendship without obedience. Now notice, Adam lost everything by disobedience, and the second Adam gained everything by obedience.

Again, let me call your attention to Samuel, xv, 2, "And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of

the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." What does your work of charity amount to if you are not obedient? God doesn't want sacrifice if there is disobedience. When we bring a lamb to the altar, that is sacrifice; but if we are living in disobedience to God, that is no sacrifice. Supposing that little girl is mine, or we will take that little boy. I send that little boy to school and he plays truant. He says, "I don't want to go to school," and he goes off and fishes all day. He knows I am very fond of trout. He says, "I know I have been disobedient, but I can sell these trout for fifty cents, and I will just take them home to my father. It will be a great sacrifice, but it will please my father." Do you think that will please me? Not by a good deal! I want obedience, and until he obeys me, his sacrifice is an abomination to me. The sacrifices of the wicked are an abomination to God and man. Don't let any man deceive himself, and think he is going to please God by giving something to Him when he is living in disobedience. Men say to me, "You talk about that gambler, but he is very good to the poor," and they think they are going to merit heaven because they are good to the poor. "God will have to remember him." That is all right, or he thinks that it makes it all right. My dear friends, as long as we are living a disobedient life; we cannot do a thing to please God. That boy cannot please me until he is willing to obey, and do the very thing I tell him to do. It is much easier to bring a lamb or bullock to the altar than it is to bring ourselves. Did you know it? I remember hearing a story about an Indian who wanted to come to the Lord. He brought his blanket, but the Lord wouldn't have it.

He brought his gun, his dog, his bow and arrow, but the Lord wouldn't have them; but at last he brought the poor Indian, and the Lord took him. The Lord wanted himself. What the Lord wants is not what you have got, but yourselves, and you cannot do a thing to please God until you surrender yourself to Him. Now, you take the two Sauls. They lived about one thousand years apart. One started out well and ended poorly, and the other started out poorly and ended well. The first Saul got a kingdom and a crown, he had a lovely family, he had the friendship of Samuel, the best prophet there was on the face of the earth; and yet he lost the friendship of Samuel, lost his crown, his kingdom and his life, all through an act of disobedience. God took the crown from his brow, and put another man in his place. Why? Because he disobeyed. Now, you take the Saul of the New Testament. When God called him, he wasn't disobedient to the heavenly Father, and he was given a heavenly kingdom. One act of obedience, one act of disobedience. The act of obedience gained all, and the act of disobedience lost everything. And so you will find right through the Scriptures this is taking place constantly. I believe the wretchedness and misery and woe in our American cities to-day comes from disobedience to God. If they won't obey God as a nation, let us begin individually. Let us make up our minds that we will do it, cost us what it will, and you will have peace and joy. In the eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy, twenty-sixth verse, we read, "Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse; a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of your Lord, which command you this day; and a curse if ye will not obey the commandments of your

Lord, but turn aside out of the way I command you this day, to go after other gods, which ye have not known." Isn't that enforced? A man or woman that will serve God, isn't the blessing of God resting upon them? There is great reward in keeping God's laws and statutes, but a great curse upon them that will disobey God. Look at the wives and mothers in this city that have gone right against the law of God and married ungodly men and drunkards. See what hells they are living in to-day. Just one act of disobedience. They are suffering tortures day by day, dying by inches. The whole country is more or less cursed by this disobedience. A mother told me up in Minnesota that she had a little child that took a book and threw it out of the window. She told him to go and pick it up. The little boy said, "I won't." She said, "What?" He said again, "I won't." She said, "You will. You go and pick up that book." He said he couldn't do it. She took him out, and she held him right to it. Dinner-time came and he hadn't picked up the book. She took him to dinner, and after it was over she took him out again; they sat there until tea-time. When tea-time came, she took him in and gave him his supper, and then took him out and kept him there until bed-time. The next morning she went out again, and kept him there until dinner-time. He found he was in for a life job, and he picked the book up. She said she never had any trouble with the child afterward. Mothers, if you don't make that boy obey when he is young, he will break your heart. You say, "Cannot God make him obey?" I suppose He could, but He is not going to. He does not work on those lines. He isn't going to force you against your will. He is going to

draw you by the cords of love, but if you are not going to obey Him, then you are going to suffer. One of my sisters told me that her little boy got up one morning and spoke very unkindly to her. The father said, "What did you say, Sammy?" And the little fellow repeated it. His father said, "Why, you shouldn't speak in that way to your mother. Go and tell her you are sorry, and ask her to forgive you." But he said he couldn't do that. "You must." He said he couldn't do it. His father said, "I shall punish you if you don't." He was one of those nervous fellows who was all a bundle of nerves. "Now," the father said, "if you don't go and ask your mother to forgive you, I will have you undressed and put to bed, and you will stay there until you do." He thought that would bring him, but he couldn't get him to say, "Mother, forgive me." He went off to his business, and supposed he would find the little fellow up when he came, but when he got home he found him still in bed. The father went in and sat down on the foot of the bed and said, "Sammy, what makes you so foolish?" The little fellow cried as if his heart would break. He said he did want to get up so bad, but he said he couldn't say it. The father said he could get up if he would ask his mother to forgive him, but he couldn't do that. He could say everything but that. I venture to say that there are five hundred sinners here to-day that reason themselves into the belief that they cannot obey God. God does not command you to do something you cannot do, and then punish you for not doing it. Well, my brother-in-law went down to his office, and thought he should surely see Sammy at tea-time; but lo, and behold! When he got home Sammy was still in bed.

My brother-in-law went in and reasoned with him again. But he couldn't ask his mother to forgive him; that was the one thing he couldn't say. My sister said it seemed like a funeral in the house, all the joy and sunshine was gone. He was an only son, and when night came on before she went to sleep she talked to him, and asked him just to beg her forgiveness. But he said he couldn't do it. After he went to sleep she went in to see him, and there the little tear lay on his cheek. She longed to kiss him, but they must break his will. She said she left the door open and thought he might come to her, but he never came. When morning came, she thought he would come rushing in and ask her to forgive him, but he never came. My brother-in-law came home the second day, and the boy was still in bed. The mother went in and sat down on the edge of the bed, and she said, "Now, Sammy, you just repeat after me, Mother" —"mother"—"forgive"—"forgive"—"me"—"me." And the moment he said "me," he leaped up in bed and said, "I have said it! I have said it! Dress me quick, and let me go down and tell papa. Won't he be glad?" Little stupid dunce! He might have said it the first morning; he needn't have gone to bed. You laugh, but that is yourself. You look into the looking-glass, and you will see that little boy. I have seen hundreds of you. Yes; you would like to obey, but you cannot. I don't believe a word of it. Now, this is the question for you to settle; the battle is fought on that one word of the will; the door hangs on that one hinge of the will. Will you obey? That is the question! It isn't a mere matter of sentiment, joining some church. Will you obey the voice of God, and do as He commands you? No

man can obey for you any more than he can eat and drink for you. You must eat and drink for yourself, and you must obey God for yourself. There is a story told about Girard, one of the first millionaires this country ever had. A green Irishman came over to this country, and he had been walking round the streets of Philadelphia for a long time unable to get anything to do. One day he went into Girard's office, and asked him if he couldn't give him something to do to keep soul and body together. Girard said, "Yes; do you see that pile of bricks down there?" "Yes." "Well, pile it up at the other end of the yard." The Irishman went to work. Night came on, and he had the work all done, and he went up into the office, touched his hat, got his pay, and asked if Girard had any work for him the next morning. Girard told him he had. The next morning he came along. Girard said, "You go and take that pile of bricks and carry it back where you found it." The Irishman went at the work without a word. He wasn't a Yankee, you better believe. Night came on, he got his pay, and wanted to know if there would be work for him the next morning. Girard kept him marching up and down there for a number of days, until he found he was just the man he wanted. One day he said, "You go down and bid that sugar off." When the auctioneer put the sugar up, here was a green Irishman bidding. The people laughed and made sport of him, and finally it was knocked off to him. The auctioneer said in a gruff tone, "Who is going to pay for this sugar?" "Girard, sir." "You Girard's agent?" Mighty man then. Girard had found a man he could trust; God wants to find a man He can trust. Obedience is literal, prompt, cheerful,

willing action. Do what God wants you to do without asking any questions. When God finds such a man, I believe he is the mightiest power on this earth. Don't you think so? Do you know every man who was blessed while Christ was on earth was blessed by obedience? Ten lepers came to him, and He said, "Go and show yourselves to the priest." They might have said, "What good is that going to do us? It was the priest that sent us away from our families." But they said nothing, and went to the Son of God, and they were healed. Do you want to get rid of the leprosy of sin? Obey God. You say you don't feel like it. Did you always feel like going to school when you were a boy? Supposing a man only went to business when he felt like it; he would burst up in a few weeks. He said to that man, "Go to the pool of Siloam and wash," and as he washed he received his sight. See, he was blessed in the act of obedience. He said to Naaman, "Go and dip seven times in Jordan," and while he was dipping he was healed. Simple obedience. You don't need to go to any theological seminary to find out how to obey, need you? There is very little obedience nowadays. People want something to rouse them all up; they want to hear eloquence and oratorical sermons. Whatsoever He says do, do it. Does the Lord tell me to run? Then I am to run. Does He say, go preach? I go preach. Whatsoever He tells you to do, do. But be sure He says it. Don't take your ideas. Go and live right at home, go and treat your wife and children right, pay your debts, and do some things of that kind. A colored man said he had seen a sign; he said it read, "G. P. C.," and he got it, "Go preach the gospel." Another man got up and said, "No,

that ain't it, it is go and pick cotton." If it is preach the gospel, go preach the gospel; and if it is pick cotton, then pick cotton. Some one has said, if an angel should be sent down here to sweep the streets, or rule an empire, it would be all the same to him. That is just what the Lord wants men to do, obey His command. If you want eternal salvation you can have it right here to-day. The terms are right here. What are they? Obedience. Will you obey? Now, come; you have got to settle this thing in your mind. Just make up your mind that you are going to obey. Nothing very mysterious about it. You needn't go to any old musty library to read up on obedience, need you? If He tells you to repent, then repent. Seek first the kingdom of God. Make that your first business, and I tell you what, this will be the grandest day you have ever seen if you make up your mind to obey Him. Will you do it?

THE TRIAL OF THE FAITH OF ABRAHAM. Genesis, xii.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

I HAVE another dry subject this afternoon. You that were here yesterday remember that I was talking about disobedience, and the disobedient people don't like to hear about obedience. To-day I want to talk about faith, and the unfaithful ones don't like to hear much about faith. It is a pretty dry subject. Some people say a will is a pretty dry thing. People don't like to read legal documents; but if you are mentioned in the will it becomes instantly very interesting reading. And when you come to remember that all the promises that have been made by God are linked to us by faith, faith ought to become one of the most interesting subjects in the whole Bible.

Some one gave me this. I put it in my Bible, and I think it will do you good to put it into yours, "Faith gets the most; humility keeps the most; love works the most." "Faith gets the most!" Next Sunday afternoon I will talk to you about love, but now we will talk about faith. In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and the first verse, we read, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Faith is the dependence upon the veracity of another. Some one has said there are three things to saving faith—knowledge,

assent, and consent or the laying hold. I may know a thing, but if I don't act upon my knowledge, it doesn't help me. A man may tell me that ten thousand dollars have been deposited in the bank in my name, and all I need to do is to draw upon the bank for the money; but if I don't act, don't draw upon the bank for it, it doesn't help me a bit. I don't get any benefit from the fact that the money is there unless I act. A good many people have a sort of dead faith; they believe intellectually that Jesus Christ can save them, that He is able, that He is willing to save them, but yet they are not saved. Why? Because they don't act upon what they believe. Now, the promises don't do us any good unless we lay hold of them. In the sixth verse of that same chapter we read, "But without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Now, what the foundation is to a house, faith is to a true believer. You might say it is the foundation of society and everything. If you haven't any faith in a doctor, you don't want him in the house, you wouldn't commit the life of your child into his hands. If you lost confidence in a neighbor, you wouldn't want to associate with him. Faith is the foundation of all social intercourse; it is the foundation of all commercial intercourse. What has brought on this present wretched state of things? Want of faith. Men have lost faith in some portions of the government, and there is a want of confidence. Money is locked up; some of you have old stockings full tied up, and the money is not in circulation. You see there is a terrible lack of faith, and it is very im-

portant that we have faith. It is the foundation of everything.

Now, I want to say very emphatically that God doesn't ask a man or woman to believe without giving them evidence or something to believe. It isn't what some people say it is, "a leap into the dark," not by a good deal. You might as well ask a man to hear without ears, see without eyes, walk without feet, as to ask a man to believe without giving him something to believe. Now, in the first epistle of John, fifth chapter, ninth verse, we read, "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which He has testified of His Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in Himself; he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God——" Now, notice, it isn't a mere creed or doctrine. Doctrines are all right in their places, but when you put them in the place of faith or salvation, they become a sin. If Dr. Horton should ask me up to his house to dinner to-morrow, the street would be a very good thing to take me to his house, but if I didn't go into the house, I wouldn't get any dinner. Now, a creed is the road or street. It is very good as far as it goes, but if it doesn't take us to Christ, it is worthless. "He that hath the Son hath life." Faith in a person, and that person is Jesus Christ. It isn't a creed about Him, but it is Himself. When people say they cannot believe, I always like to press them on that one point, to know why. Some men say

they cannot become Christians because they are so constituted. I don't believe one solitary word of it. I don't believe any man is so constituted that he cannot believe God if he wants to. Why? Because for these six thousand years He has never broken His promises to man, and until they can break the word of God, man hasn't got an inch of ground to stand on. I met one of these men a good many years ago in one of our after meetings. He said he couldn't believe. I said, "Who?" "Well," he said, "I cannot believe." "Well," I said, "who?" He said, "I cannot believe. You don't understand me. I have intellectual difficulties, and I cannot believe." I said, "Who?" He began to color up, and he said, "You evidently don't understand my difficulties, sir. I tell you I cannot believe." And I said, "Who?" Finally he stammered out, "I cannot believe myself." I said, "Thank God, I am glad you have got that far along." I thought he was going to say he couldn't believe God, and I was going to pin him down and ask him why. I like to catch a man in that corner. Put your finger on a promise that God has made to man that He hasn't kept, and then we will talk about not believing Him. When a man says he cannot believe in himself, but can believe in God, then he is on the right ground. I wouldn't thank any man to tell me that he "would try real hard" to believe me. If I have given no ground for unbelief, I say he treats me unfairly; and one man cannot offer another man a greater insult than to give him the lie. That is where all this wretchedness, misery and woe has come from. All the woe that has come into this world has come through that door. There wouldn't be drunkards reeling through the streets if it wasn't for

unbelief. There wouldn't be any harlots if it wasn't for unbelief. Many a man has been knocked down because some one has told him he was a liar. Unbelief gives God the lie. Supposing Dr. Horton should say, "I knew Mr. Moody when he was in California, and he told me a willful lie." What could I say? If you believed it, I wouldn't do you any good. There must be confidence between two parties before there can be any friendship or communion. Now, let's get up and get out of the pit which Adam took us into. Don't let any man say he cannot believe. I don't believe a word of it. The trouble is, people who don't know what the Bible says say they cannot believe it. People say, "I don't see why faith is so important." Faith is very important. Supposing they should tell you this building was on fire, and you didn't have any faith in the statement and should sit there. What would be the result? You would burn up. Supposing a man is in a river where there is a cataract, and I just shout, "Man, danger, ahead!" But he doesn't believe a word; he just goes on. It isn't long before his little boat is dashed to pieces, and he loses his life. Faith is a very important thing, isn't it? Supposing I hire two men to set out trees and after a day or two I go out to see how they are getting along. I find that one man has set out a hundred trees, and the other only ten. I say, "Look here, what does this mean? That man has set out a hundred trees, and you have set out only ten. What does it mean?" "Yes, but he has cut off all the roots and just stuck the tops into the ground." I go to the other man and say, "What does this mean? Why have you planted all of these trees without roots?" "I don't believe in roots; they are of no account. My trees look just as well as

his." But when the sun blazes upon the trees, they all wither and die. There are a lot of people running around who haven't got any roots. A good many people live on negations. They are always telling what they don't believe. I want a man to tell me what he does believe, not what he does not believe. And I like to meet a positive man. We just want to know what men do believe. We don't want trees that haven't any roots, for they will dry up when the sun blazes on them. There are a good many persons that are just going on in that way, without any foundation; they have no faith. People say that it doesn't make any difference what you believe if you are only in earnest. I heard about two men who went up in a balloon, and they thought they had cords fastened in two places. They cut one of the ropes, and they found that there was no other. One man seizes the rope that is fastened to the balloon, and the other seizes the rope that wasn't fastened to the balloon. The man that held on to the balloon was swept up into the heavens and dashed to pieces and the other was saved. What you want is a living Christ.

Now, people say they don't know as though they have enough faith. Christ says, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, you can remove mountains." The little child that reaches out his hand and takes the gift has faith. I heard of a woman in Scotland who was introduced to a minister by another minister as a woman of great faith, and she instantly rebuked him. "No, I am a woman of little faith with a great God." She had the right idea. If I have got a tumbler of water, I can as truthfully say I have water as if I had the whole Atlantic ocean.

Then people say they don't know as they have the right kind of faith, and they are running around asking ministers and reading books to see if they have the right kind. Any faith that will bring you to Christ is the right kind. Some one has said that "what the eye is to the body, faith is to the soul." Now, you don't dig your eyes out of your head to see if you have the right kind, but that is what you are doing with your soul. What you want to do is to see that you have the right kind of Christ. Have you got a Christ that has saved you and is keeping you day by day? If you have, then you have the right kind of faith. An Englishman once used this illustration: A beggar sitting by the wayside, and a gentleman who had gone by year after year and passed him a shilling, one day passes the man a shilling, and the beggar refused to take it. "I don't need your shilling." "What?" "I don't need your shilling." "Why, how is that? I have passed by here year after year and handed you a shilling. What does it mean?" And the beggar said, "I am no beggar now." "What is the matter? What has changed your condition?" And the beggar replied, "Well, I was sitting here last night, as usual, and a man came along and gave me £5,000." "Why, how did he give it to you?" "He just put it into my hands." "How do you know it is good money?" "Because I have had it tested." "Which hand did you put out?" "My right hand." "How do you know that was the right hand?" "Why," said the beggar, "what do I care whether it was the right hand or not? I have got the money." Man, haven't you got the money? That is enough, isn't it? You needn't stop to discuss whether you have the right kind of faith. It is just as

simple as a little child. And the best illustration of faith is a little child. That little girl down there lives a life of faith. She never bothers her head where she is going to get her breakfast or supper from. She wears out a hole in her elbow; doesn't bother her a bit. She knows mother will get her another dress. Now, we are to have that same childlike faith. The nearer we can come to a little child, or the faith of a little child, the better we will please the Master. Now, people say, "How does faith come?" I remember when I was in Chicago I used to urge the young men to pray for faith. You know I had an idea that faith was going to come down some day and strike me like lightning. And then wouldn't I stir Chicago! I used to tell the young men to pray for faith —faith, faith, faith, faith. "That is what we want. When you get faith you can do anything." I closed up my Bible and kept praying for faith. In the tenth chapter of Romans, seventeenth verse, one day I read, "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Why, it was like a flash of light out of heaven to my soul. I found I had been looking in the wrong direction for faith. And, do you know, faith has been growing ever since. I believe faith grows like every other thing. You water and feed it, and it will grow.

If you are so busy about the Master's work, and you see people constantly blessed by your labors and prayers, how are you going to doubt? I cannot understand how it is that people are so full of doubts, unless it is that they just neglect their Bibles, as I used to. These promises are fulfilled almost every hour in our lives. Now, come! Let's get that in mind. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." If you

want your faith to grow and become strong, and to be powerful with God and man, get acquainted with the Bible.

Now, faith isn't feeling, nor it isn't sight. You are not to feel; that hasn't anything to do with faith. A great many people think they are going to work themselves into a certain state of feeling before they will have faith. As I said the other day, it wasn't the feelings of the slaves that made them free, but it was Abraham Lincoln's proclamation. A friend of mine living down the Hudson used to go to New York every day. A few winters ago his daughter came with a family of little children to spend the winter with him. One day scarlet fever broke out among them, and one of the little girls had a slight attack of it. She was put off upstairs in quarantine, away from the rest. The old grandfather used to have a chat with her every morning before he went to New York, and every night when he came home he would go up to see her; but he wouldn't see the other children after he had been with her. Once he went up, and when he came into the room she took him over into the corner. She had some of these little crackers made in the shape of letters, and with these she had spelled out something. She never said a word, but she watched him. She had spelled out these words, "Grandpa, I want a box of paints." Never said a word. At night when he came home he left his overcoat with the box of paints in it, downstairs. She didn't seem to be much disturbed, but she said, "Grandpa, I thank you for the box of paints." She didn't see them, but she believed they were coming. Why, the old man laughed over it, and said he wouldn't have missed the box of paints for the world. I remem-

ber once I wanted to teach my little boy faith. I put him on the table and said, "Jump." And the little fellow began to swing his hands and get ready to jump, but he said, "I'se 'fraid." I said, "I will catch you. Look right at me and jump. I will catch you." And the little fellow got ready to jump again. But he looked down and said, "I'se 'fraid." "Didn't I tell you I would catch you? I won't let you fall. Just keep looking right at me." He got all ready again and looked down the third time. I said, "Didn't I tell you I would catch you?" Finally I caught his eye and held it, and he jumped. But, oh, the look of agony on his face! But I caught him. He thought it was fun, and I put him back on the table and let him jump again. That was faith. But by-and-by he had too much faith, and I had to run to catch him. But you cannot have too much faith in God. Now, it pleases you to have your children have faith in you, does it? How would you feel to have your children talk about their mother, and say they didn't believe in her? That wouldn't be very pleasing, would it? What do you say? Now, my friends, let us have faith in the word. If He has said it, that is enough. There is a passage in the third chapter of John, the thirty-sixth verse, that I would like to read, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Now, let me read again, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." It doesn't say that you "shall have," but "hath everlasting life." Now, will you believe on the Son, right here? Right now? It says, "As he spake these words many

believed on Him there." Why shouldn't it be so here this afternoon? These are the words of Jesus Christ. Let me read them again, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Now, my friends, if you go out of here without salvation, there is no one to blame but your own self. There is nothing to hinder you from being saved but your own will. It isn't that you have not the power. You have it. If I make a statement here, you will believe it. If I should say that I will be here at half-past seven, you will believe. I may be sick; God is never sick. I may die; God never dies. Here is life for you by just exercising faith. Now, the question is, will you do it? You say you cannot see it. Of course you cannot. I have got something here in this organ. These people back here can see it, but you cannot. Do you believe it is here? Dr. Horton, you cannot see it. Do you believe it is here? "Yes." What makes you believe it? "Because you say so." Well, do you feel it? "No." Isn't that believing when you can't see? Well, now, if I tell you what I have got here, will you believe it?

There is a blind man; will you believe it? "Yes." There is a man that has never seen me; he is blind; but he hears the voice and believes. Now, I will tell you what it is. I have got a book. Do you believe it? "Yes." Well, now, there is faith for you! He cannot see me, but he hears my voice and believes me. It is a book that I think a great deal of. There are three hundred and sixty-five passages in it on love. Many a time I have gone off to sleep just laying my head down upon one of these verses. If you want your hearts to glow

with the love of God, get a book like that. Well, now, will you take the book, if I will give it to you? "Yes." I am not going to charge you anything for it. Do you believe that? "Yes." You don't feel it yet, but you believe it is coming? "Yes, I believe it is coming." Put out your hand. Do you feel it now? "Yes." Yes, because you have got it. And when you get Christ you will feel him. You will thank God by-and-by, perhaps, that you were born blind, if you were born blind. By-and-by when the light of eternity dawns upon you, and the new world opens up, oh, I would like to be there! Don't lock the door of your heart against Him, and say He cannot come in. Let Him in now. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

ISAAC BLESSING JACOB. Genesis, xxvii.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

A GENTLEMAN came out to one of our meetings some time ago and said he hoped to get in that series of meetings an awakening that would last him all his life. I told him he might as well try to eat enough to last him all his life. I told him he might as well try to eat enough at one time, as to try to get an awakening that would last him all of his life. That is a mistake that people are making; they are running to religious meetings, and they think the meetings are going to do the work. But if they don't bring you into closer contact with the word of God, the whole impression will be gone in three months. In the one hundred and tenth psalm, David prays nine times that God will quicken him according to His laws, according to His judgments, according to His precepts, according to His word. Now, if you get that kind of an awakening you have got something that is going to abide, because God's word is going to abide forever. That is substantial.

Now, another thing; you need to take the whole Bible, and not a part of it. There are a great many people that are living on a few chapters and verses. They don't take the whole of the Scripture. I want to say before I forget it, that Sunday-school teachers are making a woful mis-

take if they don't take the whole Bible into their Sunday-school classes. I don't care how young your children are; let them understand it is one book, that they are not two books; the Old Testament and the New are all one. Don't let them think that the Old Testament doesn't come to us with the same authority as the New. It is a great thing for a boy or girl to know how to handle the Bible. What is an army good for if they don't know how to handle their swords? Now, I speak very strong on this, because I was brought up in a Sabbath-school that didn't have a single Bible in it. We used to have those old question-books. Do you know what they are like? They are questions, and the answers are given just below; so that you don't need to study your lesson. Mother had a Bible, it was a family Bible, but she was so afraid that we would tear it that she kept it in the spare room; once in a great while we were allowed to look at it. The thing that interested me most was the family record, when Dwight was born, when father and mother were married. Those were the most interesting things to me, you know. So when I got to be a man, and my beard began to come out, I was bigger then than I am now, in my own estimation. I knew it all. O, yes! You couldn't tell me much. I was wiser than my grandfather, or my great-grandfather, or all the grandsires behind me. I went down to Boston from the country, and went into a Bible-class where there were a good many Harvard students. Their families belonged to the church, I suppose, and they came home to spend the Sabbath, or perhaps they came home every day. I was put into this class of young men. They handed me a Bible, and told me the lesson was in John. I hunted all through the

Old Testament for John, but couldn't find it. I saw the fellows hunching one another, "Ah, greenie, from the country." Now, you know that is just the time when you don't want to be considered green. The teacher saw my embarrassment and handed me his Bible, and I put my thumb in the place and held on. I didn't lose my place. I said then that if I ever got out of that scrape, I would never be caught there again. Why is it that so many young men from eighteen to twenty years cannot be brought into a Bible-class? Because they don't want to expose their ignorance. There is no place in the world that is so fascinating as a live Bible-class. I believe that we are to blame that they have been brought up in the Sunday-school without Bibles, and brought up with these quarterlies. The result is, the boys are growing up without knowing how to handle the Bible. They don't know where Matthew is, they don't know where the epistle of Ephesians is, they don't know where to find Hebrews, or any of the different books of the Bible. They ought to be taught how to handle the whole Bible, and it can be done by Sunday-school teachers taking the Bible into the class and going right about it at once. You can get a Bible in this country for almost a song now. Sunday-schools are not so poor that they cannot get Bibles. Some time ago there came up in a large Bible-class a question, and they thought they would refer to the Bible, but they found that there was not a single one in the class. So they went to the pews, but could not find one there. Finally, they went to the pulpit and took the pulpit's Bible and settled the question. We are making wonderful progress, aren't we? Quarterlies are all right in their places, but if they are going to sweep the Bibles

out of our Sunday-schools, I think we had better sweep them out.

Now, a word about the whole Bible. I believe it is a master-stroke of Satan to get us to doubt any portion of the Bible. If he can get us to doubt just one thing in that book, he has accomplished a great point, and it is going to be the overthrow of many a man and woman's faith. If I had the right to cut this out of the Bible, and Mr. Sankey that, and Mr. H. that, it wouldn't be long before the whole Bible would be cut up. Once a gentleman took a Bible to his minister, and said he wanted to show him the minister's Bible. The pastor said, "Why do you call it the minister's Bible? That isn't my Bible." "Well," said the man, "I have sat under your ministry for some time, and when you have thrown anything out I have cut it out of the Bible." And he had got all of the book of Job cut out, all Revelations, the Songs of Solomon, and about a third of the Bible was cut out. The minister said, "I wish you would leave that Bible with me." He didn't want the people to see the book in that condition. But the man said, "O, no! I have got the covers, and I am going to hold on to them." And off he went holding on to the covers. If you were to hear some men preach, you wouldn't have anything but the covers in a few months. People say, "What do you do with what you cannot understand?" I don't do anything with it. A man said to me once, "What do you do with what you don't understand?" "I don't do anything with it." "How do you understand it?" "I don't understand it." "Well, how do you interpret it?" "I don't interpret it." "What do you do with it?" "I don't do anything with it." "Don't do anything with it?

Do you believe it?" "Yes, I believe it." Of course I do. I am glad there is a height I know nothing about in the old book, a length and a breadth we know nothing about. It makes the book all the more fascinating. I thank God it is beyond me. It is a pretty good proof that it came from God, and not from the hand of man. You can take a chapter and read it for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and always find something new in that chapter. Now, talk about believing in the New and Old Testament. What portion is there in the New Testament that you cannot find in the Old? In Matthew alone, there are one hundred quotations from the Old Testament. There are eighty-nine chapters in the four gospels, and there are one hundred and forty-two quotations taken from the Old Testament.

There are two hundred and forty quotations in Revelations taken from the Old Testament. It is absurd for men to take one portion of the Bible and throw out the rest.

Another thing, there is not a thing in that Old Testament that men are caviling about that God did not set His seal to when He was down here. Men say, "You don't believe in the story of those five cities being destroyed by fire, Sodom and Gomorrah and those three others?" Certainly. They were buying and selling until judgment came and swept them away. "And so it shall be in the coming of the Son of God." Men say, "You don't believe in the story of Elijah being fed by that widow, do you?" Certainly. Christ said there were many widows in the days of Elijah, but Elijah was fed by only one widow. Why, Christ believed it, He referred to it Himself, He set His seal to it. The Son of God believed it, and "Shall the servant be above his

master?" Men say, "Do you believe the story about the Israelites being fed on manna?" Certainly. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." He connected that with His own cross. And then at last they look as wise as owls and say, "You certainly don't believe in the story of Jonah and the whale?" Yes, I believe in that. When I give that up I am going to give up the resurrection. As you get along in life and you have perhaps as many friends on the other side of the river as you have on this side, you will get about as much comfort out of the story of Jonah as any other story in the Bible. May God help us to hold on to it! Jesus connected that with His own resurrection. In Matthew they said thrice, "Show us a sign." And he said that the only sign should be the story of Jonah in the whale's belly. Christ believed that Jonah went into the whale's belly, and are you going to be His disciple, and be wiser than He? Men say, "It is a physical impossibility for a whale to swallow a man." It says, "God prepared a great fish." That is enough. If God created a whale, couldn't He create a fish large enough to swallow a man? He can create a fish large enough to swallow the whole world at one swallow. It is astonishing how men are sneering and jeering at the idea that God couldn't do it. A friend of mine was going back to Scotland, and he heard a couple of these little modern philosophers discussing the Bible. One said, "The Bible says that Balaam's ass spoke. Now, I am a scientific man, and I have taken the pains to examine an ass' mouth, and it is so formed that it couldn't speak." He was going to toss the whole Bible over because Balaam's ass couldn't speak. My friend said he

stood it just as long as he could, and finally he said, "Ah, man, you make an ass, and I will make him speak." The idea that the God who made the ass couldn't speak through his mouth! Did you ever hear such stuff? And yet this was one of your modern philosophers!

Then there is another class of people (and I am sorry that I am now talking to those in the church, some of your modern church-members, and some that profess to be Christians who say, "Of course I believe the Bible, but I don't believe the supernatural part." Well, now, if you are going to throw out that part, you might just as well burn it up and throw it away. There is no part of the Bible that doesn't teach supernatural things. You read that God went up from talking with Abraham. Now, if that didn't take place, then the man that wrote Genesis knew he was telling a lie, and out goes Genesis. You go into Exodus, and there are the ten plagues and Moses going through the Red sea, the water coming out of the rock, and all those supernatural things. Now, if those things were not so, the man that wrote it knew that he was telling a deliberate, willful lie. Out goes Exodus. You go into Numbers, and there is Moses making a brass serpent, which is put on to a pole, and the people are healed. If that didn't take place, out goes that book. And so you can go into all the books of the Old Testament, and there is not one that hasn't something supernatural in it. You cannot touch Jesus Christ anywhere that there is not something supernatural about Him. He drops down to tell the virgin that she was to be the mother of that child, and when Christ was born there came a fire down from heaven to shout His praises. That was all supernatural. His being warned, and go-

ing off into Egypt was supernatural. When He commenced His ministry there was not a day when He was not doing something supernatural. One day He speaks to the leper, and he is made whole; one day He speaks to the sea, and the sea obeys Him. When He died, the sun refused to look upon that scene; this old world recognized Him, and the earth reeled and rocked like a drunken man. The earth knew Him. That was supernatural. And when He burst asunder the bands of death, and came out of Joseph's sepulcher, that was supernatural. Christmas Evans, the great Welsh preacher, says, "Many reformations die with the reformer, but this reformer ever lives to carry on His reformation." Thank God, we don't worship a dead Jew. Do you suppose we would have this audience here to-day, if we were worshiping a dead Christ? Not by a good deal. If we worshiped a dead Jew, we wouldn't have been quickened and given life to our souls. I thank God that our Christ is a supernatural Christ, and this book a supernatural book, and I thank God that I live in a country where it is so free that all men can read it.

Now, about what Christ says about Himself. He says the Scriptures cannot be broken. Let us keep in mind that the only Scriptures the apostles of Christ had was the Old Testament. The New Testament wasn't written. He means every word He says. Devil or man cannot break the word of God. Why, I would as soon doubt my own existence as to doubt that book. How any man can for one moment doubt the veracity of the Bible is a mystery to me.

Now, Christ says in one place, "Heaven and earth shall pass, but not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass

until the law is fulfilled." Then, in another place, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away." Now, I will put that as the old and new covenant. "Not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass until the law shall be fulfilled," the new covenant, and then Christ comes and adds these words, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away." Now, notice how that has been fulfilled. There was no shorthand reporter following Him around taking down His words; there were no papers to print His sermons, and they wouldn't have printed the sermons if there had been daily papers. The whole church and all the religious world was against Him. I can see one of your modern freethinkers standing near Him, and he hears Christ say, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away." I see the scornful look on his face as he says, "Hear that Jewish peasant talk! Did you ever hear such conceit, such madness? He says heaven and earth shall pass away, but His words shall not pass away." My friends, I want to ask you this question, have they passed away? Go and ask your infidels if His words have passed away. Do you know that the sun shines to-day on more Bibles than it has ever shone on before? Did you know that the American Bible society and the London Bible society issued fifteen hundred Bibles, every hour? Thank God, the Bibles are not going out; they are just coming in! More Bibles have been printed in the last eight years than in the last eighteen hundred years. The Bible is printed in three hundred and fifty different languages; it is going to the darkest corners of the earth.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word

shall not pass away." Are His words passing away? No, and, thank God, they are not going to pass away. You and I will pass away, and the world will pass away, but His word is going to live and endure. It cannot be wiped out. God broke the bands, and is coming down along the ages. When they brought out the new version, the American committee brought it out at the same hour as it was put out in London. It was thrown on the market on Friday morning, and that would bring it out Friday afternoon. They couldn't send it to Chicago, because it was so late, and so an enterprising concern set ninety different operators at work, and had the whole book telegraphed to Chicago, and brought out Sunday morning. Nearly nineteen hundred years after Christ left the world that happened, and yet men are running around and telling us that the old book is going out! But my time is up. I will take this subject up again, and we will go into it deeper. I have only touched it yet. Bring your Bibles along with you, and your pencils and paper. It will be a good thing to wear out your Bibles. I don't like these gilt edged-Bibles that look as if they had never been used. Don't be afraid to soil them. Bring them along with you.

MARY MAGDALENE. Mark, xvi, 9.

"GOD IS LOVE."

I WILL read a few verses from the first epistle of John, fourth chapter, eighth to the twenty-first verse. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." In these few verses you find this sentence recorded three times, "God is love." I believe there are no three words in the Bible that Satan is more apt to blot out than that one sentence. I don't think that he has been so successful in anything in the last six thousand years as in making the world believe that He is not a God of love. I earnestly believe that this old world has swung out in the cold and dark and will never swing back until this truth dawns upon it, that God is love. Mr. Spurgeon one day took a train from London down into the country to spend a little time with a friend, and he found this friend had a weather vane on his barn, and on this weather vane were the words, "God is love."

"What do you mean by that? Do you mean that God's love is as changeable as the wind?" "No, I believe that God is love whichever way the wind blows." Now, it is pretty hard to make saint or sinner believe that. When things are running smoothly, we believe that God is love, but when things go wrong, we think God does not love us, and when things are unfortunate and

seem to be against us, then it is that we think that Christ has forgotten us and does not love us. Now, if I could just get this whole audience to believe that one sentence, in spite of your failings, in spite of your sins, your backslidings, your lukewarmness, I tell you it will be a grand day for this city. Now, three times John says in these verses, "God is love." Not that "He may love," but "is love." You ask me why He loves. I don't know. I can't tell you. If you should ask me why the sun shines, I could not tell you. I suppose it shines because it cannot help it, because it is its nature. And I suppose that is the reason that God loves, because it is His nature. You take a man or a woman and make them believe that there is no one in the wide world that loves or cares for them, and they would rather die than live. It is that class that commits suicide. You wives know that if you haven't the love of your husbands, you cannot do anything to please them, and life becomes weary and burdensome to you if there is really no love. The thing we prize above everything else in this world is love, and that is the thing that God prizes above everything else. He wants our hearts and affections. Now, Jesus when He came into this world taught that the Father was love, and all His teachings went on to show that His Father was a God of love. And not only did He teach that the Father was love, but that He was love. He loved those that didn't love Him. That is the difference between human and divine love; we love a person as long as he is worthy, and then it is that we cast him off. He loves you in spite of what you have done and said, and what you are doing.

Now, I was going to try to prove that Christ loves

those that are not worthy of His love. I am going to try before I get through to prove that God loves every woman in this audience. If you doubt it, then I believe you doubt Scripture, because I think I can show that He loves you all. You remember the last night He was with His disciples, before He was betrayed, it says, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Do you remember that was the night one of them was going to betray Him; that one of them was going to deny Him, and swear that he never knew Him, and every one was to forsake Him? Yet on that very night, it says, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Now, I believe what makes eternity so awful to Judas is that he took away with him this fact, that Christ loved him to the end. When he betrayed Him with a kiss, there in the garden, the Master turned to him and said, "Betrayest thou the Master with a kiss?" He might have hurled him down into perdition, but the Master kindly said, "Betrayest thou the Master with a kiss?" It was that which drove Judas to the grave of a suicide. I believe he heard that ringing in his ears until it drove him clean mad. I believe that Judas remembers it until today, nothing but the love of Christ. So His love is unchangeable.

There are some of you who don't speak to people whom you knew ten years ago. Your love is very changeable. There will be a falling out between now and 1895. You may get nearly 1895, but you will fall out before the end. You will say that there are some people who have betrayed you, and have been untrue to you. Now, that is the difference between divine and

human love. His love is unchangeable. He loved Peter when Peter was denying Him. Of course He hated his sins, and He hated Judas' hypocrisy, but He loved them, and so He loves every hypocrite here to-day. He wants to woo you back to Himself. Then you go over to the forty-ninth chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, and you read these words, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee." Now, the closest tie on earth is a mother's love for her child. There are a good many things that will separate a man from his wife, but there isn't a thing in the wide, wide world that will separate a true mother from her own child. I will admit that there are unnatural mothers, that there are mothers that have gone out of their heads, mothers that are so steeped in sin and iniquity that they will turn against their own children, but a true mother will never, never turn against her own child. I have talked with mothers when my blood boiled with indignation against the son who treated a mother so, and I have said, "Why don't you cast him off?" They have said, "Why, Mr. Moody, I love him still. He is my son." I was preaching for Dr. G—— in St. Louis, and when I got through he said that he wanted to tell me a story. There was a boy who was very bad, he had a very bad father; the father seemed to take delight in teaching the boy everything that was bad. Finally, the boy got so bad that the family refused to let their boy associate with him. But the boy was interested in him and watched him. The boy's father died some years after, and the boy went on from bad to worse until he was arrested for murder. When he was on trial, it

came out that he had murdered five other people, and from one end of the city to the other there was a universal cry going up against him, and during his trial they had to guard the court-house, the indignation was so intense. The white-haired mother got just as near her boy as she could, and every witness that went into the court and said anything against that boy seemed to hurt her more than the boy. When the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, there was a great cry sent up, but the old mother nearly fainted away; and when the judge pronounced the sentence of death they thought she would faint away. After it was over, the old mother got her arms around him and kissed him, and there in the court they had to tear him from her embrace. She went the length and breadth of the city trying to get men to sign a petition for his pardon. And then when he was hung, she just begged the governor to let her have the body of her boy that she might bury it. They say that death has torn down everything in this world, everything but a mother's love. That is stronger than death itself. The governor refused to let the old mother have the body, but she would cherish the memory of that boy as long as she lived. A few months after, she followed her boy, and when she was dying she sent word to the governor, and begged that her body might be laid close to her boy. That is a mother's love. She wasn't ashamed to have her grave pointed out for all time as the grave of the mother of the most noted criminal the state of Vermont ever had. And the prophet takes hold of the very idea. He says, "Can a mother forget her child?" But a mother's love is not to be compared to the love of God. A friend of mine was at a dinner party some years ago,

and he was impressed with the dignified, queenly manner with which the lady of the house presided. After he had gotten into the drawing-room he remembered he had left something in the dining-room, and he went back to get it. He found that same lady sitting at the same table with a man that looked like a tramp. She rose and introduced him as her youngest son, and putting her loving arm around him, she said, "He has gone far away, but I love him still." Is there a mother here to-day that has five children, and one has gone astray, and doesn't she love that one? Doesn't her heart yearn for him? I sometimes think there is a little more love because there is pity linked with the love.

Is there some poor fallen woman here to-day who thinks she is forsaken by God and man, and whose own pure sisters have cast her off and ostracised her? I want to say to such that Jesus loves you still. God is love. Let the love of God sink into your hearts to-day. He loves you because you have sinned. Did you ever think what has brought out the love of God? It was Adam's fall. When the news reached heaven, God came down and sought him out. Adam ought to have gone up and down Eden crying, "My God, I have sinned! Where art thou?" But instead of that, God sought him out and blessed him, and told him that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. And so you will find all along through the Scriptures that He loves the world. There is not a person here to-day that can put her finger on a portion of Scripture that teaches that God hates a sinner, because he has sinned. It was man's calamity that brought out God's love. I have two sons, and if one of them should go astray, if I loved him it would

make me angry to have him go and do wrong. What would I care that he had done wrong, if I didn't love him? It is just because I love him that my boy has gone astray. Dr. Arnot, one of the greatest Scotch divines, was in this country before he died. His mother died when he was a little boy only three weeks old, and there was a large family of Arnots. I supposed they missed the tenderness and love of the mother. The Arnot children got the impression that their father was very stern and rigid, and that he had a great many laws and rules. One rule was, that the children should never climb trees, and when the neighbors found out that the Arnot children could not climb trees, they began to tell them about the wonderful things they could see from the tops of the trees. Well, now, you tell a boy of twelve years that he mustn't climb a tree, and he will get up that tree some way. And so the Arnot children were all the time teasing their father to let them climb the tree; but the old sire said, "No." One day he was busy reading his paper, and the boy said, "Father is reading his paper. Let's slip down into the lot and climb a tree." One of the little fellows stood on the top of the house to see that father did not catch them. When his brother got up on the first branch, he said, "What do you see?" "Why! I don't see anything." "Then go higher, you haven't got high enough." So up he went higher, and again the little boy stretched and said, "Well, now, what do you see?" "I don't see anything." "You aren't high enough, go higher." And the little fellow went up as high as he could go, and down he came and broke his leg. Willie said he tried to get him into the house, but he couldn't do it. He had to tell his father all about it. He said he was scared nearly

out of his wits. He thought his father would be very angry. But he ran into the house and told his father, and he said his father just hurled the paper, and started for the lot.

When he got there, he picked the boy up in his arms, and brought him up to the house. Then he sent for the doctor. And Willie said he got a new view of that father. He found out the reason why that father was so stern. He said the moment that boy got hurt, no mother could have been more loving and gentle.

My dear friends, there is not one commandment that has been given us which has not been for our highest and best interest. There isn't a commandment that hasn't come from the loving heart of God, and what He wants is to have us give up that which is going to mar our happiness in this life, and in the life to come. So don't let Satan believe for a moment that God doesn't love you. It is said when the archbishop of France was thrown into prison, there was a little window in the door of his cell in the shape of a cross, and a man in the cell next to him had been brought out and shot down, and he didn't know but that at any time they would do the same with him. He took a lead pencil and wrote on the top of that cross, "height," at the bottom, "depth;" and on either side of the cross "length" and "breadth." My friends, that is just what the cross of Jesus Christ tells us; the height, depth, length and breadth of God's love. How a woman in this audience can go to Calvary and sit there five minutes, and doubt that God is love is a mystery to me. I used to put God as a stern judge on the throne, and His Son as one that had come to appease the earth and make it possible for me to get access to that Father.

My dear friends, since I became a father I have made this discovery; it took more love for God to give that Son to die than it did for that Son to die. Mothers, wouldn't you rather die than to see your own child die? I used to tell my mother, when I was a little boy, that I loved her most. And my little boy when he was about five years old would climb up on my knee, and put his arms around my neck and say, "Papa, I love you the most." And the little fellow thought he did. But I tell you, since I have become a father I have found out that my love for my mother wasn't anything compared with my love for my children. Supposing your little boy should see you in your coffin. He would feel grieved at the time, but his grief would soon wear away and be forgotten. But supposing you see your little boy in the coffin. Would you ever forget it? Do you think this mother right down here would ever forget that little thing sitting in her lap? Never; as long as memory lasted, she would remember that child. I cannot tell you anything about the love of God. I heard a man once say that if we could borrow Jacob's ladder, and ask Gabriel how much God loved, he would say, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, my friends, let the love of God into your heart. Don't lock your heart against it, but let the love of God come in just now, this very minute.

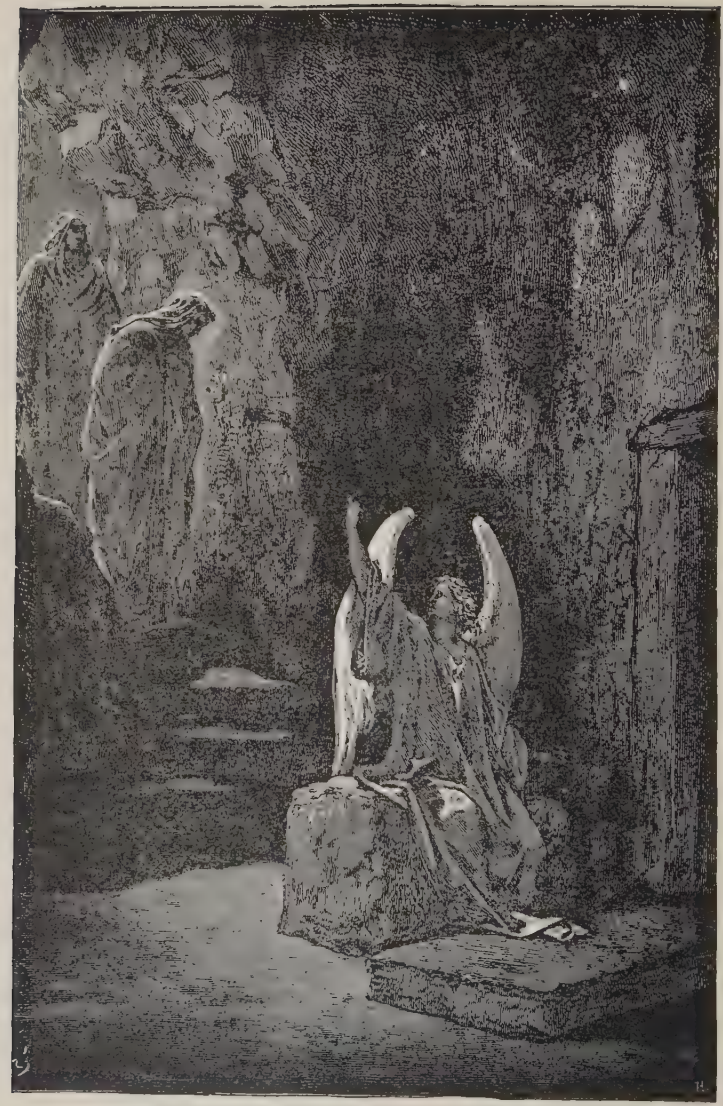
I see some children have come in. Let me tell them a story. When the gold fever broke out in 1849, there was a man in New England who had a wife and a little boy, and he wanted very much to go to California. The mother didn't want to have him go, but he promised that as soon

as he got money he would send for her and the little boy. People then thought they were going to find gold and become suddenly very rich, but there were a great many that didn't get anything. This man wasn't so prosperous as he thought he was going to be, and when his letters came there was no check to take them to California. But one beautiful day the long-looked-for letter came, and they were to go to New York, and take a beautiful Pacific steamer, and the man was to go down to meet them. After they had been out to sea a few days, all at once they heard on board that awful cry that is horrible to any one on water, "Fire! Fire!" They set the pumps to work, and did everything they could, but the fire gained upon them, and at last the captain gave the ship up. He ordered the lifeboats lowered, but there were not enough to take them on board. Among others were this mother and her little boy. The last lifeboat was pushing away, and she knew it was her last chance, and she asked them to take her and her little boy. But they said, "No, if we take them in we will all lose our lives. We can only take one of them." So they shouted back that they could take one. What did the mother do? Did she leave her little boy and get into the lifeboat herself? Ah, no. No mother would do that. No, she just took her boy to her bosom and gave him a good hug and kiss, and dropped him into the lifeboat. But just before the boat left, she said, "My boy, if you live to see your father, tell him I died for you." Now, I want to ask these children in this audience this question, what would you say if that boy when he grew to be a young man should speak contemptuously of that mother?

Christ made bare His arm, and left the bosom of the

Father and stooped from yonder throne to come down here to tell the world that He loved them, and all He wants in return is love. Make up your minds to-day that you are going to love Him because He loves you. Don't let any one think he cannot begin now. You can begin this very minute if you will. Let Him in this very hour. In Revelation it says, "Unto Him that loved and washed us." "Unto Him that loved" us, and then washed us. He just loved us in our sins, and saved us from our sins. I was in Philadelphia preaching a little while after little Charlie Ross was stolen. I think you mothers will remember what an intense excitement there was in 1875. On the outskirts of Philadelphia, little Charlie Ross was one day playing with an older brother, and a man enticed them to go off and get some candy. The older boy was left in the woods, and little Charlie was taken away. You remember how intensely this country was excited over it. When I went to Philadelphia, Charlie's mother used to come to the meetings to see if some one came in with her boy. Shortly after that I went to New York, and some of her friends wanted me to keep a good lookout. That is a mother's love. Men were sent off into Japan, France, all through Great Britain to find that boy. The last I heard of Mrs. Ross she still hoped her boy was going to be found. Now, just let me use that mother as an illustration. Supposing she sits here to-day, she is still looking for that long-lost boy. She comes into the choir to-night in hopes that he may come in among the men. She just keeps watching, and she looks at this one and that one, but she does not see her boy. By-and-by the door opens, and a man comes up the aisle looking for a seat. All at once Mrs. Ross sees her long-

lost Charlie. His clothes are ragged, he hasn't a decent thing about him, his hair hasn't been combed for weeks, and he looks very repulsive to the audience. But Mrs. Ross sees her Charlie, her long-lost boy, and what does she do? I tell you, you would see a sight in this hall. She wouldn't wait until I got through with my sermon. She would get that boy into her arms, and hug and kiss him, and then she would take him and have him cleaned and give him a new suit of clothes. My dear friends, it is but a faint illustration. Christ loves you in spite of your sins. If there is any one here guilty of adultery, Christ loves you, and will forgive you. He will love you right on all through your life. My dear friends, don't spurn the love of God whatever you do. If you want power, Christ will give it to you. Now, just pray that we may all love Him.



THE ANGEL AT THE SEPULCHER. Matthew, xxviii, 1-7.

THE BEST WAY TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

THERE is no book after all that will draw people like the Bible. One of the professors of the Chicago university gave some lectures on the book of Job, and there was no building large enough to hold the people. If it only has a chance to speak for itself, it will interest the people. I don't know where I got hold of some of the things I am going to give you to-day, but I will give them to you, and you find out the author if you can. Sometimes a man will take my Bible and return it to me with a good many little things noted in it. Some time ago a man wanted to take my Bible home to get a few things out of it and when it came back I found this noted in it, "Justification, a change of state, a new standing before God; repentance, a change of mind, a new mind about God; regeneration, a change of nature, a new heart from God; conversion, a change of life, a new life for God; adoption, a change of family, a new relationship toward God; sanctification, change of service, separation to God; sanctification, a new condition with God." In the same handwriting I found these lines, "Jesus—only the light of heaven is the face of Jesus; the joy of heaven is the presence of Jesus; the

melody of heaven is the name of Jesus; the harmony of heaven is the presence of Jesus; the theme of heaven is the work of Jesus; the employment of heaven is the service of Jesus; the fullness of heaven is Jesus Himself; the duration of heaven is the eternity of Jesus." Sanctification is glorification commenced. Glorification is sanctification completed.

Now, I think these things are worth knowing. It is a good thing to carry your Bible and your pencil along with you. A friend of mine was in Edinburgh and he heard one of the leading Scotch Presbyterian ministers. He had been preaching from the text, "Every eye shall see Him." And he closed up by saying, "Yes, every eye; Adam will see Him, and when he does see Him he will say this is He who promised to be with me when I fell. Mary will see Him, and she will sing with new interest that magnificat, and I, too, shall see Him, and when I do see Him I will sing 'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee.'" A good way to close up a sermon, wasn't it?

Now, if you hear a good sermon like that, put it down and pass it on to some one else. People say they cannot say anything themselves. You can all say what some one else has said. Now, that is the object in carrying your Bibles with you. Don't get a Bible so good that you will be afraid to carry it, or you will soil it. You want a good plain-print Bible, and if you cannot see, get a magnifying glass; only take your Bibles along and see that the man preaches according to the word.

Here are some more lines. I don't know where I got them. They are about the word itself, "A lamp to

direct us; medicine to heal us; a guide to direct us; a bit to restrain us; a sword to defend us; fire to inflame us; water to wash us; salt to season us; milk to nourish us; a key to unlock heaven." That is what the Bible is to us, and a good deal more.

Now, I am going to tell you something about how to study the Bible. It is absurd for me to tell people how to study the Bible, because, perhaps, my method and plan wouldn't suit your plan at all. Every one ought to learn to do it for himself. I think it is a great mistake that people don't learn to study it for themselves and be independent readers and thinkers. There are a great many people who know only what they hear from other people. They don't go and get it straight from the fountain. Now, it is a good thing to know how to feed yourself. When my little boy got so he could get his spoon to his mouth without spilling his food, the other children clapped their hands and said, "Look, papa, Paul can feed himself." I know some of God's children, forty years old, who cannot feed themselves yet. They have to be fed with an ecclesiastical spoon. So it is a good thing, my friends, to learn to feed yourselves. If you get to a place where they have no preaching, you can go right to the Bible and feed yourself, and you will grow then; the soul cannot grow under any other kind of food. If you can only get the church of God into the Bible, then we are going to have healthy churches and Christians.

Now, I am going to give you a few hints, and perhaps I may hit some of you. A good way to study the Bible is to take one book at a time. I know some people who never sit down to read a book until they have time to

read the whole of it. When they come to Leviticus or Numbers, or any of the other books, they read it right through at one sitting. They get the whole sweep of the book, and then they begin to study it chapter by chapter. It is a good thing to take one book.

Then another good way to study the Bible is to take the fulfilled prophecies. I don't know anything more fascinating or interesting than the fulfilled prophecies of the Bible. Why, you know for a good many years we thought that Arizona and all those territories that are now states were a great American desert. I remember when I was a little boy that was taught in school, but when they struck that pickaxe down into the earth and developed about a million, they began to wake up. And now look at the beautiful cities that have sprung up there in those mountains. Do you know it is just so with portions of the Scriptures? There are very few Christians who seem to think of studying up the prophecies. They say it is so mysterious and there is question about the prophecies being fulfilled. I tell you, we would have better Christians, it seems to me, if we would take the whole Bible.

Now, you take the four great cities that existed in the days when the Old Testament was written, and you will find that these prophecies have been fulfilled to the letter. There are two hundred prophecies in regard to Jesus Christ that have been fulfilled to the letter. It says over and over again that this and that needed to be done, "that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." There was nothing that happened to Christ, the Roman soldier driving that spear into His side, His being nailed to the cross, that wasn't prophesied a thousand or fifteen

hundred years before. Just let me call your attention to a few passages regarding these cities. First, to Babylon—Isaiah, xiii, 19, "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabians pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces; and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged." Jeremiah, i, 1, "The word that the Lord spake against Babylon and against the land of the Chaldeans by Jeremiah the prophet. Declare ye among the nations, and publish and set up a standard; publish, and conceal not; say, Babylon is taken, Bel is confounded, Merodach is broken in pieces; her idols are confounded, her images are broken in pieces. For out of the north there cometh a nation against her; which shall make her land desolate, and none shall dwell therein; they shall renew, they shall depart, both man and beast." Jeremiah, i, 13, "Because of the wrath of the Lord it shall not be inhabited, but it shall be wholly desolate; every one that goeth by Babylon shall be astonished, and hiss at all her plagues." Jeremiah, i, 23, "How is the hammer of the whole earth cut asunder and broken! How is Babylon become a desolation among the nations! I have laid a snare for thee, and thou art taken, O Babylon, and thou wast not

aware; thou art found, and also taught because thou hast striven against the Lord."

A friend going through the valley of the Euphrates tried to get his dragoman to pitch his tent near the ruins. No Arabian pitches his tent there, no shepherd will dwell near the ruins. That prophecy has been fulfilled.

Now, take Nineveh. If you will just read two verses in Nahum, iii, 6, 7, "And I will cast abominable filth upon thee, and make thee vile, and will set thee as a gazing-stock. And it shall come to pass, that all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee, and say, Nineveh is laid waste; who will bemoan her? Whence shall I seek comforters for thee?" Now, how are you going to cover the thing up? "I will cast her abominable filth." How are you going to cast abominable filth upon the thing? And yet for twenty-five hundred years Nineveh was buried, and an abominable filth lay upon her. But now they have dug up the ruins, and brought them to Paris and London, and you go into the British museum, and there is not a day except the Sabbath but what you can see men from all parts of the world gazing upon the ruins. It is just as the prophets prophesied. For twenty-five hundred years Nineveh was buried, but it is no longer buried.

Then look at Tyre, Ezekiel, xxvi, 3, "Therefore thus saith the Lord God; behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus and break down her towers; I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading

of nets in the midst of the sea, for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God, and it shall become a spoil to the nations." Coffin, who was correspondent of the Boston Journal during the war, went round the world after the war was over in 1868. One night he came to the old ruin of Tyrus, and he said the sun was just going down, and he got his dragoman to pitch his tent right over by the ruins, over where the rocks were scraped bare, and he took out his Bible and read where it says, "It shall be a place for the spreading of nets." He said the fishermen had got done fishing and were just spreading their nets on the rocks of Tyrus, just as it was prophesied hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Now mark ye! When they prophesied against these great cities, they were like Paris and New York, in their glory, but their glory has gone.

Now, you take the prophecy in regard to Jerusalem, Luke, xix, 41, "And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace. But now they are hid from thine eyes. For the day shall come upon thee that thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and' compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side." Didn't Titus do that? Didn't the Roman emperor do that very thing? "And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; but because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation." I haven't time to dwell upon these cities, but I don't know of anything that floors a skeptic much quicker than to talk to him about the fulfilled prophecies. Now, you take the prophe-

cies of Nineveh. It says in Ezekiel, xxx, 15, "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations; for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations." Now, mark ye! Nineveh was in its glory when this was prophesied. It was a great and mighty empire, but now for centuries it has been the basest of all nations. They haven't got a prince or king to reign over them. The man that is reigning over them now isn't an Egyptian, but he is some foreigner, and so it has been. But I havent time to dwell upon these cities. I wanted to show you how the prophecies had been fulfilled.

Now, another good way to study the Bible is to take it up topically. It is a good thing to take a concordance. Alexander Cruden's is the best one, I think, because I can carry it around with me. With that concordance I can find any passage in the Bible in about a minute. I was a Christian about five years before I ever heard of it. A skeptic once got hold of me. I didn't know anything about the Bible, and I tried to defend the Bible and Christianity. He made a quotation, and I said it wasn't in the Bible. I hunted for days and days. If I had had a concordance I could have found it at once. It is a good thing for ministers once in a while to tell the people about these good things. You can find any portion or any verse in the Bible by just turning to this concordance. Now, perhaps you ministers think it is very foolish for me to tell the people this, for you think they know all about it. A man came to me once and said, "What is that book you said told us all about the Bible? What did you call it? A concordance? Alexander concordance?" He

didn't know anything about it, and he had been in the church twenty years. It is a good thing to take a concordance and look up one topic. Take up sanctification. I tell you what, I would rather take my concordance and get every passage on sanctification and sit down for four or five days and study up sanctification than to have all these men tell me about it; no two will tell you alike. Now, justification is what turned Martin Luther inside out. The truth dawned upon him as he went up those stairs in Rome. I tried to find those stairs. He got half way up on his knees when the truth dawned upon him—justification by faith. It is a good thing to see what the Bible says about it. Take up conversion. People say they don't believe in sudden conversion. When Mr. Sankey and myself were in one place in Europe a man preached a sermon against the pernicious sermons that we were going to preach, one of which was sudden conversion. He said conversion was a matter of time and growth, and all that. Do you know what I do when any man preaches against my doctrines? I go to the Bible and find out what it says, and if I am right I just give them more of the Bible. I have preached more on sudden conversion in that town than in any town I was in in my life. Give them more of the Bible. I would like to know how long it took the Lord to convert Zachariah. How long did it take the Lord to convert the woman whom he met at the well of Sychar? How long to convert that adulterous woman in the temple, who was caught in the very act of adultery? How long to convert that woman who anointed His feet and wiped them with the hairs of her head? Didn't she go with the word of God ringing in her soul, "Go in

peace"? "O, yes," you say, "that was when He was here. Of course that is different." I tell you what, after He was glorified, they were converted still faster; three thousand in one day. That would scare some of you ministers, wouldn't it? Three thousand in one day! I tell you what, it would make a stir in some of your conservative churches. I would like to get hold of one of these modern philosophers who believes that there is no such thing as sudden conversion and have him talk to one of these inquirers. Here is a man who comes into the inquiry-meeting to-night and I try to get his confidence and find out what the trouble is. Finally he tells me he has been taking money from his employers. I ask him how much. Don't know; he hadn't kept account. I ask him if he thinks it will amount to one thousand dollars. "Yes, more than that." I ask him if he thinks fifteen hundred dollars will cover it. He thinks fifteen hundred dollars will be about right. I tell him to go and make restitution. I suppose one of these modern philosophers would say, "Don't you steal more than one thousand dollars next year. If you stole fifteen hundred dollars last year, don't steal more than one thousand dollars this year. And the second year don't you steal more than five hundred dollars." In the course of four or five years he tells him he won't steal at all. "If your employer catches you at it, you tell him you are being converted in a new way." The Bible says, "Let him that stole steal no more." Right about face! Take another illustration. Here comes in a man, and he admits that he gets drunk every week. You know when some men get drunk they are real devils; they go home and knock their wives down and kick

them, and they bear the marks of the bruises until they go down to their graves. That man comes here to-night, and he wants to be converted. I say, "Don't you be in a hurry. I don't believe in sudden work. I believe in doing the work gradually. Don't you knock your wife down more than once a month." My, wouldn't it be refreshing to your wife to go a whole month without being knocked down! Once a month, only twelve times in a year! Wouldn't she be glad to have you converted in this new way? Only get drunk after a few years on the anniversary of your wedding; on Christmas; and then it will be effectual because it is gradual. O, I detest all that kind of talk. Let's go to the Bible and see what the old book teaches. Let us believe it, and go and act as if we believed it, too. I believe a man may come in here a thief and go out a saint. I believe a man can come in here as vile as hell itself and go out saved. What we want is to go right to the old book and see what it teaches.

People say they don't believe in assurance. Very well, let us go to the book and see what it teaches. If it is our privilege to know that we have passed from death to life, let you and I believe it. Take that subject of faith that I had last Friday. As I told you before, I thought it was going to come to me in some mysterious, miraculous way. Read all there is in the Bible on faith, and you will get filled. I remember once I took up the grace of God. I didn't know the difference between law and grace. When that truth dawned upon me, I saw the difference. What! I studied the whole week on grace, and I got so filled I couldn't stay in the house. I said to the first man I met, "Do you know anything

about the grace of God?" He thought I was a lunatic. And I just poured out for about an hour about the grace of God. If you want to know about these doctrines just take up the old doctrine of the atonement, which is being assailed from all quarters. Just take the Bible and begin at Genesis and go through to Revelation. If you take the atonement out of the book, you may have it. I don't want it. If you take that doctrine out of it, you take the heart. If a man doesn't believe what I say, let him go to the Bible and see what that says. I will preach on that subject to-night. I just want to preach on the atonement. A man came to me once and said, "You have changed your doctrine, haven't you? You don't hold on to that old doctrine of atonement any longer, do you?" And I thought it was about time I went at it again. God helping me, I will preach on the atonement to-night.

People say they want to get heavenly minded. Well, read about heaven and talk about it. I once preached on "Heaven," and after the meeting a lady came to me and said, "Why, Mr. Moody, I didn't know there were so many verses in the Bible about heaven." And I hadn't taken one out of a hundred. She was amazed that there were so many verses in the Bible about heaven.

Now, if you ministers will allow me, I just want to say a few words to you. I am not a minister, and therefore I can speak as a layman. I want to say that I honestly believe the greatest mistake we are making in this country is that we don't have more expository preaching. But there are a great many who only use the Bible as a text-book. They think they have got to

give us botany, astronomy, metaphysics, and I don't know what else—everything but the Bible. And then they wonder why people read the Sunday newspapers. I used to think Charles Spurgeon was about as good a preacher as I ever knew, but I tell you what, I would rather hear him expound the Scriptures than listen to all the sermons. He excelled on this line. I believe what makes Scotland such a mighty power is because from the smallest child up every one brings his Bible to the church.

Now, Dr. A. Bonar wasn't what would be called here in America "a star preacher," not by a good deal, and I am afraid some of you would think he was pretty dry. But if you had been in Glasgow about thirty years, you would have found just as many people as the building would accommodate (about thirteen hundred was the number that could be accommodated). You would have seen thirteen hundred people with their pencils and paper taking notes, and the old man would stand there and just expound and explain the Scriptures. Then the people would take and write out the notes and send them all through Great Britain. Some of them were sent to me, and I think I never had such a refreshing to my soul. I preached five months in Glasgow, and there wasn't any place in Glasgow that I didn't feel the influence of that preacher. People would go right into the inquiry-meeting and go right to work. They knew their Bibles from front to back. I know there is a class of people who say that wouldn't do in this country. People want something oratorical. Well, that is quite true. There is no doubt but that there are some who want to hear oratorical sermons, but they forget them inside of

twenty-four hours. It is a good thing for a minister to have the reputation of feeding his people. A man once had an artificial bee, which was so like a real bee that he challenged another man to tell the difference. The man said, "You put an artificial bee and a real bee down there, and I will tell the difference pretty quick." The man with the artificial bee had a machine that made just such a buzzing as the live bee, and the bee looked the same. They put up a drop of honey on the ground, and the live bee went for the honey. It is just so with us. There are a lot of people who profess to be Christians, but they are artificial, you know, and they don't know when you give them honey. The real bees go for honey every time. People can get along without your theories and opinions. "Thus saith the Lord.' That is what we want.

Now, I was in London just before coming home this last time, in 1884, and a barrister had come down from Edinburgh. He said he went through to Glasgow a few weeks ago to spend Sunday, and he was fortunate enough to hear Andrew Bonar. He said he happened to be there the Sunday he had got to that part of the epistle of Galatians where it says that Paul went up to Jerusalem. He let his imagination roam. He said one day he could imagine they had been very busy, and they were tired and sat there talking, and all at once Peter turned to Paul and said, "Paul, wouldn't you like to take a little walk?" And Paul said he would. So they went down through the streets of Jerusalem arm in arm, over the brook Cedron, and all at once Peter stopped and said, "Look, Paul, this is the very spot where He wrestled, and where He suffered and sweat great drops

of blood. There is the very spot where John and James fell asleep, right there. And right here is the very spot where I fell asleep. I don't think I should have denied Him if I hadn't gone to sleep, but I was overcome with sleep. I remember the last thing I heard Him say before I fell asleep was, 'Father, let this cup pass from Me if it is Thy will.' And when I awoke an angel stood right there. Right there where you are standing! An angel stood right there talking to Him, and I saw great drops of blood coming from His pores and trickle down His cheeks. It wasn't long before Judas came to betray Him. And I heard Him say to Judas so kindly, 'Betrayest thou the Master with a kiss?' And then they bound Him and led Him away. That night when He was on trial I denied Him." He pictured the whole scene. And the next day, Peter turned again to Paul and said, "Wouldn't you like to take another walk with me to-day?" And Paul said he would. That day they went to Calvary, and when they got on the hill, Peter said, "There, Paul, this is the very spot where He died for you and me. See that hole right there? That is where His cross stood. Right there! That believing thief hung right there, and the unbelieving thief right there on the other side. Mary Magdalene and Mary His mother stood right there, and I stood way on the outskirts of the audience. The night before when I denied Him, he looked at me so lovingly that it broke my heart, and I couldn't bear to get near enough to see Him. That was the darkest hour of my life. I was in hopes that God would intercede and take Him from the cross. I kept listening, and I thought I would hear His voice." And he pictured the whole

scene, how they drove the spear into His side and put the crown of thorns on His brow, and all that took place.

And the next day Peter turned to Paul again and asked him if he wouldn't like to take another walk. And Paul said he would. Again they passed down the streets of Jerusalem, over the brook Cedron, over Mount Olivet, up Bethpage, and right over on to the slope near Bethany. All at once Peter stopped and said, "There, Paul, this is the last place where I ever saw Him. I never heard Him speak so sweetly as He did that day. It was right there He delivered His last message to us, and all at once I noticed that His feet didn't touch the ground. He arose and went right up there. All at once there came a cloud and received Him out of sight. I stood right here gazing up into the heavens, in hopes I might see Him again and hear Him speak. And two men dressed in white dropped down by our sides and stood right there and there."

My friends, I want to ask you this question: Do you believe that picture is overdrawn? Do you believe Peter had Paul as his guest and didn't take him to Gethsemane, didn't take him to Calvary and Mount Olivet? I spent eight days in Jerusalem, and every morning I wanted to steal down into the garden where my Lord sweat those great drops of blood. Every day I climbed Mount Olivet and looked up into the blue sky, where He went to His Father. I have no doubt Peter took Paul out on those three walks. If there had been a man that could have taken me to the very spot where my Master sweat those great drops of blood, do you think I wouldn't have asked him to take me? If he could

have told me where I could find the spot where my Master's feet last touched this sin-cursed earth and was taken up, do you think I wouldn't have had him show me? May God help us to-day to take Him to-day!

WALKING WITH GOD.

I AM going to talk to-day about "Walking with God." Some have complained that I have talked so much to Christians since I have been here. They think I ought to reach the outsiders. I want to say that when we get the church all right, we will have no trouble with the outsiders. When Jacob got his face toward Bethel, then it was the fear of God fell on the nations all around. And when the church of God gets right, there will be no trouble about reaching the outsiders. God's line of work is to begin with His own people. It is said that when Mr. Spurgeon went up to London to preach, for six months he preached at the church. For some time he preached to the elders of the church, and when he had preached to them for some time, one of them thought he had better let them alone and get at the outsiders. But his preaching hadn't straightened them out, and he said he was going to keep at them until they were all right, and then he would go at the church.

When he got the church right, then the thing began to grow, and it grew for thirty or forty years. When the church gets quickened and is all right, there can be more accomplished in one day than you can accomplish in years when the church is not all right. I believe that it

THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS. Luke, xxiv, 13-32.

is the experience of most all men that have tried to do God's work when the church is right, then it is very easy to reach those that are wrong. When Adam fell, he fell out of a communion with God, and he didn't want to walk with God. What we want is to bring men back into fellowship and communion with God. When we walk with God, then we are going to have power, and not only with God, but with our fellow-men. Now, turn to Leviticus, chapter twenty-six, "Ye shall make you no idols nor graven image, neither rear you up a standing image, neither shall ye set up any image of stone in your land, to bow down unto it; for I am the Lord your God. Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord." I believe in that book of Leviticus. I believe there is more of the Lord Jesus in that book than in any other book of the Bible. Now, I want to say that I never saw any one who kept the Sabbath and reverenced God's sanctuary who didn't prosper. I have never seen a man desert the house, the law, or the statutes of God, but that he grew lean. I was talking with a man here yesterday who was once a Christian man, and had sweet fellowship with God, but he began to do work seven days in the week, and now he has lost all fellowship with God, and he is wretched and miserable. I believe there are thousands to-day in just that condition. Leviticus, xxvi, 3, 4, "If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments, and do them, then will I give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit." Leviticus, xxvi, 12, "And I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be my people"; and in the twenty-seventh and twenty-

eighth verses, "And if ye will not for all this hearken unto me, but walk contrary unto me, then I will walk contrary unto you also in fury; and I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins." Now, I don't see how the Lord could talk any plainer to us than that; you walk with me, and I will walk with you; you go contrary to me, and I will go contrary to you. I believe the reason so many people are having such hard times now is because they have wandered into sin. For the last twenty years we have had great prosperity in this country, and during that time we have wandered away from God. We have deserted His laws and His statutes, and now we are having trouble all over the land. I hope that out of this trouble there is going to come a great blessing; and I believe there is going to be a great blessing. In the eighty-fourth psalm, eleventh verse, we read these words, "For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." If we walk uprightly, no good thing will He withhold from us; but if we do not walk uprightly, we cannot claim that blessing.

Now, turn over into Jeremiah, vi, 16, "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, we will not walk therein." Now, isn't that the language of to-day of hundreds of professed Christians? They don't like the old doctrines. They want a new gospel now, a new creed, new ministers; they have got itching ears to hear something else besides this old gospel. They don't like the old way. Now, the way that our fathers trod, the way that John Wesley trod, is good enough for us. The way Martin

Luther, John Knox, and all those men trod is good enough for us. Now, you notice Israel got into a backslidden state, and I suppose they talked as men talk now, against this creed. They say it is old and worn out. Well, it isn't as old as the sun. When you build a house, I wouldn't have any windows in to let that old sun in, for it is worn out long ago. Jeremiah, vi, 17, 18, 19, "Also I set watchmen over you, saying, hearken unto the sound of the trumpet. But they said, We will not hearken. Therefore, hear ye nations, and know, O congregation, what is among them. Hear, O earth; behold I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts, because they have hearkened not unto My words, nor to My law, but rejected it." Now, notice, they said they would not walk in the old way. They cast God and His laws aside. Jeremiah is put in prison because he had prophesied against them, and Nebuchadnezzar came and took him and all his city, and then dug out Jeremiah's eyes and bound him in fetters of brass, and he died in prison. Old men were taken down into Babylon and put into captivity, and kept there for seventy years, because they walked contrary to the Lord.

Now, let me turn to the New Testament. I haven't got time to go along with the old. Turn over to the second book of Corinthians, vi, 14–18: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell

in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." Now, I don't know of any portion of Scripture that is more ignored to-day than that portion. What is the result? You see wreck after wreck all over the country, because people have paid no regard to that law. Men will go into partnership with the most ungodly men, because they can make money faster. They will go into lodges and clubs, and yoke themselves with the ungodly, and then the ungodly will vote to do some disreputable thing. A Christian man went into a club some time ago. They had about one hundred members in the club, and the question came up whether or not they should go on a Sabbath excursion. The unbelievers outvoted the Christians. Every Christian man was party to it in that club. Wasn't he? What were they there for? A man came to me in one of these cities, and he was in great distress. He was a banker and a prominent Christian man, but he had two partners, and they had outvoted him to do a very disreputable thing. He said, "Here is my Christian character compromised." I asked him how long it was since he had gone into partnership. He told me a number of years ago. I said, "After you became a Christian, you took those men into partnership with you?" He said, "Yes, I had to do that in order to make money." He said he was going to do good with the money. I told him he had tied himself with two ungodly men, and he was going to suffer. And he did

suffer. To-day his testimony is gone, and his influence has all been swept away, because he was yoked with two godless men. Now, I am going to come a little nearer home. Some men went into freemasonry, and they voted because there were Jews in the lodge that they wouldn't have the New Testament. That is a nice place for Christian men to be in! They wouldn't have the New Testament, because they wanted the Jews. Now, I will come still nearer home. I know you will get angry, some of you, but never mind. Don't get up and go out. Just stick to it, and let me have a chance at you. "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." My dear friends, what we want is to draw a line between the church and the world. If you want real peace and rest to your soul, just keep separate from the world. I remember when I was a boy up in Northfield, right near the old red school-house there was an apple-tree that bore the earliest apples of any tree in town. They had a law in that town that fruit on a tree overhanging the street belonged to the public, and any fruit on the other side of the fence belonged to the property-holders. Half that apple-tree was over in the street, and it got more old brooms and brickbats and handles than any other tree in town. We boys used to watch to see when an apple was getting red. I never got a ripe apple from that tree in my life, and I don't believe any one else ever did. You never went by that tree that you didn't see a lot of broom-handles and clubs up there. Well, now, you take a lot of Christians, and they want to live right on the line, with one foot in the world and one foot in the church. They get more clubs than any one else, you know. The world clubs them. They say, "I don't be-

lieve in that man's religion." Why, if you were sick they are the last men you would send for to help and comfort you. And the church clubs them. They get clubs both sides. Now, it is a good deal better to keep just as far from the line as you can if you want power. The man that has the most power is a separate man. Some of you look cross; you don't like it. Are you getting cross? The reason you look cross is because I have hit you. Well, that is what I am here for. The man that is living a worldly life ought to feel cross, because he hasn't found in the Christian religion what he expected to find. But you come clean out. I have often said to young people who are converted, "Stay in the world, or get clean out of it. Don't try to serve both worlds, because you can't do it." "O, well!" they say, "don't be so narrow-minded. Don't be so bigoted. Don't be so puritanical. You will lose your influence if you do." I would like to ask this question: Who had the most influence in Sodom, Abraham who was out of it, or Lot, who was in it? I tell you, you have got to be outside the world if you are going to protest against it. The mirth that cheers and makes the world happy will freeze a Christian. The kiss of Judas wounded the heart of the Son of God a good deal more than the Roman spear did. The wife that lets down the standard in order to reach her husband always loses ground. I have heard of wives who have made a bargain with their husbands that they would go to theaters with them, if the husbands would go to church with them. The wife goes against her conscience to the theater, and he doesn't have half the respect for her that he would have had if she had stood firm. Is it right? That is the question. If it is

right, go into the world. If not, keep out of it. But you say, "Well, my husband is very bitter." Very well, let him be bitter. You will win him if you take a high stand and just walk in fellowship with God. But if you just come down to his level, you will lose your testimony and influence.

Now, let me turn to a passage that perhaps you are all familiar with, Numbers, xiv, 4, 7: "And the mixed multitude that was among them fell a lusting; and the children of Israel also wept again, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic; but now our souls are dried away. There is nothing at all, besides this manna, before our eyes." Think of that! They remembered the onions and the leeks, and the garlic, but they forgot the old taskmasters with their whips, making the bricks without straw, the hard, bitter bondage, but they did remember the onions and leeks and the garlic. Now, what caused it? The mixed multitude; and when you see a Christian minister making the ungodly people in his congregation his society, look out for him. When you see a man or woman in your church that would rather be with the ungodly than with God's people, look out for their piety. It isn't skin deep. It is a sham. When you see a young man that will hang around disreputable places, look out for his Christianity, for it is a sham. If you would rather go to a place where Christ is sneered and jeered and scoffed at, than to go where God's people are, there is something radically wrong. If you are linked with the world and worldly things, there is something wrong. God gave them angel's food, manna

that came from heaven, and they left that manna, but they looked for fish, the onions, the leeks and the garlic of Egypt. Yes, and isn't that the condition of a good many now? When you see a child of God that would rather go to some places of amusement, and takes more interest in them than in God's house and God's people, isn't there something wrong? A friend of mine said he had a beautiful canary-bird, and he thought it was the sweetest singer they had ever had. Spring came on, and he felt it was a pity to keep the poor bird in the house, so he just put it under a tree right in front of his house. He said before he knew it a lot of these little English sparrows got under that tree (and you know they cannot sing, any more than I can, and I don't know one note from another), and went "Chutter, chutter, chutter, chutter." Before he knew it, that little canary had lost all its sweet notes. It had got into bad company. And so with Christians. They cannot help it. After he found out that he had made a mistake, he took the bird into the house, and it just kept up that "Chutter, chutter, chutter, chutter." He said he bought another bird, but the canary nearly ruined it. He said that bird never got back its sweet notes. Now, don't you know lots of Christian people who had a beautiful testimony several years ago, but they have lost their witness, and all they do now is talk, talk, talk, talk. They don't say anything, but it is just talk, talk, talk, talk. Did you ever think of the yards and yards of talk that you hear that doesn't amount to anything? Why? Because they are out of communion with God, and have lost their witness. A Christian in the world is all right. There is no trouble about them. No one is saying anything against them.

You say, "Didn't Christ say He left His disciples in the world?" Yes, and that is the place for us until He calls us.

Some time ago I was on the Spray, and it went along all right until they knocked a hole in it, and water began to come in, and the boat began to sink. Then it was all wrong. The ship was made for the water, but when the water gets into the ship, down it goes. I think the reporters of the morning papers, the moment the water began to come in, wanted to get out of that boat.

There are a lot of Christians in the world about waist deep, and then they wonder why they haven't any power or influence. Man or woman, get out of the world and keep out of it, if you want power! Some one asked a Scotchman if he was on his way to heaven, and he said, "Ah, man! I live there." Some one asked Billy Miner how the world was getting on. He said he didn't know; he hadn't been there for twelve years. This isn't our home, my friends; we don't dwell here. Our citizenship is up there. We don't belong down here. Some of us have lived long enough to find that out, most of us have lived long enough. A good many I am speaking to this afternoon will be gone inside of thirty days. But don't let the world get hold of you. Keep it under. Let me read to you just a few verses about Jehoshaphat, 2 Chronicles, xvii, 1-7: "And Jehoshaphat reigned in his stead and strengthened himself against Israel. And he placed forces in all the fenced cities of Judah, and set garrisons in the land of Judah, and in the cities of Ephraim, which Asa his father had taken. And the Lord was with Jehoshaphat, because he walked in the first ways of his father David, and sought not unto

Baalim; but sought to the Lord God of his father, and walked in his commandments, and not after the doings of Israel. Therefore, the Lord established the kingdom in his hand; and all Judah brought to Jehoshaphat presents; and he had riches and honor in abundance. And his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord; moreover He took away the high places and groves out of Judah." He was king of Judah, and he strengthened himself against the enemies of God. He had a great army, and the heavens seemed to smile upon him. Now, just turn over into the eighteenth chapter, first verse, "Now Jehoshaphat had riches and honor in abundance, and joined affinity with Ahab." Down he went! I suppose he reasoned in this way: "If I form affinity with Ahab, I can, perhaps, win back Israel." He knew the edict had gone out against Ahab. There was Ahab, one of the worst men that had ever lived on earth. And yet Jehoshaphat, with all that light and knowledge, went down and formed affinity with him. What was the result? It overthrew his dynasty. It wasn't long before the son went down and married Jezebel's daughter. All of Jehoshaphat's sons were put to death, and not only that, but the crown prince, his young son, was put to death, and the kingdom passed over to some one else. When the world forgets Christ, let you and I get out. We are identified with Him. You go down the Mississippi river, and after you drop down below Quincy, Illinois, you will find the Missouri river runs into the Mississippi. The Mississippi is quite a clear stream, but by-and-by the Missouri comes, and it is very roily. For miles and miles these two streams run on separately, but after they have gone on for a few miles, it all becomes

roily. That is a picture of the world. There is a pure and an impure man yoked together. By-and-by the pure man becomes impure. "How can two walk together, except they be agreed?" You cannot walk with the ungodly without conforming to them. Now, sometimes you see a great forest when you have been riding on the cars. There has come a great storm and has torn that forest all to pieces. What is the trouble? The trees were just on the surface. There is a great rock and a little soil on it, and for years the trees have grown and flourished on that soil. But when the testing-time came, down went the tree. Why? Because there wasn't any depth. Now, what we want is to be rooted and grounded in Jesus Christ. You go down to Florida or to California, and they will tell you that the best oranges are where the tap-root goes down forty feet. The orange-tree that strikes water at ten, bears oranges that are considered very poor. If it strikes water at twenty, the oranges are fair. If it strikes water at thirty, they are good; but the very best oranges are where the roots don't strike water until they get down to forty feet. What we want is Christians that are just rooted and grounded. Every Christian ought to be like the orange-tree. I believe if we are growing as He would have us grow, we would be like orange-trees.

But I must close. My time is up. I just want to say one thing more. Enoch walked with God, and God took him. He walked the wilderness to-day, and the promised land to-morrow. Abraham walked with God and became the friend of God, and so what Enoch, Noah and Abraham did, we can do if we will. It is the privilege of every one of us to walk with God every

day if we will. We can walk in the light from this hour on until we meet Him in glory, if we will. Let us unite in prayer, and let us pray that God may bring each one of us into fellowship with Himself.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN. Luke, xxij.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

THIRTEENTH chapter of Matthew's gospel, first nine verses. We have been sowing for the last thirty days. We have sown on all kinds of soil, but we are not responsible for the soil we sow on. But let the congregation beware and be on their guard to see that they don't belong to the first three classes. I firmly believe that if there isn't real true, not only conviction, but contrition for sin, and if there isn't a straightening out of the past life, as far as it lies in us, then the seed will not take deep root, and it will not be long before many of those that claim to be young converts will relapse into their old life. But when a man or woman is thorough, and they do the things God commands them to do, and there is real true contrition, a true turning from sin to God, and if needs be there is true restitution, then there is very little falling away. I don't believe we need to have so many backsliders if men and women will only start right.

Let me read a few verses in the fourth chapter of John: "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already for harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth

wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And herein is that saying true, one soweth and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon you bestowed no labor; other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors."

I believe that it is literally true. I don't think any one need to say, "Four months, and then cometh the harvest." This is about as good a harvest field as you will find anywhere in Christendom, right here. Now is the time just to move; let this be the time; let this be the hour; let each one of us thrust in the sickle.

Now I come to my text, in the twelfth chapter of Daniel. It is the third verse, but I will read the second and third verses: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." These are not the words of some hot-headed evangelist; they are not the words of some young fanatic, some young man just starting out in life; but they are the words of an old statesman who had had a rich and deep experience, who had seen a great deal of the world's glitter, who had been in the court of Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar and Darius, who had seen a great deal of public life; and now we find the old statesman and prophet is about ready to go home, his work is about finished, about over. And he takes up his pen and writes these words, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and

ever." Now, notice how that has been fulfilled and how it is being fulfilled constantly. Although that statesman has been gone twenty-five hundred years, there never was a time in the history of the world when he shone so brightly as he does now. Not because he was premier of Nebuchadnezzar's reign, not because he was chief executive under Darius—I don't think we ever heard of him as a statesman, as an eminent man, as a politician —but it was because he lived for God. He looked beyond this world and into the glory of the other. He lived for eternity, and how he shines to-day, and how he is going to shine on! Who can tell us who were the wise men of Babylon? Who their great geologists and scientists? We don't know the names of any of them. Who can tell us who were the great millionaires of that time, the leading business men of Babylon, the great bankers and financiers? Their names we do not know; they were forgotten long, long ago, ages and ages ago and yet this man shines on. Now, the fact is, we all like to shine; and I want to say that there is no true child of God here to-day that may not shine if he will.

Now, we talk about the hard field. We say, "You know it is a very hard field here. You will find it very peculiar." I never yet went to a town where I wasn't told that it was a peculiar place. Now, that is only one of the devil's own arguments. Who ever had a harder field than this prophet? He was taken and made a slave; and not only a slave, but he was a Hebrew, and there wasn't a nation under heaven that the heathens detested as they did those Hebrews. This man couldn't speak a word of the language. All the royal court and every one there was against everything this man believed

in, and yet he went down there and began to shine, and he went on shining right through to his old age. Now, if he could work in that field that was so dark and unpromising, do you tell me there is any man or woman here who cannot work if he or she will?

Then you say you have no influence. You can make an influence. No position? You can make a position. Where did the Lord find Moses? Back there in Horeb, in the desert looking after sheep. Not a very high occupation in the sight of those proud Egyptians! He had been there forty years, but he was just the man God wanted, and when God called him, He qualified him. And see how he has been shining all these centuries! He might have stayed in the Egyptian court, but he stepped over the crown of this world, and took up the cross and identified himself with the unseen God. And he has become immortal. Where did God find Elisha? Behind twelve yoke of oxen. He was not a man of letters, not a man of position in this world, but he was just the man God called to take Elijah's place. Where did God find Gideon? Thrashing. Very common kind of work, but the Lord God took him. Where did God find David? Why, when Samuel went to the house of Jesse to get some one to take Saul's place, they called in all the sons but a little boy who was taking care of the sheep. They thought he was too young; but that was the very one God wanted. That is where God found him. Don't talk about not having a position. God will give you position if you have a heart for the work. If you are willing to just take up the cross and follow the Son of God, you will have position. Where did God find the twelve apostles? Not in Brown university; not

in Oxford; not in Cambridge; not at Harvard, nor at Yale. He found them up there fishing at the sea of Galilee. They were not lettered men, but they did the work very well, and they shine pretty brightly, don't they? They outshone the whole of that crowd of men that looked down upon them. One hundred years ago Napoleon was a wonder to the nations. People seemed to speak his name with bated breath; they looked upon him as almost a little god; and some thought he was the Anti-christ. But where is his glory to-day? I was in Paris in 1867, and when Napoleon the Third rode through the streets the people went nearly wild. I made inquiries in regard to the excitement, and they said it was the young prince that had come into the exposition. Paris was just wild over the name of Napoleon. That was in 1867, and only four years after that he was an exile, and only a little while after that he lay in his little narrow coffin, a coffin no larger than we shall have. And his body hasn't been taken back to France yet. They won't have it taken back. His glory is gone; but the glory of the fisherman of Galilee hasn't gone. They shine on, and are going to shine on. We have the privilege to go out and work. Let every man use the talent God has given him. Don't be mourning because you haven't more, but just take what you have and go to work.

I saw a picture some years ago, and I was stupid enough to think I would buy it. I thought it would be a fine thing to have in the house. It represented some poor lost one just coming up out of the water on to a rock which had a cross on top of it. The figure had both arms around the cross and was saved. I suppose some one had a better idea of it than I did, for they

soon got out another picture representing the same one coming up out of the water and putting one arm round the cross, and stretching out the other to save some one else. That was it. There are lots of Christians who have both arms round the cross, and they say, "I am safe. Let the world perish. I joined the church twelve years ago." And that is all you know about their Christianity. I have very little sympathy with this idea that you have got to look up some old musty church record to find out whether a man or woman is a Christian or not. I believe this city could be turned upside down inside of a week, if every man would do what he could. Don't attempt to do some great thing, but do what you can. Some years ago I heard of a man who did something when he was seasick, and that is about the time when I feel as if I couldn't do anything. That is about the last place for a man to attempt to do anything for another; he is so occupied with himself. But this man was very sick, and all at once he heard a cry on deck, "Man overboard." "Poor fellow, I wish I was well, and then perhaps I could do something to save him." It was dark, and all at once the thought occurred to him, "If I hold the light at the porthole it may do some good." So he put a lantern at the porthole, and by-and-by the news came that the man was saved. He lay down again and had a turn at being seasick. By-and-by he crept up on deck and got into conversation with a man. After some talk with him he found it was the very man who had been overboard. He began to talk with him about how it happened.

The man said he was going down the third time and had given up all hope, when some one put a light at the

porthole, and they just saw his hand and grabbed it. By putting that light at the porthole, he saved a man's life. My dear friends, you can just hold the light for some one else, can't you? You can do something if you will.

Now, my friends, what we want is to do something. Just think of the work that could be done here if each one of us would do some one thing! Some one has described this world as two great mountains; one a mountain of sorrow and the other a mountain of joy. If you can take a little off of that mountain of sorrow and put it on the mountain of joy, the mountain of joy keeps growing. Doesn't it? If you cannot do as much as some one else, just do what you can. God doesn't ask me to improve ten talents if I have only one. But if I go and bury my talent because some one else has more, then I am not going to hear the Master say, "Well done." Now, I want to say that there is something that every one can do if they love Christ, and I am talking to Christians this afternoon. If we are true Christians we can speak to some one every day about spiritual things. Now, I have been asked to say a word and tell the people how they can keep from backsliding. A good way is to make it a point to read a portion of Scripture every day of your life, and not let a day pass that you don't speak to some one about spiritual things. If you do that you will never backslide. You have got to keep your own heart warm, in order to talk to other people. Just go right to work and do something for some one else. If you see a man in trouble just try to help him. Just a kind word may do him good. Go and nurse a sick person for one night if they are not able to hire a nurse, or, if the wife has been watching by the

husband for weeks, just take her place for a night. In this way you will get hold of these families that are now godless and Christless. Then another thing. There is many a man that can be reached by a kind word spoken in the spirit of Christ. Just a little word on the street or when you are doing business, a word about the Savior will have weight with many a man.

What are we doing to save these men? Come, my friends, let's arise and go to work. I heard a man the other night discussing higher criticism, and I found out he was living in sin. I said to him, "You ought to confess sin and get rid of it."

Now, mark ye! "He that winneth souls is wise." It doesn't say, "He that discusses is wise." I believe that is the highest occupation on the face of the earth. I don't believe there is any higher call on this side of heaven, and you can all have a hand in it if you will. It is said of Napoleon that he had a medal struck off, on one side giving an account of the battle, and on the other side these words, "I was there." Long years after Napoleon had died, those old veterans would take out their medals and say, "Just look there. Read that." And then they would turn the medal over, and you would read, "I was there." They were proud of the fact that they were in the thickest of the fight. My dear friends, there is a terrible fight going on between darkness and light; between God and Satan. Let us have a hand in it, and on the hill-tops of glory we shall meet and say, "I was there." Every one of you can do this if you will.

Now, there are just two words I would like to leave with you. You may forget all the rest of my sermon,

but just remember these two words: Consecrate and concentrate. First, consecrate your life to God, and then concentrate your life upon some one thing. It will cut a channel so deep that your influence will be felt. Just consecrate yourselves wholly and fully to God; and when you work, work for Him and not for yourself. Work directly for Jesus Christ, and you will not be disappointed.

So let us just consecrate our lives to Him. Let us not be selfish, and want our children converted just to make our lives a little sweeter, but let it be for His sake. And then let us just concentrate our lives upon one thing, and do what we can to extend the kingdom. I believe what made Dr. Duff so mighty was because he just gave his life for India. He just lived for that one country, and his influence is felt all through India today. I was in Scotland when he was there. I knew he had concentrated his life upon India and was accomplishing something. O, I do like to meet such men, because their whole life has been concentrated upon one thing, and they are a success. He made a speech in 1866, and it was an appeal for India. I bought a copy and read it. They had plenty of money in their treasury, but they couldn't get any men to go there. And the old man stood up there for an hour and a half and plead and wept for India. Then he fainted away, and they carried him out into the vestibule and worked over him for some time. When he came to, they said to him, "Do you know where you are?" And for a few moments he seemed bewildered, and then he said, "O, yes, I know now. I was making an appeal for India before the general assembly. I didn't quite finish my speech.

Take me back." But they told him if he went back, he would do it at the peril of his life. But he said, "I must make one more plea for India," and George H. Stuart said it was one of the sublimest scenes of his life when they brought that old man back, and the tears flowed all over the hall. The old man crept up to the desk again and said, "Is it true, fathers and mothers, that you have no more sons to give for India? The Lord Jesus has been calling for years for men to go and preach His gospel there, and the call has been denied, and word has come back that Scotland has no more sons for India. When the queen calls for men for her army, Scotland is very anxious to get her sons enlisted; but the Lord wants them, and the response is, 'We cannot spare our sons to go to India.' If it is true, although my health is broken down, and I have come here to die among my friends, if it is true, I will pack up to-morrow and be off to the shores of the Ganges and let those men there know that there is one poor old Scotchman that will die for them." That is the kind of men we want to-day. You tell me those men are not going to shine? Why, Dr. McDuff shines all through India and in the kingdom of God. O, I wish I had the spirit of the Lord Jesus! If I only could say something to stir you up, what a grand day it would be, not only for this state, but for all this republic! Why, sometimes when I read the life of Paul, I am ashamed of the Christians of this nineteenth century. You take your stand beside that little warrior. He has been beaten four times. The Jews had given him thirty-nine stripes, and they are going to give him thirty-nine more. In those times many a man died in the very act of being

scourged. That little tentmaker had been scourged four times already, and they were going to do it the fifth time. Take your stand beside him. I see the old warrior, with his eyes as keen as an eagle's, when he is asked what he will do when he comes out of that difficulty, he says, "Do! This one thing I do, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. I am not going to be overcome by such little difficulties as these." They bring the rods down over that weak body; he is all bruised and mangled by the blows he has received from those enemies of Christ. They ask him what he is going to do if he comes out of this difficulty. They say to him, "You had better go off into Arabia again and rest," and some one tells him not to be so fanatical, so much in earnest. But he says, "This one thing I do. I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Look at him again. They have stoned him, and I don't know but that they have stoned him to death. They pick up great stones and hurl them at that little man, and there he lies all mangled and bruised. I see him get up, and he staggers. Is he going to sit down and write a letter to some paper and tell how he has been abused? Look at him again. He goes over into Macedonia, and the first thing that happens is that he is arrested and put into the Philippian jail. I think if any of this choir were put into the jail they wouldn't sing very much. I'm afraid my friend Jacobs wouldn't sing very much, or if he did sing I am afraid it would be something like "Hark a doleful——" There was no sign that they were going to get out of the jail, and they thought perhaps they had got to die there, but they sang praises as

aforetime. If they were to go by the way of the Philippian jail they had just as soon go that way as any other. They were pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. I tell you what (if you will allow me the expression), the devil got his match when he got hold of Paul. He was just pressing toward home. He preached the gospel everywhere he went. Like John Bunyan, they told him if he would give up preaching they would let him out of prison. He replied, "Let me out to-day, and I will preach to-morrow." But look at Paul again. Here is a consecrated man, a man that has concentrated his life upon one thing. He preached Christ and held him up everywhere he went. And that is the kind of men we want now. "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto Me." Go and lift Him up in your homes, in the Sunday-schools, in the darkest street you have in this city. We can all do it. This little child here can lift Him up if she will. Many a child has been used to lead some giant, as it were, into the kingdom. When we become as little children, then it is that God can use us. God wants our weakness.

But look at Paul now. His warfare is over. He picks up his pen and writes his last letter to Timothy, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them also that love His appearing." Thank God He never broke away. It was a good fight, wasn't it? My dear friends, it is a good fight we are fighting, we are on the Lord's side. When he finished the letter

they took him out, and Nero gave orders to have him executed. When I was in Rome they tried to tell me the road he walked. I used to walk that road, and I just tried to get my feet into the footprints where Paul walked. Tradition says they led him out two miles. Talk about Alexander and Cæsar! Rome never had such a warrior. Walk along by his side. Let some of these whining, mournful, sad Christians that have got such a long, tedious face and experience walk along beside him and say. "Well, Paul, you have had a hard time, haven't you?" "No! I have had a glorious fight. I have had a grand fight and a grand battle." "Would you like to live your life over again?" "Yes." "If you had a thousand lives wouldn't you give a few of them to Rome?" "No; I had rather serve Christ a thousand times over than serve the god of this world. I served the god of this world in Jerusalem, and I know what it is. I know what it is to serve Jesus Christ." "Yes; but they are going to behead you." "Well, Nero may have my head, but the Lord has my heart." They thought they were going to execute him, but they didn't know what they were talking about. Paul looked beyond. He saw a crown and a city whose builder and maker was God. "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ." Do you tell me the form of the fourth isn't there? Do you tell me the angels were not interested in that execution? Do you suppose the chariots of Israel were not gathered around that man? God was with him, and when his work was done God said, "Come home, Paul, I have a welcome for you." Think of the eighteen hundred years that he has of untold joy. I don't suppose that there

is an hour in the day but that there is some one converted by reading some of his epistles. Look at the fruit the man has had. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament." Isn't he going to shine? And if he shines down here, how must he shine up there! Think of it! Let us now reconsecrate ourselves to God. Let each one take hold and do all he can. If you can reach a man by taking him to the Episcopal church, take him to the Episcopal church. If you can reach him by taking him to the Baptist church, take him to the Baptist church. Never mind about the creeds and doctrines. Never mind about these names; they are nothing. Why, we want to get above these party walls. Now, to-night, God willing, I will speak to the unconverted, and I hope each one of you will bring some one else. While I am preaching you just keep praying.

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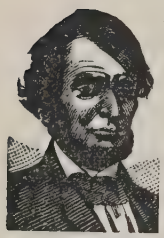

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